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T. ASHWORTH.

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Shakeſpear*.

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

CONTAINING

King JOHN.
King RICHARD II.
HENRY IV. Part I.
HENRY IV. Part II.
King HENRY V.
King HENRY VI. Part I.
King HENRY VI. Part II.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at *Grays-Inn* Gate. MDCCIX.

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1709
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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF King JOHN.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

King John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretaign, *and Nephew to the King.*
Pembroke,
Eſſex,
Salisbury,
Hubert,
Bigot,
} Engliſh *Lords.*
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chattilion, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Neice to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *ſometimes in* England, *and ſometimes in* France.

THE

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF King JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Salisbury, *with* Chattilion.

King JOHN.

NOW ſay, *Chattilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*
In my Behaviour to the Majeſty,
The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

Eli. A ſtrange Beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!

K. John. Silence, good Mother, hear the Embaſſie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed Brother *Geffrey*'s Son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays moſt lawful Claim
To this fair Iſland, and the Territories;
To *Ireland*, *Poyctiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,

Deſiring thee to lay aſide the Sword
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral Titles,
And put the ſame into young *Arthur*'s Hand,
Thy Nephew, and right Royal Soveraign.
K. John. What follows, if we diſallow of this?
Chat. The proud Control of fierce and bloody War,
To inforce theſe Rights ſo forcibly with-held.
K. John. Here have we War for War, and Blood for Blood,
Controlment for Controlment; ſo anſwer *France.*
Chat. Then take my King's Defiance from my Mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my Embaſſie.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in Peace.
Be thou as Lightning in the Eyes of *France*;
For e'er thou canſt report, I will be there,
The Thunder of my Cannon ſhall be heard.
So hence; be thou the Trumpet of our Wrath,
And ſullen Preſage of your own decay:
An honourable Conduct let him have,
Pembroke look to't; farewel *Chattilion.* [*Exit* Chat. *and* Pem.
Eli. What now, my Son, have I not ever ſaid
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe
'Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the World,
Upon the Right and Party of her Son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſie Arguments of Love,
Which now the Manage of two Kingdoms muſt
With fearful bloody Iſſue arbitrate.
K. John. Our ſtrong Poſſeſſion and our Right for us.
Eli. Your ſtrong Poſſeſſion much more than your Right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me,
So much my Conſcience whiſpers in your Ear,
Which none but Heav'n, and you and I ſhall hear.
Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt Controverſie
Come from the Country to be judg'd by you
That e'er I heard, ſhall I produce the Men?
K. John. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories ſhall pay
This Expedition's Charge. What Men are you?
Enter Robert Faulconbridge *and the Baſtard.*
Baſt. Your faithful Subject, I, a Gentleman,
Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt Son,

As

As I ſuppoſe, to *Faulconbridge*,
A Soldier, by the Honour-giving-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the Field.
K. John. What art thou?
Robert. The Son and Heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge.*
K. John. Is that the Elder, and art thou the Heir?
You came not of one Mother then it ſeems?
Baſt. Moſt certain of one Mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and, as I think, one Father:
But for the certain Knowledge of that Truth,
I put you o'er to Heav'n, and to my Mother;
Of that I doubt, as all Mens Children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude Man, thou doſt ſhame thy Mother,
And wound her Honour with this diffidence.
Baſt. I, Madam? No: I have no Reaſon for it;
That is my Brother's Plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a Year:
Heav'n guard my Mother's Honour, and my Land.
K. John. A good blunt Fellow; why being younger Born,
Doth he lay claim to thine Inheritance?
Baſt. I know not why, except to get the Land;
But once he ſlander'd me with Baſtardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my Mother's Head,
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
Fair fall the Bones that took the Pains for me,
Compare our Faces, and be judge your ſelf.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our Father, and this Son like him:
O old Sir *Robert* Father, on my Knee
I give Heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.
K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath Heav'n lent us here?
Eli. He hath a trick of *Cordelion*'s Face,
The accent of his Tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome Tokens of my Son
In the large Compoſition of this Man?
K. John. Mine Eye hath well examined his Parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your Brother's Land?

Baſt. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my Father,
With half that Face would he have all my Land,
A half-fac'd Groat, five hundred Pound a Year?
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my Father liv'd,
Your Brother did imploy my Father much——
Baſt. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my Land,
Your Tale muſt be how he imploy'd my Mother.
Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an Embaſſie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high Affairs touching that time:
Th' Advantage of his Abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my Father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth, large lengths of Seas and Shores
Between my Father and my Mother lay,
As I have heard my Father ſpeak himſelf,
When this ſame luſty Gentleman was got.
Upon his Death-bed he by Will bequeath'd
His Lands to me, and took it on his Death
That this my Mother's Son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the World
Full fourteen Weeks before the Courſe of time:
Then good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My Father's Land, as was my Father's Will.
K. John. Sirrah, your Brother is Legitimate,
Your Father's Wife did after Wedlock bear him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the Fault was hers,
Which Fault lyes on the hazards of all Husbands
That marry Wives. Tell me, how if my Brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this Son,
Had of your Father claim'd this Son for his,
In ſooth, good Friend, your Father might have kept
This Calf, bred from his Cow, from all the World:
In ſooth he might; then if he were my Brother's,
My Brother might not claim him; nor your Father,
Being none of his, refuſe him; this concludes,
My Mother's Son did get your Father's Heir,
Your Father's Heir muſt have your Father's Land.
Rob. Shall then my Father's Will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that Child which is not his?

Baſt. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his Will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy Brother, to enjoy thy Land:
Or the reputed Son of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy Preſence, and no Land beſide?
Baſt. Madam, and if my Brother had my Shape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert*'s his, like him,
And if my Legs were two ſuch riding Rods,
My Arms ſuch Eel-skins ſtuft, my Face ſo thin,
That in mine Ear I durſt not ſtick a Roſe,
Leſt Men ſhould ſay, look where three Farthings goes,
And to his Shape were Heir to all this Land,
Would I might never ſtir from off this Place,
I would give it every Foot to have this Face:
I would not be Sir Nobbe in any caſe.
Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forſake thy Fortune,
Bequeath thy Land to him, and follow me?
I am a Soldier, and now bound to *France*.
Baſt. Brother, take you my Land, I'll take my Chance;
Your Face hath got five hundred Pound a Year,
Yet ſell your Face for five Pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the Death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Baſt. Our Country manners give our Betters way.
K. John. What is thy Name?
Baſt. Philip, my Liege, ſo is my Name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s Wife's eldeſt Son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his Name
Whoſe Form thou beareſt:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but riſe more great,
Ariſe Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.
Baſt. Brother by th' Mother's ſide, give me your Hand,
My Father gave me Honour, yours gave Land.
Now bleſſed be the Hour, by Night or Day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
Eli. The very Spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy Grandam, *Richard*, call me ſo.
Baſt. Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what tho';
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the *Window*, or elſe o'er the Hatch:

Who dares not ſtir by Day, muſt walk by Night,
And have is have, however Men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire,
A Landleſs Knight, makes thee a Landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more than need.
Baſt. Brother, adieu, good Fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i'th' way of honeſty. [*Ex. all but Baſtard.*
A Foot of Honour better than I was,
But many a many Foot of Land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a Lady;
Good-den, Sir *Richard*, Godamercy Fellow,
And if his Name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
For new made Honour doth forget Mens Names:
'Tis too reſpective, and too ſociable
For your Converſion, now your Traveller,
He and his Tooth-pick, at my Worſhip's Meſs,
And when my Knightly Stomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my Teeth, and Catechiſe
My picked Man of Countrys: My Dear Sir,
Thus leaning on mine Elbow I begin,
I ſhall beſeech you; that is Queſtion now,
And then comes Anſwer like an Abſey-Book:
O Sir, ſays Anſwer, at your beſt Command,
At your Employment, at your Service, Sir:
No, Sir, ſays Queſtion, I ſweet, Sir, at yours,
And ſo e'er Anſwer knows what Queſtion would,
Saving in Dialogue of Compliment,
And talking of the *Alpes* and *Appenines*,
The *Pyrennean* and the River *Po*,
It draws towards Supper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipful Society,
And fits the mounting Spirit like my ſelf;
For he is but a Baſtard to the time
That doth not ſmoak of Obſervation,
And ſo am I whether I ſmack or no;
And not alone in Habit and Device,
Exterior Form, outward Accoutrement;
But from the inward Motion to deliver

Sweet,

Sweet, ſweet, ſweet Poiſon for the Ages Tooth,
Which though I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the Footſteps of my Riſing:
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding Robes?
What Woman-poſt is this? Hath ſhe no Husband
That will take Pains to blow a Horn before her,
O me, 'tis my Mother; how now, good Lady?
What brings you here to Court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that Slave, thy Brother? Where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine Honour up and down.

Baſt. My Brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s Son,
Colbrand the Giant, that ſame mighty Man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s Son that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s Son! ay, thou unreverend Boy,
Sir *Robert*'s Son, why ſcorneſt thou at Sir *Robert?*
He is Sir *Robert*'s Son, and ſo art thou.

Baſt. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip.*

Baſt. Philip, Sparrow, *James*,
There's Toys abroad, anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit James.*
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s Son,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his Part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his Faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well, marry, to confeſs!
Could get me! Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We know his Handy-work, therefore good Mother
To whom am I beholding for theſe Limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holp to make this Leg.

Lady. Haſt thou conſpir'd with thy Brother too,
That for thine own gain ſhould'ſt defend mine Honour?
What means this Scorn, thou moſt untoward Knave?

Baſt. Knight, Knight, good Mother, Baſiliſco-like.
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my Shoulder:
But Mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s Son,
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my Land,
Legitimation, Name, and all is gone;
Then, good my Mother, let me know my Father,
Some proper Man, I hope; who was it, Mother?

Lady.

Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thy ſelf a *Faulconbridge*?
Baſt. As faithfully as I deny the Devil.
Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy Father;
By long and vehement Suit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my Husband's Bed.
Heav'n lay not my Tranſgreſſion to my charge;
Thou art the Iſſue of my dear Offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my Defence.
Baſt. Now, by this Light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better Father.
Some Sins do bear their Privilege on Earth,
And ſo doth yours; your Fault was not your Folly;
Needs muſt you lay your Heart at his Diſpoſe,
Subjected Tribute to commanding Love,
Againſt whoſe Fury and unmatched Force,
The awleſs Lyon could not wage the Fight,
Nor keep his princely Heart from *Richard*'s Hands.
He that per Force robs Lyons of their Hearts,
May eaſily win a Woman's; ay, my Mother,
With all my Heart I thank thee for my Father.
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his Soul to Hell.
Come, Lady, I will ſhew thee to my Kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him nay, it had been Sin;
Who ſays it was, he lyes; I ſay 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Angiers.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

Lewis. Before *Angiers*, well met brave *Auſtria*,
Arthur, that great Fore-runner of thy Blood,
Richard that robb'd the Lion of his Heart,
And fought the holy Wars in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his Grave;
And for amends to his Poſterity,
At our Importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his Colours, Boy, in thy behalf;

And

And to rebuke the Uſurpation
Of thy unnatural Uncle, *Engliſh John.*
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cordelion*'s Death,
The rather that you give his Offſpring Life,
Shadowing their Right under your Wings of War;
I give you welcome with a powerleſs Hand,
But with a Heart full of unſtained Love,
Welcome before the Gates of *Angiers,* Duke.
Lewis. A noble Boy, who would not do thee right?
Auſt. Upon thy Cheek lay I this zealous Kiſs,
As Seal to this Indenture of my Love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till *Angiers,* and the Right thou haſt in *France;*
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd Shore,
Whoſe Foot ſpurns back the Ocean's roaring Tides,
And coops from other Lands her Iſlanders,
Even 'till that *England,* hedg'd in with the Main,
That water-walled Bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign Purpoſes,
Even 'till that outmoſt Corner of the Weſt
Salute thee for her King; 'till then, fair Boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow Arms.
Conſt. O take his Mother's Thanks, a Widow's Thanks,
'Till your ſtrong Hand ſhall help to give him Strength,
To make a more Requital to your Love.
Auſt. The Peace of Heav'n is theirs, who lift their Swords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable War.
K. Philip. Well, then, to work, our Cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the Brows of this reſiſting Town;
Call for our chiefeſt Men of Diſcipline,
To cull the Plots of beſt Advantages.
We'll lay before this Town our Royal Bones,
Wade to the Market-Place in *Frenchmens* Blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this Boy.
Conſt. Stay for an Anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your Swords with Blood.
My Lord *Chatillon* may from *England* bring
That Right in Peace which here we urge in War,
And then we ſhall repent each Drop of Blood,
That hot *raſh haſte ſo indirectly* ſhed.

Ente

Enter Chattilion.

K. Philip. A Wonder, Lady! lo! upon thy Wiſh
Our Meſſenger *Chattilion*, is arriv'd;
What *England*, ſays, ſay briefly, gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. *Chattilion* ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your Forces from this paultry Siege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier Task.
England, impatient of your juſt Demands,
Hath put himſelf in Arms, the adverſe Winds,
Whoſe Leiſure I have ſtaid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as ſoon as I.
His Marches are expedient to this Town,
His Forces ſtrong, his Soldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen;
An *Ate* ſtirring him to Blood and Strife.
With her her Neice, the Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a Baſtard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unſettled Humours of the Land;
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery Volunteers,
With Ladies Faces, and fierce Dragons Spleens,
Have ſold their Fortunes at their native Homes,
Bearing their Birthright proudly on their Backs,
To make a Hazard of new Fortunes here;
In brief, a braver Choice of dauntleſs Spirits
Than now the *Engliſh* Bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling Tide,
To do offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendom.
The Interruption of their churliſh Drums
Cuts off more Circumſtance; they are at Hand,
[*Drums beat.*
To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this Expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake, endeavour for Defence,
For Courage mounteth with Occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, *Baſtard*, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, *and others.*

K. John. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in Peace permit
Our juſt and lineal Entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and Peace aſcend to Heav'n.

Whil

Whilſt we, God's wrathful Agent, do correct
Their proud Contempt that beats his Peace to Heav'n.
K. Philip. Peace be to *England*, if that War return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in Peace.
England we love, and for that *England*'s ſake
With burthen of our Armour here we ſweat;
This Toil of ours ſhould be a Work of thine;
But thou from loving *England* art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful King,
Cut off the Sequence of Poſterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a Rape
Upon the Maiden-Virtue of the Crown.
Look here upon thy Brother *Geffrey*'s Face,
Theſe Eyes, theſe Brows, were moulded out of his;
This little Abſtract doth contain that large
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the Hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a Volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder Brother born,
And this his Son, *England* was *Geffrey*'s Right,
And this is *Geffrey*'s; in the Name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living Blood doth in theſe Temples beat,
Which owe the Crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?
K. John. From whom haſt thou this great Commiſſion
To draw my Anſwer from thy Articles?
K. Phil. From that ſupernal Judge that ſtirs good Thoughts
In any Breaſt of ſtrong Authority,
To look into the Blots and Stains of Right,
That Judge hath made me Guardian to this Boy,
Under whoſe Warrant I impeach thy Wrong,
And by whoſe Help I mean to chaſtiſe it.
K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp Authority.
K. Philip. Excuſe it is to beat uſurping down.
Eli. Who is it that thou doſt call Uſurper, *France*?
Conſt. Let me make Anſwer: Thy uſurping Son.
Eli. Out Inſolent, thy Baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the World!
Conſt. My Bed was ever to thy Son as true,
As thine was to thy Husband, and this Boy,
Liker in Feature to his Father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in Manners being as like

As Rain to Water, or Devil to his Dam.
My Boy a Baſtard! By my Soul I think
His Father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, and if thou wert his Mother.
Eli. There's a good Mother, Boy, that blots thy Father.
Conſt. There's a good Grandam, Boy,
That would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace.
Baſt. Hear the Crier.
Auſt. What the Devil art thou?
Baſt. One that will play the Devil, Sir, with you,
And a may catch your Hide and you alone.
You are the Hare, of whom the Proverb goes,
Whoſe Valour plucks dead Lions by the Beard,
I'll ſmoak your Skin-Coat, and I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't, i'faith I will, i'faith.
Blanch. O well did he become that Lion's Robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that Robe.
Baſt. It lyes as ſightly on the Back of him,
As great *Alcide's* Shoes upon an Aſs;
But, Aſs, I'll take that Burthen from your Back,
Or lay on that ſhall make your Shoulders crack.
Auſt. What Cracker is this ſame that deafs our Ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous Breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we ſhall do ſtreight.
Lewis. Women and Fools break off your Conference.
King *John*, this is the very Sum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Tourain*, *Main*,
In right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy Arms?
K. John. My Life as ſoon. I do defie thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my Hand,
And out of my dear Love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the Coward-Hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee, Boy.
Eli. Come to thy Grandam, Child.
Conſt. Do, Child, go to it Grandam, Child,
Give Grandam Kingdom, and it Grandam will
Give it a Plum, a Cherry and a Fig,
There's a good Grandam.
Arth. Good my Mother, Peace,

I would that I were low laid in my Grave,
I am not worth this Coil that's made for me.
Eli. His Mother ſhames him ſo, poor Boy he weeps.
Conſt. Now ſhame upon you where ſhe does or no.
His Grandam's Wrong, and not his Mother's Shames,
Draws thoſe Heav'n-moving Pearls from his poor Eyes,
Which Heav'n ſhall take in nature of a Fee;
Ay, with theſe ſad Chryſtal Beads Heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him Juſtice, and Revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monſtrous Slanderer of Heav'n and Earth.
Conſt. Thou monſtrous Injurer of Heav'n and Earth,
Call me not Slanderer; thou and thine uſurp
The Domination, Royalties and Rights
Of this oppreſſed Boy; this is thy eldeſt Son's Son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy Sins are viſited in this poor Child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond Generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving Womb.
K. John. Bedlam have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her Sin,
But God hath made her Sin and her, the Plague
On this removed Iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her Plague her Sin; his Injury
Her Injury, the Beadle to her Sin,
All puniſh'd in the Perſon of this Child,
And all for her; a Plague upon her.
Eli. Thou unadviſed Scold, I can produce
A Will that bars the Title of thy Son.
Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a Will; a wicked Will;
A Woman's Will; a canker'd Grandam's Will.
K. Philip. Peace Lady, pauſe, or be more temperate;
It ill beſeems this Preſence to cry ay me
To theſe ill turned Repetitions.
Some Trumpet ſummon hither to the Walls
Theſe Men of *Angiers*; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe Title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the Walls?

K. Philip

K. Philip. 'Tis *France* for *England.*
K. John. England for it ſelf;
You Men of *Angiers,* and my loving Subjects.——
K. Philip. You loving Men of *Angiers, Arthur*'s Subjects;
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle Parle——
K. John. For our Advantage; therefore hear us firſt;
Theſe Flags of *France,* that are advanced here
Before the Eye and Proſpect of your Town,
Have hither march'd to your Endamagement.
The Cannons have their Bowels full of Wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their Iron Indignation 'gainſt your Walls:
All Preparation for a bloody Siege,
And mercileſs Proceeding, by theſe *French,*
Confront your Cities Eyes, your winking Gates;
And but for our Approach, thoſe ſleeping Stones,
That as a Waſte do girdle you about,
By the Compulſion of their Ordinance
By this time from their fixed Beds of Lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide Havock made
For bloody Power to ruſh upon your Peace.
But on the Sight of us your lawful King,
Who painfully with much expedient March,
Have brought a counter-check before your Gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your Cities threatned Cheeks:
Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchſafe a Parle;
And now inſtead of Bullets wrap'd in Fire,
To make a ſhaking Feaver in your Walls,
They ſhoot but calm Words, folded up in Smoak,
To make a faithleſs Error in your Ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whoſe labour'd Spirits
Fore-weary'd in this Action of ſwift Speed,
Craves Harbourage within your City Walls.
K. Philip. When I have ſaid, make Anſwer to us both.
Loe in this right Hand, whoſe Protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet,*
Son to the elder Brother of this Man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden Equity, we tread

In warlick March, theſe Greens before your Town,
Being no further Enemy to you
Than the conſtraint of Hoſpitable Zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed Child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that Duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young Prince;
And then our Arms, like to a muzzled Bear,
Save in Aſpect, hath all Offence ſeal'd up:
Our Cannons Malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th' invulnerable Clouds of Heav'n;
And with a bleſſed, and un-vext retire,
With unhack'd Swords, and Helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty Blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your Town,
And leave your Children, Wives, and you in Peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd Offer,
'Tis not the Rounder of your old-fac'd Walls
Can hide you from our Meſſengers of War;
Though all theſe *Engliſh*, and their Diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude Circumference:
Then tell us, ſhall your City call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the Signal to our Rage,
And ſtalk in Blood to our Poſſeſſion?

Citi. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s Subjects;
For him, and in his Right, we hold this Town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Citi. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove Loyal; 'till that time
Have we ramm'd up our Gates againſt the World.

K. John. Doth not the Crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand Hearts of *England*'s Breed——

Baſt. Baſtards, and elſe.

K. John. To verifie our Title with their Lives.

K. Philip. As many, and as well born Bloods as thoſe——

Baſt. Some Baſtards too.

K. Philip. Stand in his Face to contradict his Claim.

Citi. 'Till you compound whoſe Right is worthieſt,
We for *the worthieſt hold* the Right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the Sin of all thoſe Souls,
That to their everlaſting Reſidence,
Before the Dew of Evening fall, ſhall fleet
In dreadful Trial of our Kingdom's King.
K. Philip. Amen, Amen. Mount Chevaliers to Arms.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwing'd the Dragon,
And e'er ſince ſits on's Horſeback at mine Hoſteſs Door,
Teach us ſome Fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your Den, Sirrah, with your Lioneſs,
I would ſet an Ox-Head to your Lion's Hide,
And make a Monſter of you.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Baſt. O tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the Plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt Appointment, all our Regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take Advantage of the Field.
K. Philip. It ſhall be ſo; and at the other Hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God and our right. [*Exeunt*
Here, after Excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with Trumpets to the Gates.*
F. Her. You Men of *Angiers*, open wide your Gates,
And let young *Arthur*, Duke of *Britain*, in;
Who by the Hand of *France*, this Day hath made
Much Work for Tears in many an *Engliſh* Mother,
Whoſe Sons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding Ground:
Many a Widow's Husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd Earth,
And Victory with little Loſs doth play
Upon the dancing Banners of the *French*,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd
To enter Conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Britain*, *England*'s King, and yours.
Enter Engliſh *Herald with Trumpet.*
E. Her. Rejoyce, you Men of *Angiers*; ring your Bell
King *John*, your King, and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious Day.
Their Armours, that march'd hence ſo Silver bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens* Blood.
There ſtuck no Plume in any *Engliſh* Creſt,
That is removed by a Staff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in thoſe ſame Hands

That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd orth;
And like a jolly Troop of Huntſmen come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled Hands,
Dy'd in the dying Slaughter of their Foes.
Open your Gates, and give the Victors Way.
Citi. Heralds, from off our Towers we might behold
From firſt to laſt, the Onſet and Retire
Of both your Armies, whoſe Equality
By our beſt Eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought Blood, and Blows have anſwer'd Blows;
Strength match'd with Strength, and Power confronted
Both are alike, and both alike we like; [Power.
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our Town for neither; yet for both.
Enter the two Kings with their Powers at ſeveral Doors.
K. John. France, haſt thou yet more Blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the Current of our Right run on;
Whoſe Paſſage, vext with thy Impediment,
Shall leave his native Channel, and o'er-ſwell,
With Courſe diſturb'd, even thy confining Shores;
Unleſs thou let his Silver Water keep
A peaceful Progreſs to the Ocean.
K. Philip. England, thou haſt not ſav'd one Drop of Blood
In this hot Trial, more than we of *France*;
Rather loſt more. And by this Hand I ſwear,
That ſways the Earth this Climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our juſt-born Arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe Arms we bear,
Or add a Royal Number to the dead;
Gracing the Scroul that tells of this War's loſs,
With Slaughter coupled to the Name of Kings.
Baſt. Ha! Majeſty; how high thy Glory towers,
When the rich Blood of Kings is ſet on Fire.
Oh now doth Death line his dead Chaps with Steel;
The Swords of Soldiers are his Teeth, his Phangs,
And now he feaſts, mouſing the Fleſh of Men
In undetermin'd Differences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe Royal Fronts amazed thus?
Cry Havock, Kings, back to the ſtained Field
You equal Potents, fiery kindled Spirits:

Then let Confuſion of one Part confirm
The other's Peace; 'till then, Blows, Blood, and Death.
K. John. Whoſe Party do the Townſmen yet admit?
K. Philip. Speak Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?
Citi. The King of *England*, when we know the King.
K. Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great Deputy,
And bear Poſſeſſion of our Perſon here,
Lord of our Preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.
Citi. A greater Power than we denies all this;
And 'till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former Scruple in our ſtrong barr'd Gates:
Kings of our Fear, until our Fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.
Baſt. By Heav'n, theſe Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their Battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes, and Acts of Death.
You Royal Preſences be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be Friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt Deeds of Malice on this Town.
By Eaſt and Weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their battering Cannon charged to the Mouths,
'Till their Soul-fearing Clamours have braul'd down
The flinty Ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe Jades;
Even 'till unfenced Deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar Air:
That done, diſſever your united Strengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again.
Turn Face to Face, and bloody Point to Point;
Then in a Moment Fortune ſhall cull forth,
Out of one Side, her happy Minion.
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the Day,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild Counſel, mighty States;
Smacks it not ſomething of the Policy?
K. John. Now by the Sky that hangs above our Heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our Powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the Ground,

The

Then after fight who ſhall be King of it?
Baſt. And if thou haſt the Mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh Town,
Turn thou the Mouth of thy Artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſaucy Walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the Ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon our ſelves for Heav'n or Hell.
K. Philip. Let it be ſo; ſay, where will you aſſault?
K. John. We from the Weſt will ſend Deſtruction
Into this City's Boſom.
Auſt. I from the North.
K. Philip. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall rain their Drift of Bullets on this Town.
Baſt. O prudent Diſcipline! From North to South;
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each others Mouth,
I'll ſtir them to it; come away, away.
Citi. Hear us great Kings, vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you Peace, and fair-fac'd League.
Win you this City without Stroak or Wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing Lives to die in Beds,
That here come Sacrifices for the Field;
Perſevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.
K. John. Speak on; with Favour we are bent to hear.
Citi. That Daughter there of *Spain*, the Lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*, look upon the Years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely Maid.
If luſty Love ſhould go in queſt of Beauty,
Where could he find it fairer, than in *Blanch?*
If zealous Love ſhould go in ſearch of Virtue,
Where could he find it purer than in *Blanch?*
If Love ambitious, ſought a Match of Birth,
Whoſe Veins bound richer Blood than Lady *Blanch?*
Such as ſhe is, in Beauty, Virtue, Birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat;
If not compleat of, ſay he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, to name want,
If Want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half Part of a bleſſed Man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhe;
And ſhe a fair divided Excellence,

Whoſe fulneſs of Perfection lyes in him.
O two ſuch Silver Currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the Banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch Shores, to two ſuch Streams made one,
Two ſuch controlling Bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them:
This Union ſhall do more than Battery can,
To our faſt cloſed Gates: For at this Match,
With ſwifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The Mouth of Paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this Match,
The Sea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions more confident, Mountains and Rocks
More free from Motion, no not Death himſelf
In mortal Fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.
Baſt. Here's a Stay,
That ſhakes the rotten Carkaſs of old Death
Out of his Rags. Here's a large Mouth indeed,
That ſpits forth Death, and Mountains, Rocks, and Seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As Maids of thirteen do of Puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this luſty Blood,
He ſpeaks plain Cannon fire, and ſmoak, and bounce,
He gives the Baſtinado with his Tongue:
Our Ears are cudgel'd, not a Word of his
But buffets better than a Fiſt of *France*;
*Z*ounds I was never ſo bethumpt with Words,
Since I firſt call'd my Brother's Father Dad.
Eli. Son, liſt to this Conjunction, make this Match,
Give with our Neice a Dowry large enough;
For by this Knot, thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd Aſſurance to the Crown,
That yon green Boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe
The Bloom that promiſeth a mighty Fruit:
I ſee a yielding in the Looks of *France*;
Mark how they whiſper, urge them while their Souls
Are capable of this Ambition,
Leſt *Z*eal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft Petitions, Pity and Remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was,

Cit. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties,
This friendly Treaty of our threatned Town?
K. Philip. Speak *England* firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this City: What ſay you?
K. John. If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely Son,
Can in this Book of Beauty read I love:,
Her Dowry ſhall weigh equal with the Queen,
For *Angiers*, and fair *Tourain*, *Main*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we upon this ſide the Sea,
Except this City now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her Bridal Bed, and make her rich
In Titles, Honours, and Promotions;
And ſhe in Beauty, Education, Blood,
Holds Hands with any Princeſs of the World.
K. Philip. What ſay'ſt thou, Boy? Look in the Lady's Face.
Lewis. I do, my Lord, and in her Eye I find
A Wonder, or a wondrous Miracle,
The Shadow of my ſelf form'd in her Eye,
Which being but the Shadow of your Son,
Becomes a Son, and makes your Son a Shadow:
I do proteſt I never lov'd my ſelf
Till now, infixed I beheld my ſelf,
Drawn in the flattering Table of her Eye.
[*Whiſpers with* Blanch.
Baſt. Drawn in the flattering Table of her Eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her Brow,
And quarter'd in her Heart, he doth eſpie
Himſelf Love's Traitor; this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd there ſhould be,
In ſuch a Love, ſo vile a Lout as he.
Blanch. My Uncle's Will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees which moves his liking
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my Will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my Love.
Further I will not flatter you my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy Love,
Than this, that nothing do I ſee in you,
Though *churliſh Thoughts* themſelves ſhould be your Judge,

That I can find, ſhould merit any Hate. [Niece?
K. John. What ſay theſe young ones? What ſay you, my
Blanch. That ſhe is bound in Honour ſtill to do
What you in Wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.
K. John. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this Lady?
Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from Love,
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.
K. John. Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Tourain*, *Main*, *Poyctiers*, and *Anjou*, theſe five Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Marks of *Engliſh* Coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join Hands.
K. Philip. It likes us well; young Princes, cloſe your Hands.
Auſt. And your Lips too, for I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd,
K. Philip. Now Citizens of *Angiers* ope your Gates,
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saint *Marie*'s Chappel preſently,
The Rites of Marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Lady *Conſtance* in this Troop?
I know ſhe is not, for this Match made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much,
Where is ſhe and her Son, tell me, who knows?
Lewis. She is ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs Tent.
K. Philip. And by my Faith, this League that we have made
Will give her Sadneſs very little cure:
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This Widow Lady? In her Right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*
And Earl of *Richmond*, and this rich fair Town
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
If not fill up the Meaſure of her Will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her Exclamation.

Go

Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared Pomp. [*Ex. all but* Baſt.
Baſt. Mad World, mad Kings, mad Compoſition;
John, to ſtop *Arthur*'s Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And *France*, whoſe Armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the Field,
As God's own Soldier, rounded in the Ear
With that ſame Purpoſe-changer, that ſly Devil,
That Broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of Faith,
That daily Break-Vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of Beggars, old Men, young Men, Maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poor Maid of that,
That ſmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the Biaſs of the World,
The World, who of it ſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even Ground;
'Till this Advantage, this vile drawing Biaſs,
This ſway of Motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent;
And this ſame Biaſs, this Commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all changing-world,
Clapt on the outward Eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable War,
To a moſt baſe and vile concluded Peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my Hand,
When his fair Angels would ſalute my Palm,
But for my Hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor Beggar, raileth on the Rich.
Well, whiles I am a Beggar, I will rail,
And ſay there is no Sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my Virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no Vice, but Beggary,
Since Kings break Faith upon Commodity,
Gain be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur *and* Salisbury.

Conſt. GONE to be marry'd! Gone to ſwear a Peace
False Blood to falſe Blood join'd! Gone to Friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe Provinces!
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy Tale again.
It cannot be, thou doſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy Word
Is but the vain Breath of a common Man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee Man,
I have a King's Oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of Fears.
Oppreſt with Wrongs, and therefore full of Fears,
A Widow, husbandleſs, ſubject to Fears,
A Woman naturally born to Fears;
And though thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext Spirits I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this Day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy Head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my Son?
What means that Hand upon that Breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine Eye that lamentable Rheum,
Like a proud River peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad Signs confirmers of thy Words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former Tale,
But this one word, whether thy Tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh if thou teach me to believe this Sorrow,
Teach thou this Sorrow how to make me dye,
And let Belief and Life encounter ſo,
As doth the Fury of two deſperate Men,
Which in the very meeting fall and dye.
Lewis marry *Blanch*! O Boy, then where art thou?
France Friend with England, what becomes of me?

Fellc

Fellow be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight;
This News hath made thee a moſt ugly Man.
Sal. What other Harm have I, good Lady, done,
But ſpoke the Harm that is by others done?
Conſt. Which Harm within it ſelf ſo hainous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arth. I do beſeech you, Madam, be content.
Conſt. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſlandrous to thy Mother's Womb,
Full of unpleaſing Blots, and ſightleſs Stains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul Moles, and Eye-offending Marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I would not love thee: No, nor thou
Become thy great Birth, nor deſerve a Crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy Birth, dear Boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's Gifts thou may'ſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the half blown Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Sh' adulterates hourly with thy Unkle *John*,
And with her golden Hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of Sovereingty,
And made his Majeſty the Bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and King *John*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping *John*:
Tell me, thou Fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with Words, or get thee gone,
And leave theſe Woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.
Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my Sorrows to be proud,
For Grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop;
To me and to the State of my great Grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: For my Grief's ſo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm Earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrows ſit,
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, P
lip *the Baſtard*, Auſtria, *and* Conſtance.

K. Philip. 'TIS true, fair Daughter; and this bleſſed D
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept Feſtival:
To ſolemnize this Day the glorious Sun
Stays in his Courſe, and plays the Alchymiſt,
Turning with ſplendour of his precious Eye
The meager cloddy Earth to glittering Gold:
The yearly courſe that brings this Day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a Holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked Day, and not a holy Day.
What hath this Day deſerv'd? What hath it done,
That it in golden Letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high Tides in the Kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this Day out of the Week,
This Day of Shame, Oppreſſion, Perjury.
Or if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let Wives with Child
Pray that their Burthens may not fall this Day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But, on this Day, let Seamen fear no Wrack,
No Bargains break that are not this Day made;
This Day all things begun, come to ill End,
Yea, Faith it ſelf, to hollow Falſhood change.

K. Philip. By Heav'n, Lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair Proceedings of this Day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a Counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which being touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: You are forſworn, forſworn,
You came in Arms to ſpill my Enemies Blood,
But now in Arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling Vigour, and rough frown of War
Is cold in Amity and painted Peace,
And our Oppreſſion hath made up this League:
Arm, Arm, you Heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings,
A Widow cries, be Husband to me, Heav'ns,
Let not the Hours of this ungodly Day

Wear out the Days in Peace; but e'er Sun-ſet,
Set armed Diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me.
Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, Peace.
Conſt. War, War, no Peace, Peace is to me a War:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria*, thou doſt ſhame
That bloody Spoil: Thou Slave, thou Wretch, thou Coward,
Thou little Valiant, great in Villany:
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou Fortune's Champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humorous Ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety; thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up Greatneſs. What a Fool art thou,
A ramping Fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my Party; thou cold-blooded Slave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like Thunder on my ſide,
Been ſworn my Soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy Stars, thy Fortune, and thy Strength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my Foes?
Thou wear'ſt a Lion's Hide? Doff it for ſhame,
And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.
Auſt. O that a Man ſhould ſpeak thoſe words to me.
Baſt. And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.
Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, Villain, for thy Life.
Baſt. And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.
K. John. We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelf.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Philip. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of Heav'n;
To thee, King *John*, my holy Errand is:
I *Pandulph* of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his Name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our foreſaid holy Father's Name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthy Name to Interrogatories
Can taſte the *Free-breath* of a ſacred King?

Tho

Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a Name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope:
Tell him this Tale, and from the Mouth of *England*,
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* Prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our Dominions:
But as we, under Heav'n, are ſupream Head,
So under him that great Supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold
Without th' Aſſiſtance of a mortal Hand:
So tell the Pope, all Reverence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd Authority.

K. Philip. Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the Curſe that Mony may buy out,
And, by the Merit of vile Gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted Pardon of a Man,
Who in that ſale ſells Pardon from himſelf:
Though you, and all the reſt ſo groſly led,
This jugling Witch-craft with Revenue cheriſh,
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his Friends my Foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful Power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand Curſt, and Excommunicate,
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegiance to an Heretick,
And meritorious ſhall that Hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret Courſe
Thy hateful Life.

Conſt. O lawful let it be
That I have room with *Rome* to curſe a while.
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou *Amen*
To my keen Curſes; for without my Wrong
There is no Tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pand. There's Law and Warrant, Lady, for my Curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawful, that Law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my Child his Kingdom here;
For he that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law;

There-

Therefore ſince Law it ſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my Tongue to curſe?
Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a Curſe,
Let go the Hand of that Arch-heretick,
And raiſe the Power of *France* upon his Head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome*.
Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, *France*? Do not let go thy Hand.
Conſt. Look to that Devil, leſt that *France* repent,
And by disjoining Hands Hell loſe a Soul.
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.
Baſt. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant Limbs.
Auſt. Well, Ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe——
Baſt. Your Breeches beſt may carry them.
K. John. *Philip*, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?
Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you Father, for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy Curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſs of *England* for a Friend:
Forgo the eaſier.
Blanch. That is the Curſe of *Rome*.
Conſt. O *Lewis*, ſtand faſt, the Devil tempts thee here
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed Bride.
Blanch. The Lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her Faith:
But from her Need.
Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my Need,
Which only lives but by the Death of Faith,
That Need, muſt needs infer this Principle,
That Faith would live again by Death of Need:
O then tread down my Need, and Faith mounts up:
Keep my Need up, and Faith is trodden down.
K. John. The King is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O be remov'd from him, and anſwer well:
Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a Calves-skin, moſt ſweet Lout.
K. Philip. I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What canſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand Excommunicate, and Curſt?
K. Philip. Good reverend Father, make my Perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow your ſelf?
This *Royal Hand and mine* are newly knit,

An

And the Conjunction of our inward Souls
Marry'd in League, coupled and link'd together
With all religious Strength of ſacred Vows:
The lateſt Breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep ſworn Faith, Peace, Amity, true Love
Between our Kingdoms and our Royal ſelves,
And even before this Truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our Hands,
To clap this Royal Bargain up in Peace,
Heav'n knows they were beſmear'd and over ſtain'd
With Slaughter's Pencil; where Revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incenſed Kings:
And ſhall theſe Hands, ſo lately purg'd of Blood,
So newly join'd in Love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeiſure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with Faith? So jeſt with Heav'n
Make ſuch unconſtant Children of our ſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our Palm from Plam?
Un-ſwear Faith ſworn, and on the Marriage-bed
Of ſmiling Peace to march a bloody Hoaſt,
And make a Riot on the gentle Brow
Of true Sincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend Father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your Grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle Order, and then we ſhall be bleſt
To do your Pleaſure, and continue Friends.

Pand. All Form is formleſs, Order orderleſs;
Save what is oppoſite to *England*'s Love.
Therefore to Arms; be Champion of our Church;
Or let the Church our Mother breathe her Curſe,
A Mother's Curſe, on her revolting Son.
France, thou may'ſt hold a Serpent by the Tongue;
A caſed Lion by the mortal Paw,
A faſting Tyger ſafer by the Tooth,
Than keep in Peace that Hand which thou doſt hold.

K. Philip. I may diſ-join my Hand, but not my Faith.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou Faith an Enemy to Faith,
And like a Civil War ſet'ſt Oath to Oath,
Thy Tongue againſt thy Tongue. O let thy Vow
Firſt made to Heav'n, firſt be to Heav'n perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church.

What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thy ſelf,
And may not be performed by thy ſelf;
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it:
The better Act of Purpoſes miſtook,
Is to miſtake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And Falſhood, Falſhood cures, as Fire cools Fire
Within the ſcorching Veins of one new burn'd.
It is Religion that doth make Vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt Religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an Oath the ſurety for thy Truth:
Againſt an Oath the Truth, thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwears, only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a Mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear;
Therefore thy latter Vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelf Rebellion to thy ſelf:
And better Conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler Parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe Suggeſtions:
Upon which better Part, our Pray'rs come in
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The Peril of our Curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat Rebellion.

Baſt. Will't not be?
Will not a Calves-skin ſtop that Mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to Arms.

Blanch. Upon thy Wedding-day?
Againſt the Blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our Feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd Men?
Shall braying Trumpets, and loud churliſh Drums,
Clamours of Hell, be meaſures to our Pomp?
O Husband, hear me: Ay, alack, how new
Is Husband in *my Mouth*? Even for that Name

Which 'till this time my Tongue did ne'er pronouuce;
Upon my Knee I beg, go not to Arms
Againſt mine Uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my Knee, made hard with kneeling,
I do pray to thee, thou virtuous *Dauphin*,
Alter not the Doom fore-thought by Heav'n.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy Love, what Motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the Name of Wife?

Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His Honour. Oh thine Honour, *Lewis*, thine Honour.

Lewis. I muſe your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound Reſpects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a Curſe upon his Head. [thee.

K. Philip. Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I will fall from

Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd Majeſty.

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* Inconſtancy.

K. John. *France*, thou ſhalt rue this Hour within this Hour.

Baſt. Old Time the Clock-Setter, that bald Sexton, Time,
Is it as he will? Well then, *France* ſhall rue.

Blanch. The Sun's o'ercaſt with Blood: Fair Day adieu.
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both, each Army hath a Hand,
And in their Rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle aſunder, and diſmember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the Fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy Wiſhes thrive:
Who ever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be plaid.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy Fortune lyes.

Blanch. There where my Fortune lives, there my Life dies.

K. John. Couſin, go draw our Puiſſance together.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming Wrath,
A Rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but Blood,
The Blood and deareſt valu'd Blood of *France*.

K. Philip. Thy Rage ſhall burn thee up; and thou ſhalt turn
To Aſhes, e'er our Blood ſhall quench that Fire:
Look to thy ſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To Arms let's hie.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alarms, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's *Head.*

Baſt. Now by my Life, this Day grows wondrous hot,
Some aiery Devil hovers in the Sky,
And pours down miſchief. *Auſtria*'s Head lye there,
Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.
While *Philip* breathes.
K. John. Hubert, keep this Boy. *Philip*, make up;
My Mother is aſſailed in our Tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Baſt. My Lord, I reſcued her:
Her Highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege, for very little Pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*
Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, *Baſtard,* Hubert, *and Lords.*
K. John. So ſhall it be; your Grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Couſin, look not ſad,
Thy Grandam loves thee, and thy Uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy Father was.
Arth. O this will make my Mother die with grief.
K. John. Couſin, away for *England*, haſte before,
And e'er our coming ſee thou ſhake the Bags
Of hoarding Abbots, impriſoned Angels
Set at liberty: The fat ribs of Peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon:
Uſe our Commiſſion in its utmoſt force.
Baſt. Bell, Book, and Candle, ſhall not drive me back,
When Gold and Silver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highneſs: Grandam, I will pray,
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your Hand.
Eli. Farewel, gentle Couſin.
K. John. Coz, farewel.
Eli. Come hither little Kinſman, hark, a word.
K. John. Come hither, *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a Soul counts thee her Creditor,
And with *advantage means* to pay thy love:

And, my good Friend, thy voluntary Oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy Hand, I had a thing to ſay,
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By Heav'n, *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
K. John. Good Friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo y
But thou ſhalt have; and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay, but let it go:
The Sun is in the Heav'n, and the proud Day,
Attended with the Pleaſure of the World,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me Audience: If the midnight Bell
Did, with his iron Tongue and brazen Mouth,
Sound on into the drowſie Race of Night;
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand Wrongs;
Or if that ſurly Spirit, Melancholy,
Had bak'd thy Blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which elſe runs trickling up and down the Veins,
Making that idiot Laughter keep Mens Eyes,
And ſtrain their Cheeks to idle Merriment,
A Paſſion hateful to my Purpoſes;
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without Eyes,
Hear me without thine Ears, and make reply
Without a Tongue, uſing Conceit alone,
Without Eyes, Ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchful Day,
I would into thy Boſom pour my Thoughts:
But, ah, I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I think thou lov'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my Death were adjunct to my Act,
By Heav'n I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine Eye
On yon young Boy: I'll tell thee what, my Friend,
He is a very Serpent in my way,
And whereſoe'er this Foot of mine doth tread,

He lyes before me; doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his Keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My Lord?
K. John. A Grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee.
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, fare you well.
I'll ſend thoſe Powers o'er to your Majeſty.
Eli. My Bleſſing go with thee.
K. John. For *England*, Couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your Man, to attend on you
With all true Duty; on toward *Callice*, hoa. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. Philip. So by a roaring Tempeſt on the Flood,
A whole Armado of convicted Sail
Is ſcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.
K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur ta'en Priſoner? Divers dear Friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing Interruption, ſpight of *France*?
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a Speed, with ſuch Advice diſpos'd,
Such temperate Order in ſo fierce a Cauſe,
Doth want Example; who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-Action like to this?
K. Philip. Well could I bear that *England* had this Praiſe,
So we could find ſome Pattern of our Shame.
Enter Conſtance.
Look, who comes here? A Grave unto a Soul,
Holding th' eternal Spirit againſt her Will,

In the vile Priſon of afflicted Breath;
I prithee, Lady, go away with me.
Conſt. Lo, now; now ſee the iſſue of your Peace.
K. Philip. Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle *Conſt.*
Conſt. No, I defie all Counſel, all Redreſs,
But that which ends all Counſel, true Redreſs;
Death, Death, oh amiable, lovely Death,
Thou odoriferous Stench; ſound Rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from the Couch of laſting Night,
Thou Hate and Terror to Proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable Bones;
And put my Eye-Balls in thy vaulty Brows,
And ring theſe Fingers with thy houſhould Worms,
And ſtop this Gap of Breath with fulſom Duſt,
And be a Carrion Monſter like thy ſelf.
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſs thee as thy Wife; Miſeries Love,
O come to me.
K. Philip. O fair Affliction, Peace.
Conſt. No, no, I will not, having Breath to cry;
O that my Tongue were in the Thunder's Mouth,
Then with a Paſſion I would ſhake the World,
And rouze from Sleep that fell Anatomy,
Which cannot hear a Lady's feeble Voice,
Which ſcorns a modern Invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter Madneſs, and not Sorrow.
Conſt. Thou art not holy to belye me ſo;
I am not mad; this Hair I tear is mine,
My Name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey*'s Wife;
Young *Arthur* is my Son, and he is loſt:
I am not mad, I would to Heav'n I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelf.
O, if I could, what Grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of Grief,
My reaſonable Part produces Reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe Woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my ſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my Son,
Or madly think a Babe of Clouts were he:

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different Plague of each Calamity.
K. Philip. Bind up thoſe Treſſes; O what Love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her Hairs;
Where but by chance a ſilver Drop hath fall'n,
Even to that Drop ten thouſand wiery Fiends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable Grief,
Like true, inſeparable, faithful Loves,
Sticking together in Calamity.
Conſt. To *England*, if you will.
K. Philip. Bind up your Hairs.
Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their Bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that theſe Hands could ſo redeem my Son,
As they have given theſe Hairs their Liberty;
But now I envy at their Liberty,
And will again commit them to their Bonds,
Becauſe my poor Child is a Priſoner.
And Father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our Friends in Heav'n;
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my Boy again.
For ſince the Birth of *Cain*, the firſt Male-Child
To him that did but Yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious Creature born.
But now will Canker-Sorrow eat my Bud,
And chaſe the native Beauty from his Cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a Ghoſt,
As dim and meager as an Agues Fit,
And ſo he'll die; and riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the Court of Heav'n
I ſhall not know him; therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too hainous a reſpect of Grief.
Conſt. He talks to me that never had a Son.
K. Philip. You are as fond of Grief, as of your Child.
Conſt. Grief fills the Room up of my abſent Child;
Lyes in his Bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty Looks, repeats his Words,
Remembers me of all his gracious Parts;
Stuffs out his vacant Garments with his Form,
Then have I Reaſon to be fond of Grief.

Fare you well; had you ſuch a Loſs as I,
I could give better Comfort than you do.
I will not keep this Form upon my Head,
When there is ſuch Diſorder in my Wit.
O Lord, my Boy, my *Arthur*, my fair Son;
My Life, my Joy, my Food, my all the World,
My Widow-Comfort, and my Sorrows Cure. [*Exit.*

K. Philip. I fear ſome Outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lewis. There's nothing in this World can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice told Tale,
Vexing the dull Ear of a drowſie Man;
And bitter Shame hath ſpoil'd the ſweet Words taſte,
That it yields nought but Shame and Bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong Diſeaſe,
Even in the Inſtant of repair and health,
The Fit is ſtrongeſt: Evils that take Leave,
On their Departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this Day?

Lewis. All Days of Glory, Joy, and Happineſs.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to Men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threatning Eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his Priſoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your Mind is all as youthful as your Blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetick Spirit;
For even the Breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each Duſt, each Straw, each little rub
Out of the Path which ſhall directly lead
Thy Foot to *England*'s Throne: And therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whilſt warm Life plays in that Infant's Veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an Hour,
A Minute, nay one quiet Breath of Reſt.
A Scepter ſnatch'd with an unruly Hand,
Muſt be as boyſt'rouſly maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that ſtands upon a ſlippery Place,
Makes nice of no vile Hold to ſtay him up.

That

That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.
Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your Wife,
May then make all the Claim that *Arthur* did.
Lewis. And loſe it, Life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old World?
John lays you Plots; the Times conſpire with you;
For he that ſteeps his Safety in true Blood,
Shall find but bloody Safety and untrue.
This Act ſo evilly born ſhall cool the Hearts
Of all his People, and freeze up their Zeal,
That none ſo ſmall Advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his Reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No natural exhalation in the Sky,
No Scope of Nature, no diſtemper'd Day,
No common Wind, no cuſtomed Event,
But they will pluck away his natural Cauſe,
And call them Meteors, Prodigies, and Signs,
Abortives, Preſages, and Tongues of Heav'n,
Plainly denouncing Vengeance upon *John*.
Lewis. May be he will not touch young *Arthur*'s Life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his Priſonment.
Pand. O, Sir, when he ſhall hear of your Approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Even at this News he dies; and then the Hearts
Of all his People ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the Lips of unacquainted Change,
And pick ſtrong Matter of Revolt, and Wrath,
Out of the bloody Fingers Ends of *John*.
Methinks I ſee this Hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd. The Baſtard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ranſacking the Church,
Offending Charity. If but a dozen *French*
Were there in Arms, they would be as a Call
To train ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;
Or, as a little Snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountain. O noble *Dauphin*,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderful,
What *may be wrought* out of their Diſcontent.

Now

Now that their Souls are top full of Offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.
Lewis. Strong Reaſon makes ſtrong Actions; let us
If you ſay ay, the King will not ſay no. [*Ex*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Hubert *and Executioner.*

Hub. HEAT me theſe Irons hot, and look you ſtan
Within the Arras; when I ſtrike my Foot
Upon the Boſom of the Ground, ruſh forth
And bind the Boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the Chair: Be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exe. I hope your Warrant will bear out the Deed!
Hub. Uncleanly Scruples, fear not you; look to't.
Young Lad come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good Morrow, *Hubert.*
Hub. Good Morrow, little Prince.
Arth. As little Prince, having ſo great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be. You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me;
Methinks no Body ſhould be ſad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young Gentlemen would be as ſad a Night
Only for Wantonneſs; by my Chriſtendom,
So I were out of Priſon, and kept Sheep,
I ſhould be as merry as the Day is long:
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My Uncle practiſes more Harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my Fault that I was *Geffrey*'s Son?
No indeed is't not, and I would to Heav'n
I were your Son, ſo you would love me, *Hubert.*
Hub. If I talk to him, with his Innocent Prate
He will awake my Mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*A*

Arth. Are you ſick, *Hurbert*? you look pale to Day;
Inſooth I would you were a little ſick,
That I might ſit all Night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His Words do take Poſſeſſion of my Boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur*. How now fooliſh Rheume?
Turning diſpitious Torture out of Door?
I muſt be brief, leſt Reſolution drop
Out at mine Eyes in tender Womaniſh Tears,
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul Effect.
Muſt you with hot Irons burn out both mine Eyes?
Hub. Young Boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the Heart? When your Head did but ake,
I knit my Handkerchief about your Brows,
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my Hand, at Midnight held your Head;
And like the watchful Minutes, to the Hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy Time,
Saying, what lack you? and, where lyes your Grief?
Or what good Love may I perform for you?
Many a poor Man's Son would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving Word to you:
But you, at your ſick Service had a Prince;
Nay, you may think my Love was craſty Love,
And call it Cunning. Do, and if you will,
If Heav'n be pleas'd, that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine Eyes?
Theſe Eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I have ſworn to do it;
And with hot Irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this Iron Age would do it.
The Iron of it ſelf, though heat red hot,
Approaching near theſe Eyes, would drink my Tears,
And quench their fiery Indignation,
Even in the Matter of mine Innocence:
Nay, after that, *conſume* away in Ruſt,

But for containing Fire to harm mine Eye.
Are you more ſtubborn hard, than hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine Eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no Tongue but *Hubert's*.
Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.
Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me; my Eyes are out
Even with the fierce Looks of theſe bloody Men.
Hub. Give me the Iron, I ſay, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſterous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For Heav'n ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound;
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe Men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a Lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a Word,
Nor look upon the Iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe Men away and I'll forgive you,
Whatever Torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.
Exe. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a Deed.
Arth. Alas, I then have chide away my Friend,
He hath a ſtern Look, but a gentle Heart;
Let him come back, that his Compaſſion may
Give Life to yours.
Hub. Come, Boy, prepare your ſelf.
Arth. Is there no Remedy?
Hub. None, but to loſe your Eyes.
Arth. O Heav'n, that there were but a Moth in yours,
A Grain, a Duſt, a Gnat, a wandring Hair,
Any Annoyance in that precious Senſe;
Then feeling what ſmall things are boiſterous there,
Your vile Intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go too, hold your Tongue.
Arth. *Hubert*, the Utterance of a brace of Tongues,
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of Eyes:
Let me not hold my Tongue, let me not, *Hubert*;
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my Tongue,
So I may keep mine Eyes. O ſpare mine Eyes,
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the Inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub.

Hub. I can heat it, Boy.
Arth. No, in good ſooth, the Fire is dead with Grief,
Being create for Comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd Extreams; ſee elſe your ſelf,
There is no Malice in this burning Coal,
The Breath of Heav'n hath blown his Spirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant Aſhes on his Head.
Hub. But with my Breath I can revive it, Boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your Proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your Eyes;
And, like a Dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth ſet him on.
All things that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong
Deny their Office; only you do lack
That Mercy which fierce Fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for Mercy, lacking Uſes.
Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine Eye
For all the Treaſure that thine Uncle owes:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron to burn them out.
Arth. O now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguis'd.
Hub. Peace: No more. Adieu,
Your Unkle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe Reports:
And, pretty Child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the Wealth of all the World,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O Heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much Danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords.*

K. John. Here once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful Eyes.
Pemb. This once again, but that your Highneſs pleas'd,
Was once *ſuperfluous*; you were crown'd before,

An

And that high Royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The Faiths of Men, ne'er ſtained with Revolt:
Freſh Expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for Change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double Pomp,
To guard a Title that was rich before;
To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lilly,
To throw a Perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the Ice, or add another Hew
Unto the Rainbow, or with Taper-Light
To ſeek the beauteous Eye of Heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous Exceſs.
Pemb. But that your royal Pleaſure muſt be done,
This Act is as an ancient Tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.
Sal. In this the antick and well noted Face
Of plain old Form is much disfigured,
And like a ſhifted Wind unto a Sail,
It makes the courſe of Thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights Conſideration:
Makes ſound Opinion ſick; and Truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd Robe.
Pemb. When Workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their Skill in Covetouſneſs,
And oſtentimes excuſing of a Fault,
Doth make the Fault the worſe by the Excuſe:
As Patches ſet upon a little Breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the Fault,
Than did the Fault before it was ſo patch'd.
Sal. To this Effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our Counſel; but it pleas'd your Highneſs
To over-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a ſtand, at what your Highneſs will.
K. John. Some Reaſons of this double Coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong, then leſs is my Fear
I ſhall endue you with: Mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive, how willingly

I will both hear and grant you your Requeſts.
Pemb. Then I, as one that am the Tongue of theſe
To ſound the Purpoſes of all their Hearts,
Both for my ſelf, and them; but chief of all,
Your Safety; for the which, my ſelf and them
Bend their beſt Studies; heartily requeſt
The Infranchiſement of *Arthur*, whoſe Reſtraint
Doth move the murmuring Lips of Diſcontent
To break into this dangerous Argument.
If what in Reſt you have, in Right you hold,
Why then your Fears, which as they ſay, attend
The Steps of Wrong, ſhould move you to mew up
Your tender Kinſman, and to choke his Days
With barbarous Ignorance, and deny his Youth
The rich Advantage of good Exerciſe,
That the Times Enemies may not have this
To grace Occaſions: Let it be our Suit,
That you have bid us ask his Liberty,
Which for our Goods we do no further ask,
Than, whereupon our Weal on you depending,
Counts it your Weal; he have his Liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be ſo: I do commit his Youth
To your Direction. *Hubert*, what News with you?
Pemb. This is the Man ſhould do the bloody Deed:
He ſhew'd his Warrant to a Friend of mine,
The Image of a wicked heinous Fault
Lives in his Eye; that cloſe Aſpect of his,
Does ſhew the Mood of a much troubled Breaſt,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a Charge to do.
Sal. The Colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his Purpoſe and his Conſcience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadful Battels ſet:
His Paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.
Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear will iſſue thence
The foul Corruption of a ſweet Child's Death.
K. John. We cannot hold Mortality's ſtrong Hand.
Good Lords, although my Will to give is living,
The Suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells *us Arthur is* deceas'd to Night.

Sa

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his Sickneſs was paſt cure.
Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his Death he was,
Before the Child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn Brows on me?
Think you I bear the Shears of Deſtiny?
Have I Commandment on the Pulſe of Life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That Greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your Game, and ſo farewel.
Pemb. Stay yet, Lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' Inheritance of this poor Child,
His little Kingdom of a forced Grave.
That Blood which ow'd the Breath of all this Iſle,
Three Foot of it doth hold; bad World the while,
This muſt not be thus born, this will break out
To all our Sorrows, and e'er long I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Meſſenger.

K. John. They burn in Indignation; I repent:
There is no ſure Foundation ſet on Blood;
No certain Life atchiev'd by others Death.
A fearful Eye thou haſt; where is that Blood
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe Cheeks?
So foul a Sky clears not without a Storm;
Pour down thy Weather: How goes all in *France*?
Meſ. From *France* to *England* never ſuch a Power,
For any Foreign Preparation,
Was levy'd in the Body of a Land.
The Copy of your Speed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The Tydings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. Oh where hath our Intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my Mother's Care?
That ſuch an Army ſhould be drawn in *France*.
And ſhe not hear of it?
Meſ. My Liege, her Ear
Is ſtopt with Duſt: The firſt of *April* dy'd
Your noble Mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three Days before; but this from Rumours Tongue
I idely heard; if true, or falſe, I know not.
K. John. With-hold thy Speed, dreadful Occaſion; O

O make a League with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented Peers. What? Mother dead?
How wildly then walks my Eſtate in *France*!
Under whoſe Conduct came thoſe Powers of *France*,
That thou for Truth giv'ſt out are landed here?
Meſ. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Baſtard and Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill Tidings. Now, What ſays the World
To your Proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My Head with more ill News, for it is full.
Baſt. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your Head.
K. John. Bear with me, Couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the Tide; but now I breath again
Aloft the Flood, and can give Audience
To any Tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Baſt. How I have ſped among the Clergy-men,
The Sums I have collected ſhall expreſs:
But as I travell'd hither through the Land,
I find the People ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with Rumours, full of idle Dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of Fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the Streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his Heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh ſounding Rhimes,
That e'er the next *Aſcenſion-Day* at Noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your Crown.
K. John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Peter. Fore-knowing that the Truth will fall out ſo.
K. John. *Hubert*, away with him; impriſon him,
And on that Day at Noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my Crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to Safety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee. O my gentle Couſin,
Hear'ſt thou the News abroad, who are arriv'd?
Baſt. The *French*, my Lord; Mens Mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met Lord *Bigot* and Lord *Salisbury*,
With Eyes as red as new enkindled Fire,
And others more, *going to* ſeek the Grave

Of *Arthur*, whom they ſay is kill'd to Night, on }
K. John. Gentle Kinſman, go (Suggeſt
And thruſt thy ſelf into their Companies,
I have a Way to win their Loves again:
Bring them before me.
Baſt. I will ſeek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haſte; the better Foot beſ
O, let me have no Subjects Enemies,
When adverſe Foreigners affright my Towns
With dreadful Pomp of ſtout Invaſion.
Be *Mercury*, ſet Feathers to thy Heels,
And flie, like Thought, from them to me again.
Bag. The Spirit of the Time ſhall teach me Speed. [*I*
K. John. Spoke like a ſprightful Noble Gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps ſhall need
Some Meſſenger betwixt me and the Peers,
And be thou he.
Meſ. With all my Heart, my Liege. [*I*
K. John. My Mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay five Moons were ſeen to Ni
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous Motion.
K. John. Five Moons?
Hub. Old Men and Beldams, in the Streets
Do propheſie upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s Death is common in their Mouths,
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their Heads,
And whiſper one another in the Ear.
And he that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's Wriſt,
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful Action
With wrinkled Brows, with Nods, with rolling Eyes.
I ſaw a Smith ſtand with his Hammer, thus,
The whilſt his Iron did on th' Anvil cool,
With open Mouth ſwallowing a Taylor's News;
Who with his Shears, and Meaſure in his Hand,
Standing on Slippers, which his nimble Haſte
Had falſly thruſt upon contrary Feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
That were embatteled, and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwaſh'd Artificer,

Cuts off his Tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s Death.

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe Fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s Death?
Thy Hand hath murther'd him: I had a mighty Cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my Lord? why did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the Curſe of Kings, to be attended
By Slaves that take their Humours for a Warrant,
To break the bloody Houſe of Life,
And on the winking of Authority
To underſtand a Law; to know the Meaning
Of dangerous Majeſty, when perchance it frowns
More upon Humour, then advis'd Reſpect.

Hub. Here is your Hand and Seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the laſt Account 'twixt Heav'n and Earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this Hand and Seal
Witneſs againſt us to Damnation.
How oft the Sight of Means to do ill Deeds,
Make Deeds ill done? Hadſt not thou been by,
A Fellow by the Hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a Deed of Shame.
This Murther had not come into my Mind.
But taking Note of thy abhorred Aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody Villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in Danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s Death:
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Made it no Conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

K. John. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy Head, or made a Pauſe
When I ſpake darkly, what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an Eye of Doubt upon my Face;
As bid me tell my Tale in expreſs Words,
Deep Shame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy Fears, might have wrought Fears in me:
But thou didſt underſtand me by my Signs,
And didſt in Signs again parley with Sin,
Yea, without ſtop didſt let thy Heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude Hand to act
The Deed, which both our Tongues held vile to name.
Out of my Sight, and never ſee me more.

My Nobles leave me, and my State is brav'd,
Even at my Gates, with Ranks of foreign Powers;
Nay, in the Body of this fleſhly Land,
This Kingdom, this Confine of Blood, and Breath,
Hoſtility and civil Tumult reigns,
Between my Conſcience, and my Couſin's Death.
Hub. Arm you againſt your other Enemies,
I'll make a Peace between your Soul, and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: This Hand of mine
Is yet a Maiden, and an innocent Hand,
Not painted with the Crimſon Spots of Blood:
Within this Boſom, never entred yet
The dreadful Motion of a murderous Thought,
And you have ſlander'd Nature in my Form,
Which howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the Cover of a fairer Mind,
Than to be Butcher of an Innocent Child.
K. John. Doth *Arthur* live? O haſte thee to the Pe
Throw this Report on their incenſed Rage,
And make them tame to their Obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my Paſſion made
Upon thy Feature, for my Rage was blind,
And foul Imaginary Eyes of Blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not; but to my Cloſet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient Haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: Run more faſt. [*Ex*

SCENE III. *A Priſon.*

Enter Arthur *on the Walls.*

Arth. The Wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good Ground be pitiful, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-Boy's Semblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my Limbs,
I'll find a thouſand Shifts to get away;
As good to die, and go; as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps d*

Oh me, my Uncle's Spirit is in theſe Stones;
Heav'n take my Soul, and *England* take my Bones. [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmonsbury*;
It is our Safety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle Offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble Lord of *France*,
Whoſe private with me of the *Dauphin*'s Love,
Is much more general than theſe Lines import.

Bigot. To Morrow Morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long Days Journey, Lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Once more to Day well met, diſtemper'd Lords,
The King by me requeſts your Preſence ſtraight.

Sal. The King hath dipoſſeſt himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin beſtained Clake
With our pure Honours; nor attend the Foot
That leaves the Print of Blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: We know the worſt [beſt.

Baſt. What e'er you think, good Words I think were

Sal. Our Griefs, and not our Manners, reaſon now.

Baſt. But there is little Reaſon in your Grief,
Therefore 'twere Reaſon you had Manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, Impatience hath his Privilege.

Baſt. 'Tis true, to hurt his Maſter, no Man elſe.

Sal. This is the Priſon: What is he lyes here? (Beauty;

Pemb. Oh Death, made proud with pure and princely
The Earth had not a hole to hide this Deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on Revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this Beauty to a Grave,
Found it too precious princely for a Grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think?
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
That you do ſee? Could Thought, without this Object,
Form ſuch another? This is the very Top,
The Heighth, the Creſt, or Creſt unto the Creſt
Of *Murders Arms; this* is the bloodieſt Shame,

The wildeſt Savagery, the vileſt Stroak
That ever wall-ey'd Wrath, or ſtaring Rage
Preſented to the Tears of ſoft Remorſe.
Pemb. All Murders paſt, do ſtand excus'd in this;
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a Holineſs, a Purity,
To the yet unbegotten Sin of times;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed, but a Jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous Spectacle.
Baſt. It is a damned, and a bloody Work,
The graceleſs Action of a heavy Hand,
If that it be the Work of any Hand.
Sal. If that it be the Work of any Hand,
We had a kind of Light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhameful Work of *Hubert*'s Hand,
The Practiſe, and the Purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe Obedience I forbid my Soul,
Kneeling before this Ruin of ſweet Life,
And breathing to this breathleſs Excellence,
The Incenſe of a Vow, a holy Vow;
Never to taſte the Pleaſures of the World,
Never to be infected with Delight,
Nor converſant with Eaſe, and Idleneſs,
'Till I have ſet a Glory to this Hand,
By giving it the Worſhip of Revenge.
Pemb. Bigo. Our Souls religiouſly confirm thy Words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with Haſte, in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and bluſhes not at Death;
Avant thou hateful Villain, get thee gone.
Hub. I am no Villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the Law?
Baſt. Your Sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not 'till I ſheath it in a Murderer's Skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*, ſtand back, I ſay,
By Heav'n, I think my Sword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget your ſelf,
Nor tempt the Danger of my true Defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your Rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatneſs, and Nobility.

Bigot

Bigot. Out Dunghil, dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my Life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent Life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet I am none. Whoſe Tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to Pieces.
Baſt. Keep the Peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you *Faulconbridge.*
Baſt. Thou wert better gaul the Devil, *Salisbury.*
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy Foot,
Or teach thy haſty Spleen to do me Shame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy Sword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-Iron,
That you ſhall think the Devil is come from Hell.
Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge?*
Second a Villain, and a Murderer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an Hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My Date of Life out, for his ſweet Life's Loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning Waters of his Eyes,
For Villany is not without ſuch Rheume;
And he long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like Rivers of Remorſe and Innocency.
Away with me, all you whoſe Souls abhor
Th'uncleanly Savour of a Slaughter-Houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the Smell of Sin.
Bigot. Away toward *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.
Pemb. There tell the King he may enquire us out. [*Ex. Lords.*
Baſt. Here's a good World; knew you of this fair Work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs Reach of Mercy,
If thou didſt this Deed of Death, thou art damn'd, *Hubert.*
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Baſt. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd as black, nay nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer.*
There is not yet ſo ugly a Fiend of Hell
As thou *ſhalt be, if thou* didſt kill this Child.

Hub. Upon my Soul.
Baſt. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel Act, do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a Cord, the ſmalleſt Thread
That ever Spider twiſted from her Womb
Will ſerve to ſtrangle thee: A Ruſh will be a Beam
To hang thee on: Or would'ſt thou drown thy ſelf,
Put but a little Water in a Spoon,
And it ſhall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a Villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.
Hub. If I in Act, Conſent, or Sin of Thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet Breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous Clay,
Let Hell want Pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Baſt. Go, bear him in thine Arms.
I am amaz'd methinks, and loſe my Way
Among the Thorns, and Dangers of this World.
How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up,
From forth this Morſel of dead Royalty?
The Life, the Right, and Truth of all this Realm
Is fled to Heav'n, and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' Teeth
The unowed Intereſt of proud ſwelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt Bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged War briſtle his angry Creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle Eyes of Peace:
Now Powers from home, and Diſcontents at home
Meet in one Line; and vaſt Confuſion waits,
As doth a Raven on a ſick-fallen Beaſt,
The imminent Decay of wreſted Pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe Cloak and Center can
Hold out this Tempeſt. Bear away that Child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King:
A thouſand Buſineſſes are brief at Hand,
And Heav'n it ſelf doth frown upon the Land. [*Exeu.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. John. THUS I have yielded up into your Hand
The Circle of my Glory.
Pond. Take again
From this my Hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your Soveraign Greatneſs and Authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy Word, go meet the *French*,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your Power
To ſtop their Marches 'fore we are enflam'd.
Our diſcontented Counties do revolt;
Our People quarrel with Obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of Soul
To ſtranger-Blood, to foreign Royalty;
This Inundation of diſtemper'd Humour,
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent Time's ſo ſick,
That preſent Med'cine muſt be miniſtred,
Or Overthrow incurably inſues.
Pand. It was my Breath that blew this Tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn Uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle Convertite,
My Tongue ſhall huſh again this Storm of War,
And make fair Weather in your bluſtring Land.
On this *Aſcenſion-Day*, remember well,
Upon your Oath of Service to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their Arms. [*Exit.*
K. John. Is this *Aſcenſion-Day*? Did not the Prophet
Say, that before *Aſcenſion-Day* at Noon,
My Crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on Conſtraint,
But, Heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Caſtle*: *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind Hoſt, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.

Your

Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer Service to your Enemy;
And wild Amazement hurries up and down
The little Number of your doubtful Friends.
K. John. Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive?
Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the Streets,
An empty Casket, where the Jewel of Life
By ſome damn'd Hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. John. That Villain *Hubert* told me he did live.
Baſt. So on my Soul he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? Why look you ſad?
Be great in Act, as you have been in Thought:
Let not the World ſee Fear and ſad Diſtruſt
Govern the Motion of a Kingly Eye;
Be ſtirring as the time, be Fire with Fire;
Threaten the Threatner, and out-face the Brow
Of bragging Horror: So ſhall inferior Eyes,
That borrow their Behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your Example, and put on
The dauntleſs Spirit of Reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the God of War
When he intendeth to become the Field;
Shew Boldneſs and aſpiring Confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the Lion in his Den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be ſaid: Forage, and run
To meet Diſpleaſure farther from the Doors,
And grapple with him e'er he come ſo nigh.
K. John. The Legat of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy Peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin.*
Baſt. Oh inglorious League:
Shall we upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-Orders, and make comprimiſe.
Inſinuation, Parly, and baſe Truce
To Arms invaſive? Shall a beardleſs Boy,
A cockred-ſilken Wanton brave our Fields,
And ſleſh his Spirit in a War-like Soil,
Mocking the Air with Colours idely ſpread,

And

And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to Arms:
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your Peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
K. John. Have thou the ordering of this preſent time.
Baſt. Away then with good Courage; yet I know
Our Party may well meet a prouder Foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter, in Arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My Lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the Preſident to theſe Lords again,
That having our fair Order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing o'er theſe Notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament,
And keep our Faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary Zeal, and an un-urg'd Faith
To your Proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a Sore of Time
Should ſeek a Plaiſter by contemn'd Revolt,
And heal the inveterate Canker of one Wound,
By making many: Oh it grieves my Soul,
That I muſt draw this Mettle from my Side
To be a Widow-maker: Oh, and there
Where honourable Reſcue, and Defence,
Cries out upon the Name of *Salisbury*.
But ſuch is the Infection of the time,
That for the Health and Phyſick of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very Hand
Of ſtern Injuſtice, and confuſed Wrong:
And is't not pity, oh my grieved Friends,
That we, the Sons and Children of this Iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an Hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a Stranger, march

Upo

Upon her gentle Boſom, and fill up
Her Enemies Ranks? I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot of this enforced Cauſe,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here:
What here? O Nation that thou couldſt remove,
That *Neptune*'s Arms who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy ſelf,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan ſhore,
Where theſe two Chriſtian Armies might combine
The Blood of Malice, in a vein of League,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.
Lewis. A noble Temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great Affections wreſtling in thy Boſom
Doth make an Earthquake of Nobility.
Oh what a noble Combate haſt thou fought,
Between Compulſion, and a brave Reſpect:
Let me wipe off this honourable Dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy Cheeks:
My Heart hath melted at a Lady's Tears,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this Effuſion of ſuch Manly Drops,
This ſhowr blown up by tempeſt of the Soul,
Startle mine Eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of Heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy Brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
And with a great Heart heave away this Storm:
Commend theſe Waters to thoſe Baby-eyes
That never ſaw the Gyant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other than at Feaſts,
Full warm of Blood, of Mirth, of Goſſipping.
Come, come, for thou ſhalt thruſt thy Hand as deep
Into the Purſe of rich Proſperity
As *Lewis* himſelf; ſo, Nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your Sinews to the ſtrength of mine.
Enter Pandulpho.
And even there, methinks an Angel ſpake,
Look where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us Warrant from the Hand of Heav'n,
And on our Actions ſet the Name of Right

With holy Breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France.*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome*, his Spirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and See of *Rome:*
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the Savage Spirit of wild War,
That like a Lion foſtered up at Hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of Peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a ſecondary at Controul,
Or uſeful Serving-man, and Inſtrument
To any Soveraign State throughout the World:
Your Breath firſt kindled the dead Coal of Wars,
Between this chaſtis'd Kingdom and my ſelf,
And brought in Matter that ſhould feed this Fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with Intereſt to this Land,
Yea thruſt this Enterprize into my Heart,
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
His Peace with *Rome?* What is that Peace to me?
I, by the Honour of my Marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine;
And now it is half conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that *John* hath made his Peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Rome*'s Slave? What Penny hath *Rome* born?
What Men provided? What Munition ſent
To under-prop this Action? Is't not I
That under-go this Charge? Who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this Buſineſs, and maintain this War?
Have I not heard theſe Iſlanders ſhout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Towns?
Have I not here the beſt Cards for the Game
To win this eaſie Match, plaid for a Crown?
And ſhall I now *give* o'er the yielded Set?

No, no, on my Soul it ſhall never be ſaid.
Pand. You look but on the out-ſide of this Work.
Lewis. Out-ſide or in-ſide, I will not return
'Till my Attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample Hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of War,
And cull'd theſe fiery Spirits from the World
To out-look Conqueſt, and to win Renown
Even in the Jaws of Danger, and of Death: [*Trumpet ſoun*
What luſty Trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. According to the fair-play of the World,
Let me have Audience: I am ſent to ſpeak:
My holy Lord of *Milain*, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And as you anſwer, I do know the Scope
And warrant limited unto my Tongue.
Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful, oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my Entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his Arms.
Baſt. By all the Blood that ever Fury breath'd,
The Youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King,
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd, and Reaſon too he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly Approach,
This harneſs'd Mask, and unadviſed Revel,
This unheard Sawcineſs and boyiſh Troops,
The King doth ſmile at, and is well-prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh War, theſe Pigmy Arms
From out the Circle of his Territories.
That Hand which had the ſtrength, even at your Door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like Buckets in concealed Wells,
To crouch in Litter of your Stable Planks,
To lye like Pawns, lock'd up in Cheſts and Trunks,
To hug with Swine, to ſeek ſweet ſafety out
In Vaults and Priſons, and to thrill and ſhake,
Even at the crying of your Nation's Crow,
Thinking his Voice an armed *Engliſh* Man;
Shall that victorious Hand be feebled here,
That in your Chambers gave you Chaſtiſement?

No; know the gallant Monarch is in Arms,
And like an Eagle, o'er his aiery Tower,
To ſouſe Annoiance that comes near his Neſt;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero*'s ripping up the Womb
Of your dear Mother-*England*, bluſh for ſhame:
For your own Ladies, and pale-viſag'd Maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after Drums:
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody Inclination.

Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy Face in Peace,
We grant thou canſt out-ſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a Babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Baſt. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the Drums, and let the Tongue of War
Plead for our Intereſt, and our being here.

Baſt. Indeed your Drums being beaten, will cry out?
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
An eccho with the Clamour of thy Drum,
And even at hand, a Drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all, as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the Welkin's Ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd Thunder; for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his Forehead ſits
A bare-rib'd Death, whoſe Office is this Day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our Drums, to find this danger out.

Baſt. And thou ſhalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. John. How goes the Day with us? Oh tell me, *Hubert.*
Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?
K. John. This Feaver that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my Heart is ſick.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your valiant Kinſman, *Faulconbridge,*
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the Field,
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward *Swinſted,* to the Abby there.
Meſſ. Be of good Comfort: For the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wrack'd three Nights ago on *Goodwin* Sands.
This News was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.
K. John. Ay me, this Tyrant Feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good News.
Set on toward *Swinſted*; to my Litter ſtreight,
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke *and* Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with Friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put Spirit in the *French:*
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſ-begotten Devil, *Faulconbridge,*
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the Day.
Pemb. They ſay King *John,* ſore ſick, hath left the Field.

Enter Melun *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other Names.
Pemb. It is the Count *Melun.*
Sal. Wounded to Death.

Melun.

Melun. Fly, noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold,
Unthread the rude Eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded Faith,
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his Feet:
For if the *French* be Lords of this loud Day,
He means to recompence the Pains you take,
By cutting off your Heads; thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the Altar at St. *Edmondsbury*,
Even on that Altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear Amity, and everlaſting Love.

Sal. May this be poſſible? May this be true?

Melun. Have I not hideous Death within my View,
Retaining but a quantity of Life,
Which bleeds away, even as a Form of Wax
Reſolveth from his Figure 'gainſt the Fire?
What in the World ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence, by truth?
I ſay again, if *Lewis* do win the Day,
He is forſworn if e'er thoſe Eyes of yours
Behold another Day break in the Eaſt:
But even this Night, whoſe black contagious Breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning Creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sun,
Even this ill Night, your breathing ſhall expire,
Paying the Fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous Fine of all your Lives;
If *Lewis*, by your aſſiſtance win the Day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The Love of him, and this reſpect beſides,
For that my Grandſire was an *Engliſhman*,
Awakes my Conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the Field;
Where I may think the remnant of my Thoughts
In peace; and part this Body and my Soul,
With Contemplation, and devout Deſires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beſhrew my Soul,
But I do love the favour, and the form

Of this moſt fair Occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leaving our Rankneſs, and irregular Courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe Bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in Obedience,
Even to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
My Arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do ſee the cruel Pangs of Death
Right in thine Eye. Away, my Friends, new flight,
And happy newneſs that intends old right. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lewis *and his Train.*

Lewis. The Sun of Heav'n, methought, was loth to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the Weſtern Welkin bluſh,
When *Engliſh* meaſure backward their own Ground
In faint retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a Volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody Toil, we bid good Night,
And woon'd our tott'ring Colours clearly up,
Laſt in the Field, and almoſt Lords of it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Prince, the *Dauphin?*

Lewis. Here, what News?

Meſſ. The Count *Melun* is ſlain; the *Engliſh* Lords
By his Perſwaſion are at length fall'n off,
And your Supply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk on *Goodwin* Sands.

Lewis. Ah foul ſhrew'd News. Beſhrew thy very Heart:
I did not think to be ſo ſad to Night
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King *John* did fly an Hour or two before
The ſtumbling Night did part our weary Powers?

Meſſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my Lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good Quarter, and good care to Night.
The Day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair Adventure of to Morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Baſtard and Hubert *ſeverally.*

Hub. Who's there? Speak, hoa, ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Baſt. A Friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of *England.*
Baſt. Whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine Affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Baſt. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect Thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my Friend, that know'ſt my Tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?
Baſt. Who thou wilt; and if thou pleaſe
Thou may'ſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*
Hub. Unkind Remembrance; thou, and endleſs Night,
Have done me ſhame; brave Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy Tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine Ear.
Baſt. Come, come; *ſans complement,* what News abroad?
Hub. Why here walk I, in the black Brow of Night,
To find you out.
Baſt. Brief then; and what's the News?
Hub. O my ſweet Sir, News fitting to the Night,
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.
Baſt. Shew me the very Wound of this ill News,
I am no Woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.
Hub. The King I fear is poiſon'd by a Monk,
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
To acquaint you with this Evil, that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.
Baſt. How did he take it? Who did taſte to him?
Hub. A Monk, I tell you, a reſolved Villain,
Whoſe Bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King
Yet ſpeaks, and peradventure may recover.

Baſt. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?
Hub. Why, know you not? The Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their Company,
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.
Baſt. With-hold thine Indignation, mighty Heav'n,
And tempt us not to bear above our Power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my Power this Night
Paſſing thoſe Flats, are taken by the Tide,
The *Lincoln*-Waſhes have devoured them;
My ſelf, well mounted, have eſcap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury *and* Bigot,

Henry. It is too late, the Life of all his Blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure Brain,
Which ſome ſuppoſe the Soul's frail dwelling Houſe,
Doth, by the idle Comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of Mortality.
Enter Pembroke.
Pemb. His Highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That being brought into the open Air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell Poiſon which aſſaileth him.
Henry. Let him be brought into the Orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage?
Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.
Henry. Oh vanity of Sickneſs, fierce Extreams
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them inviſible, and her Siege is now
Againſt the Wind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many Legions of ſtrange Fantaſies,
Which in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing:

I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan;
Who chaunts a doleful Hymn to his own Death,
And from the Organ-pipe of frailty ſings
His Soul and Body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. John. I marry now my Soul hath Elbow-room,
It would not out at Windows, nor at Doors,
There is ſo hot a Summer in my Boſom,
That all my Bowels crumble up to Duſt:
I am a ſcribled Form drawn with a Pen,
Upon a Parchment, and againſt this fire do I ſhrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majeſty?

K. John. Poiſon'd, ill fair! Dead, forſook, caſt off,
And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thruſt his Icy Fingers in my Maw;
Nor let my Kingdoms Rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd Boſom: Nor intreat the North
To make his bleak Winds kiſs my parched Lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold Comfort; and you are ſo ſtraight
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh that there were ſome Virtue in my Tears,
That might relieve you.

K. John. The Salt of them is hot.
Within me is a Hell, and there the Poiſon
Is, as a Fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepreevable condemned Blood.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent Motion
And Spleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.

K. John. Oh Couſin, thou art come to ſet mine Eye:
The tackle of my Heart is crackt and burnt,
And turned to one Thread, one little Hair:
My Heart hath one poor String to ſtay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy News be uttered,
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a Clod,
And module of confounded Royalty,

Baſt. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where Heav'n he knows how we ſhall anſwer him.
For in a Night the beſt part of my Power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Waſhes all, unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected Flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breath theſe dead News in as dead an Ear;
My Liege, my Lord; but now a King, now thus.

Henry. Even ſo muſt I run on, and even ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the World, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is Clay?

Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind
To do the Office for thee, of Revenge,
And then my Soul ſhall wait on thee to Heav'n,
As it on Earth hath been thy Servant ſtill.
Now, now you Stars, that move in your right Spheres,
Where be your Powers? Shew now your mended Faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh Deſtruction, and perpetual Shame
Out of the weak Door of our fainting Land:
Straight let us ſeek, or ſtraight we ſhall be ſought,
The *Dauphin* rages at our very Heels.

Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the *Dauphin*,
And brings from him ſuch Offers of our Peace,
As we with Honour and Reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this War.

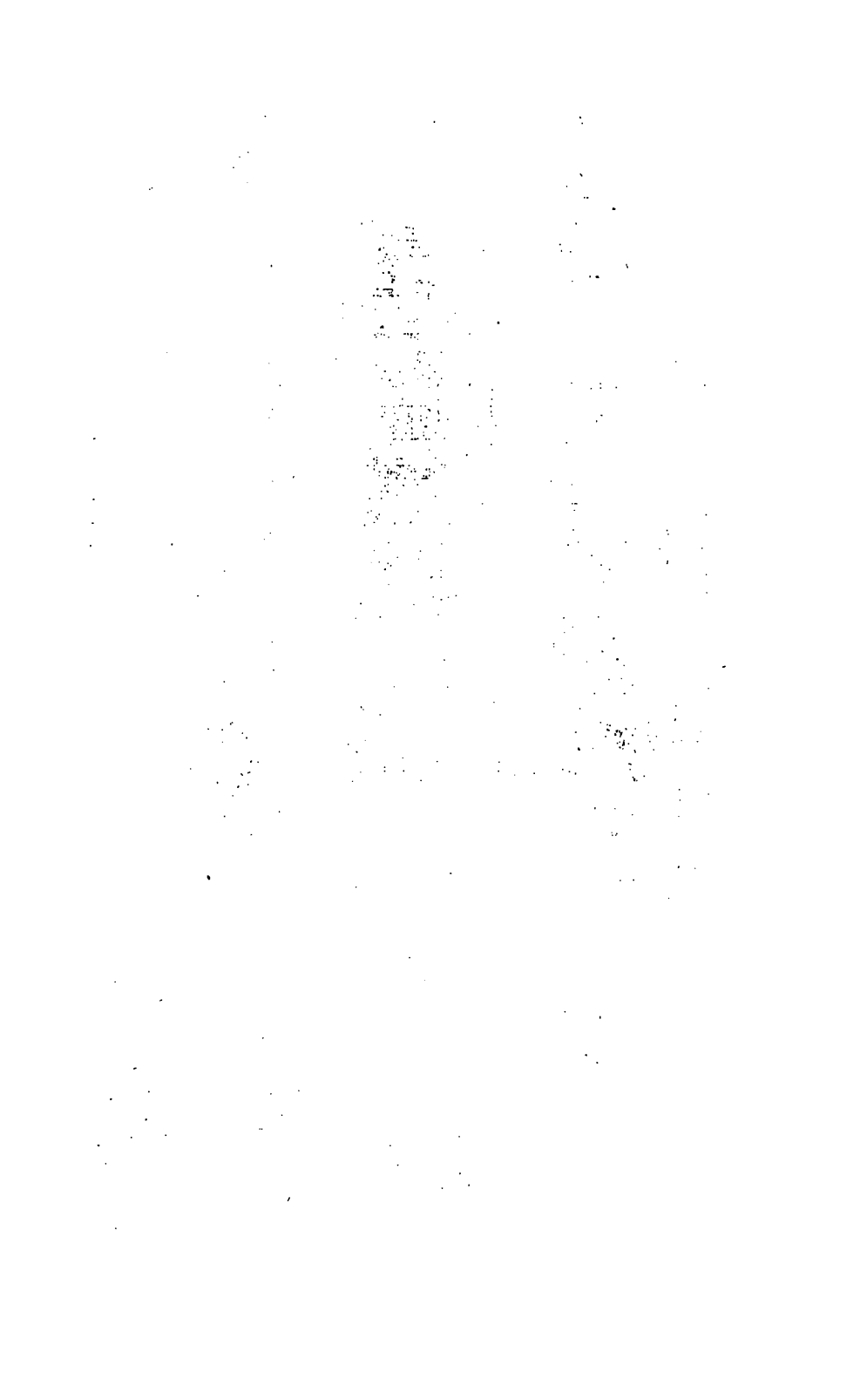
Baſt. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Our ſelves well ſinewed to our Defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many Carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the Sea-ſide, and put his Cauſe and Quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinal,
With whom your ſelf, my ſelf, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this Afternoon will poſt,
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.

Baſt. Let it be ſo; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your Father's Funeral.

Henry.

Henry. At *Worceſter* muſt his Body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.
Baſt. Thither ſhall it then,
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal State, and glory of the Land,
To whom with all ſubmiſſion on my Knee,
I do bequeath my faithful Services,
And true Subjection everlaſtingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our Love we make,
To reſt without a Spot for evermore.
Henry. I have a kind Soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with Tears.
Baſt. Oh let us pay the time but needful Wo,
Since it hath been before hand with our Griefs.
This *England* never did, nor never ſhall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound it ſelf.
Now, theſe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three Corners of the World in Arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them: Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to it ſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*



P. 1049.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF King *Richard* II.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Richard *the Second.*

Duke of York.
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter. } *Unkles to the King.*

Bullingbroke, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth.*

Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.

Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.

Earl of Salisbury.

Buſhy,
Bagot, } *Servants to King* Richard.
Green,

Earl of Northumberland,
Percy, *Son to* Northumberland,
Roſs,
Willoughby, } *Friends to* Bullingbroke.

Biſhop of Carliſle,
Sir. Stephen Scroop, } *Friends to King* Richard.

Fitzwater,
Surrey,
Abbot of Weſtminſter, } *Lords in the Parliament.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton.

Queen to King Richard.
Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF King *Richard* II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

KING RICHARD.

LD *John* of *Gaunt*, time honour'd *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou, according to thy Oath and Band,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold Son,
Here to make good the boiſterous late Appeal,
Which then our Leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient Malice,
Or worthily, as a good Subject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of Treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that Argument,

On

On ſome apparent Danger ſeen in him,
Aim'd at your Highneſs, no inveterate Malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our Preſence, Face to Face;
And frowning Brow to Brow, our ſelves will hear
Th' Accuſer, and the accuſed freely ſpeak;
High ſtomach'd are they both, and full of Ire,
In Rage, deaf as the Sea; haſty as Fire.
Enter Bullingbroke *and* Mowbray.
Bulling. Many Years of happy Days befal
My gracious Soveraign, my moſt loving Liege.
Mowb. Each Day ſtill better others Happineſs;
Until the Heav'ns envying Earth's good Hap,
Add an immortal Title to your Crown.
K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the Cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high Treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?
Bulling. Firſt Heaven be the Record to my Speech;
In the Devotions of a Subject's Love,
Tendring the precious Safety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten Hate,
Come I Appealant to this princely Preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My Body ſhall make good upon the Earth,
Or my divine Soul anſwer it in Heav'n.
Thou art a Traitor and a Miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad too live.
Since the more fair and cryſtal is the Sky,
The uglier ſeem the Clouds that in it fly:
Once more, the more to aggravate the Note,
With a foul Traitor's Name ſtuff I thy Throat,
And wiſh, ſo pleaſe my Soveraign, e'er I move,
What my Tongue ſpeaks, my right drawn Sword may prove.
Mowb. Let not my cool Words here accuſe my Zeal;
'Tis not the Trial of a Woman's War,
The bitter Clamour of two eager Tongues,
Can arbitrate this Cauſe betwixt us twain:
The Blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame Patience boaſt;

As

As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the fair Reverence of your Highneſs curbs me,
From giving Reins and Spurs to my free Speech,
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe Terms of Treaſon doubly down his Throat.
Setting aſide his high Blood's Royalty,
And let him be no Kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward, and a Villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tide to run a-foot,
Even to the frozen Ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other Ground inhabitable,
Where-ever *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his Foot;
Mean time, let this defend my Loyalty,
By all my Hopes moſt falſly doth he lie.

Bulling. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my Gage,
Diſclaiming here the Kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high Blood's Royalty,
Which Fear, not Reverence, makes thee to except;
If guilty Dread hath left thee ſo much Strength,
As to take up mine Honour's Pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the Rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee Arm to Arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that Sword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my Shoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair Degree,
Or Chivalrous deſign of knightly Trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or unjuſtly fight.

K. Rich. What doth our Couſin lay to *Mowbray*'s Charge?
It muſt be great that can inherit us,
So much as of a Thought of ill in him.

Bulling. Look what I ſaid, my Life ſhall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand Nobles,
In name of Lendings for your Highneſs Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd Imployments;
Like a falſe Traitor and injurious Villain;
Beſides, I ſay, and will in Battel prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt Verge

That

That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* Eye;
That all the Treaſons for theſe eighteen Years,
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt Head and Spring.
Further I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad Life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s Death,
Suggeſt his ſoon believing Adverſaries,
And conſequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Slu'd out his innocent Soul through Streams of Blood;
Which Blood, like ſacrificing *Abel*'s cries,
Even from the tongueleſs Caverns of the Earth,
To me for Juſtice, and rough Chaſtiſement;
And by the glorious worth of my Deſcent,
This Arm ſhall do it, or this Life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his Reſolution ſoars.
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. O let my Soveraign turn away his Face,
And bid his Ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this Slander of his Blood,
How God and good Men hate ſo foul a Liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our Eyes and Ears.
Were he my Brother, nay, our Kingdom's Heir,
As he is but my Father's Brother's Son;
Now by my Scepter's awe, I make a Vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred Blood,
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unſtooping Firmneſs of my upright Soul.
He is our Subject, *Mowbray*, ſo art thou,
Free Speech and fearleſs I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, *Bullingbroke*, as low as to thy Heart,
Through the falſe Paſſage of thy Throat, thou lieſt:
Three parts of that Receipt I had for *Callice*,
Disburſt I to his Highneſs Soldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my Soveraign Liege was in my Debt,
Upon remainder of a dear Account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queen:
Now ſwallow down that Lie. For *Glouceſter*'s Death,
I ſlew him not; but, to mine own Diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn Duty in that Caſe.

For

For you, my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable Father to my Foe,
Once I did lay an Ambuſh for your Life,
A Treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved Soul;
But e'er I laſt receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's Pardon; and I hope I had it.
This is my Fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the Rancor of a Villain;
A Recreant and moſt dangerous Traitor,
Which in my ſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my Gage,
Upon this overweening Traitor's Foot,
To prove my ſelf a loyal Gentleman,
Even in the beſt Blood chamber'd in his Boſom.
In haſte whereof moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our Trial-Day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this Choler without letting Blood:
This we preſcribe, though no Phyſician.
Deep Malice makes too deep Inciſion.
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.

Gaunt. To be a Make-peace ſhall become my Age;
Throw down, my Son, the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Gage.

K. Rich. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When *Harry*, when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again,

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. My ſelf I throw, dread Soveraign, at thy Foot.
My Life thou ſhalt command, but not my Shame;
The one my Duty owes; but my fair Name,
Deſpight of Death that lives upon my Grave,
To dark Diſhonours uſe, thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here,
Pierc'd to the Soul, with Slanders venom'd Spear.
The which no Blame can cure, but his Heart Blood
Which breath'd this Poiſon.

K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood:

Give

Give me his Gage: Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change his Spots: Take but my Shame,
And I reſign my Gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The pureſt Treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs Reputation; that away,
Men are but guilded Loam, or painted Clay.
A Jewel in a ten-times barr'd up Cheſt,
Is a bold Spirit in a Loyal Breaſt.
Mine Honour is my Life; both grow in one:
Take Honour from me, and my Life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine Honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your Gage; do you begin.
Bulling. Oh Heav'n defend my Soul from ſuch foul Sin.
Shall I ſeem Creſt-fall'n in my Father's Sight,
Or with pale beggar'd Fear impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd Baſtard? E'er my Tongue
Shall wound my Honour with ſuch feeble Wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a Parle, my Teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh Motive of recanting Fear,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high Diſgrace,
Where Shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray*'s Face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.
K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you Friends,
Be ready, as your Lives ſhall anſwer it,
At *Coventry*, upon Saint *Lambert*'s Day;
There ſhall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling Difference of you ſettled Hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice deſign the Victor's Chivalry.
Lord Marſhal command our Officers at Arms,
Be ready to direct theſe home Alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Gaunt, *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glo'ſter*'s Blood,
Doth more ſollicit me than your Exclaims,

To

To ſtir againſt the Butchers of his Life.
But ſince Correction lyeth in thoſe Hands
Which made the Fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our Quarrel to the Will of Heav'n;
Who when they ſee the Hours ripe on Earth,
Will rain hot Vengeance on Offenders Heads.
Dutch. Finds Brotherhood in thee no ſharper Spur?
Hath Love in thy old Blood no living Fire?
Edward's ſeven Sons, whereof thy ſelf art one,
Were as ſeven Vials of his ſacred Blood;
Or ſeven fair Branches ſpringing from one Root:
Some of thoſe ſeven are dry'd by Nature's Courſe;
Some of thoſe Branches by the Deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear Lord, my Life, my *Glo'ſter*;
One Vial full of *Edward*'s ſacred Blood,
One flouriſhing Branch of his moſt Royal Root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious Liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt down, and his Summer Leaves all faded
By Envy's Hand, and Murder's Bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*! his Blood was thine; that Bed, that Womb,
That Mettle, that ſelf-Mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a Man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large Meaſure to thy Father's Death;
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched Brother die,
Who was the Model of thy Father's Life.
Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Deſpair;
In ſuffering thus thy Brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked Pathway to thy Life,
Teaching ſtern Murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean Men, we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardiſe in noble Breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own Life,
The beſt way is to venge my *Glo'ſter*'s Death.
Gaunt. Heav'n's is the Quarrel; for Heav'n's Subſtitute,
His Deputy anointed in his Sight,
Hath caus'd his Death; the which if wrongfully
Let Heav'n revenge, for I may never lift
An angry Arm againſt his Miniſter.
Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my ſelf?
Gaunt. To Heav'n, *the Widow's* Champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then I will: Farewel; old *Gaunt*;
Thou go'ſt to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our Couſin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
O ſit my Husband's Wrongs on *Hereford*'s Spear,
That it may enter Butcher *Mowbray*'s Breaſt:
Or if Misfortune miſs the firſt Career,
Be *Mowbray*'s Sins ſo heavy in his Boſom,
That they may break his foaming Courſer's Back,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiff recreant to my Couſin *Hereford*.
Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy ſometimes Brother's Wife,
With her Companion Grief, muſt end her Life.
Gaunt. Siſter, farewel; I muſt to *Coventry*.
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
Dutch. Yet one Word more; Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my Leave, before I have begun;
For Sorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my Brother, *Eward York*.
Lo, this is all; nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go;
I ſhall remember more. Bid him—— oh, what?
With all good Speed at *Plaſhie* viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old *York* there ſee,
But empty Lodgings, and unfurniſh'd Walls,
Un-peopl'd Offices, untrodden Stones?
And what hear there for Welcome, but my Groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To ſeek out Sorrow that dwells every where;
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence, and die;
The laſt Leave of thee, takes my weeping Eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Marſhal and Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all Points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the Summons of the Appealant's Trumpet.

Aum.

Aum. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Majeſty's Approach. [*Flouriſh.*
Enter King Richard, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Green, *and others; then* Mowbray *in Armour, and an Herald.*
K. Rich. Marſhal, demand of yonder Champion
The Cauſe of his Arrival here in Arms;
Ask him his Name, and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the Juſtice of his Cauſe.
Mar. In God's Name and the King's, ſay who thou art? [*To* Mowb.
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in Arms?
Againſt what Man thou com'ſt, and what's thy Quarrel;
Speak truly on thy Knighthood, and thine Oath,
And ſo defend thee Heaven, and thy Valour.
Mowb. My Name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come, engaged by my Oath,
Which Heav'n defend a Knight ſhould viola
Both to defend my Loyalty and Truth,
To God, my King, and his ſucceeding Iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the Grace of God, and this mine Arm,
To prove him, in defending of my ſelf,
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me Heav'n.
A Tucket ſounds. Enter Bullingbroke, *and an Herald.*
K. Rich. Marſhal; ask yonder Knight in Arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus placed in Habiliments of War:
And formally according to our Law
Depoſe him in the Juſtice of his Cauſe.
Mar. What is thy Name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither
Before King *Richard*, in his Royal Liſts? [*To* Bulling.
Againſt whom com'ſt thou? And what's thy Quarrel?
Speak like a true Knight, ſo defend thee Heav'n.
Bulling. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in Arms,
To prove, by Heav'n's Grace, and my Body's Valour,
In Liſts on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a Traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of Heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly *fight*, *defend* me Heav'n.

Mar. On pain of Death, no Perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the Liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair Deſigns.
Bulling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Soveraign's Hand,
And bow my Knee before his Majeſty:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelf are like two Men
That vow a long and weary Pilgrimage,
Then let us take a ceremonious Leave
And loving Farewel of our ſeveral Friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highneſs,
[*To K.* Rich.
And craves to kiſs your Hand, and take his leave,
K. Rich. We will deſcend and fold him in our Arms.
Couſin of *Hereford*, as thy Cauſe is juſt,
So be thy Fortune in this Royal Fight:
Farewel, my Blood, which if to Day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not Revenge thee dead.
Bulling. Oh let no noble Eye prophane a Tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray*'s Spear:
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Againſt a Bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Couſin, Lord *Aumerle*;
Not ſick, although I have to do with Death,
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at *Engliſh* Feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the Earthy Author of my Blood,
Whoſe youthful Spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at Victory above my Head,
Add proof unto mine Armour with thy Prayers,
And with thy Bleſſings ſteel my Lance's Point,
That it may enter *Mowbray*'s Waxen Coat,
And furniſh new the Name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his Son.
Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good Cauſe make thee proſperous,
Be ſwift like Lightning in the Execution,
And let thy Blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing Thunder on the Caſk

Of

Of thy amaz'd pernicious Enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful Blood, be valiant, and live.
Bulling. Mine Innocence, and St. *George* to thrive.
Mowb. However Heav'n or Fortune caſt my Lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard*'s Throne,
A loyal, juſt, and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captain with a freer Heart
Caſt off his Chains of Bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd Enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing Soul doth celebrate
This feaſt of Battel, with mine Adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my Companion Peers,
Take from my Mouth the wiſh of happy Years;
As gentle, and as jocond, as to jeſt,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet Breaſt.
K. Rich. Farewel, my Lord, ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with Valour, couched in thine Eye.
Order the Trial, Marſhal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of *Hereford, Lancaſter* and *Derby,*
Receive thy Launce, and Heav'n defend thy Right.
Bulling. Strong as a Tower, in hope, I cry *Amen.*
Mar. Go bear this Launce to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk.*
1 *Her. Harry* of *Hereford, Lancaſter* and *Derby,*
Stands here for God, his Soveraign, and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,*
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray,* Duke of *Norfolk,*
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford, Lancaſter,* and *Derby,*
To God, his Soveraign, and to him diſloyal:
Couragiouſly, and with a free Deſire,
Attending but the Signal to begin. [*A charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet forward Combatants.
Stay, the King hath thrown his Warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Spears,
And both return back to their Chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets ſound,

While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.

[*A long Fleuriſh.*

Draw near, and liſt
What with our Council we have done.
For that our Kingdom's Earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear Blood which it hath foſtered,
And for our Eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil Wounds plough'd up with Neighbours Swords,
Which ſo rouz'd up with boiſterous untun'd Drums,
With harſh reſounding Trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful Iron Arms,
Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our Kindreds Blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You Couſin *Hereford*, upon pain of Death,
'Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our Fields,
Shall not regreet our fair Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger Paths of Baniſhment,

Bulling. Your will be done: This muſt my Comfort be,
That Sun that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden Beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my Baniſhment.

K. Rich. Norfolk; for thee remains a heavier Doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce,
The ſly ſlow Hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear Exile:
The hopeleſs word, of never to return,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of Life.

Mowb. A heavy Sentence, my moſt Soveraign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highneſs Mouth:
A dearer Merit, not ſo deep a Maim,
As to be caſt forth in the common Air
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs Hands.
The Language I have learn'd theſe forty Years,
Ny native *Engliſh*, now I muſt forgo,
And now my Tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed Viol, or a Harp,
Or like a cunning Inſtrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his Hands
That knows no touch to tune the Harmony.

Within

Within my Mouth you have engoal'd my Tongue,
Doubly percullis'd with my Teeth and Lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance,
Is made my Goaler to attend on me.
I am too old to frown upon a Nurſe,
Too far in Years to be a Pupil now:
What is thy Sentence then, but ſpeechleſs Death,
Which robs my Tongue from breathing native Breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our Sentence, plaining comes too late.
Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my Country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn Shades of endleſs Night.
K. Rich. Return again, and take an Oath with ye.
Lay on our Royal Sword your baniſh'd Hands;
Swear by the Duty that you owe to Heav'n,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves,)
To keep the Oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall, ſo help you Truth, and Heav'n,
Embrace each others Love in Baniſhment,
Nor ever look upon each others Face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This lowring Tempeſt of your home-bred Hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any Ill,
'Gainſt us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Bulling. I ſwear.
Mowb. And I, to keep all this.
Bulling. Norfolk, ſo far, as to mine Enemy,
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our Souls had wandred in the Air,
Baniſh'd this frail Sepulchre of our Fleſh,
As now our Fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſs thy Treaſons, e'er thou fly this Realm,
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty Soul.
Mowb. No, *Bullingbroke*; if ever I were Traitor,
My Name be blotted from the Book of Life,
And I from Heav'n baniſh'd, as from hence;
But what thou art, Heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too *ſoon, I fear, the* King ſhall rue.

Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England*; all the World's my way. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the Glaſſes of thine Eyes
I ſee thy grieved Heart; thy ſad Aſpect,
Hath from the Number of his baniſh'd Years
Pluck'd four away; ſix frozen Winters ſpent,
Return with welcome home from Baniſhment.

Bulling. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs
End in a Word, ſuch is the Breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four Years of my Son's Exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For e'er the ſix Years that he hath to ſpend,
Can change the Moons, and bring their times about,
My Oil-dry'd Lamp, and time-bewaſted Light,
Shall be extinct with Age, and endleſs Night:
My inch of Taper will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my Son.

K. Rich. Why Uncle? Thou haſt many Years to live.

Gaunt. But not a Minute, King, that thou canſt give;
Shorten my Days thou canſt with ſudden Sorrow,
And pluck Nights from me, but not lend a Morrow:
Thou canſt help Time to furrow me with Age,
But ſtop no Wrinkle in his Pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my Death;
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my Breath.

K. Rich. Thy Son is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy Tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our Juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowr?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſowr:
You urg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling Tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelf this wrong.

K. Rich. Couſin, farewel; and, Uncle, bid him ſo:
Six Years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Flouriſh.

Aum. Couſin, farewel, what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let Paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as Land will let me, by your ſide,
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy Friends?
Bulling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the Tongue's Office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the Heart.
Gaunt. Thy Grief is but thy Abſence for a time.
Bulling. Joy abſent, Grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix Winters, they are quickly gone?
Bulling. To Men in joy; but grief makes one Hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a Travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Bulling. My Heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen Paſſage of thy weary Steps
Eſteem a Soil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Jewel of thy home return.
Bulling. Oh who can hold a Fire in his Hand
By thinking on the Froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of Appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* Snow
By thinking on fantaſtick Summer's Heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell Sorrow's Tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my Son, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy Youth, and Cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bulling. Then *England*'s Ground farewel; ſweet Soil adieu,
My Mother and my Nurſe, which bears me yet:
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born *Engliſhman.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Green, *and* Bagot.

K. Rich. We did obſerve. Couſin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?
Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting Tears were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none by me; except the North-Eaſt Wind,
Which then grew bitterly againſt our Face,
Awak'd the ſleepy Rheume, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a Tear.
K. Rich. What ſaid our Couſin when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewel; and for my Heart diſdained that my Tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit Oppreſſion of ſuch Grief,
That word ſeem buried in my Sorrow's Grave.
Marry, would the word Farewel had lengthen'd Hours,
And added Years to his ſhort Baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a Volume of Farewels;
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our Couſin, Couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from Baniſhment,
Whether our Kinſman come to ſee his Friends.
Our ſelf, and *Buſhy*, *Bagot* here and *Green*
Obſerv'd his Courtſhip to the common People:
How he did ſeem to dive into their Hearts,
With humble, and familiar Courteſie,
What Reverence he did throw away on Slaves;
Wooing poor Crafts-men with the craft of Souls,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their Affects with him.
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,
A brace of Dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the Tribute of his ſupple Knee,
With Thanks, my Countrymen, my loving Friends,
As were our *England* in Reverſion his,
And he our Subjects next Degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe Thoughts.
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,

Expedient

Expedient manage muſt be made, my Liege,
E'er further leiſure yield the further means
For their Advantage, and your Highneſs loſs.
K. Rich. We will our ſelf in Perſon to this War,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberal Largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our Royal Realm,
The Revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our Affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall have blank Charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what Men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large Sums of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our Wants:
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. Rich. What News?
Buſhy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is very ſick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.
K. Rich. Where lyes he?
Buſhy. At *Ely-houſe.*
K. Rich. Now put it, Heav'n, in his Phyſician's Mind,
To help him to his Grave immediately:
The lining of his Coffers ſhall make Coats
To deck our Soldiers for theſe *Iriſh* Wars.
Come, Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray Heav'n we may make haſte, and come too late. [*Exe.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gaunt *ſick, with the Duke of* York.

Gaunt. WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſom Counſel to his unſtaid Youth?
York. Vex not your ſelf, nor ſtrive not with your Breath,
For all in vain comes Counſel to his Ear.
Gaunt. Oh but, they ſay, the Tongues of dying Men
Inforce Attention like deep Harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldom ſpent in vain,

For

For they breath Truth, that breath their words in pain.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are Mens ends markt than their lives before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſick in the cloſe;
At the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my life's Counſel would not hear,
My Death's ſad Tale may yet undeaf his Ear.
York. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring Sounds,
As praiſes of his State; then there are found
Laſcivious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open Ears of Youth do always liſten.
Report of Faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe Manners ſtill our tardy apiſh Nation
Limps after in baſe Imitation.
Where doth the World thruſt forth a Vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into their Ears?
That all too late comes Counſel to be heard,
Where Will doth mutiny with Wits regard;
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe,
'Tis Breath thou lack'ſt, and that Breath wilt thou loſe.
Gaunt. Methinks I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His raſh fierce Blaze of Riot cannot laſt;
For violent Fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small Showers laſt long, but ſudden Storms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the Feeder;
Light Vanity, inſatiate Cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon it ſelf.
This Royal Throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd Iſle,
This Earth of Majeſty, this Seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy Paradiſe,
This Fortreſs built by Nature for her ſelf,
Againſt Infection, and the Hand of War;
This happy Breed of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone ſet in the Silver Sea,
Which ſerves it in the Office of a Wall,
Or as a Moat defenſive to a Houſe,

Againſt

Againſt the envy of leſs happier Lands,
This bleſſed Plot, this Earth, this Realm, this *England*,
This Nurſe, this teeming Womb of Royal Kings,
Fear'd for their Breed, and famous for their Birth,
Renowned for their Deeds, as far from home,
For Chriſtian Service, and true Chivalry,
As is the Sepulchre in ſtubborn *Jury*
Of the World's Ranſom, bleſſed *Mary*'s Son;
This Land of ſuch dear Souls, this dear dear Land,
Dear for her Reputation through the World,
Is now Leas'd out, I dye pronouncing it,
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farm;
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whoſe rocky Shore beats back the envious Siege
Of watry *Neptune*, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky Blots, and rotten Parchment Bonds.
That *England* that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful Conqueſt of it ſelf.
Ah! would the Scandal vaniſh with my Life,
How happy then were my enſuing Death!
Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green, Bagot, Roſs, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his Youth;
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble Uncle, *Lancaſter?*

K. Rich. What comfort, Man? How is't with aged *Gaunt?*

Gaunt. Oh how that Name befits my Compoſition!
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me Grief hath kept a tedious Faſt,
And who abſtains from Meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping *England* long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt;
The Pleaſure that ſome Fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict Faſt, I mean my Childrens looks,
And therein faſting thou haſt made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the Grave, gaunt as a Grave,
Whoſe hollow Womb inherits nought but Bones.

K. Rich. Can ſick Men play ſo nicely with their Names?

Gaunt. No, Miſery makes ſport to mock it ſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my Name in me,

I mock my Name, great King, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying Men flatter thoſe that live?
Gaunt. No, no, Men living flatter thoſe that die.
K. Rich. Thou now a dying, ſay'ſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou dy'ſt, though I the ſicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me, knows I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelf to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill.
Thy Death-bed is no leſſer than the Land,
Wherein thou lieſt in Reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs Patient as thou art,
Committ'ſt thy anointed Body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand Flatterers ſit within thy Crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy Hand,
And yet ingaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer than thy Land.
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophet's Eye,
Seen how his Son's Son ſhould deſtroy his Sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelf.
Why, Couſin, wert thou Regent of the World,
It were a ſhame to let this Land by leaſe:
But for thy World enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlave to the Law,
And——
K. Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted Fool,
Preſuming on an Agues privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen Admonition
Make pale our Cheek, chaſing the Royal Blood
With fury, from his Native Reſidence:
Now by my Seat's right Royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edward*'s Son,
This Tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy Head,
Should run thy Head from thy unreverent Shoulders.
Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not, my Brother *Edward*'s Son,
For that I was his Father *Edward*'s Son:
That Blood already, like the Pelican,

Thou

Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My Brother *Glo'ſter*, plain well meaning Soul,
Whom fair befal in Heav'n 'mongſt happy Souls,
May be a Preſident and Witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edward*'s Blood:
Join with the preſent Sickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked Age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd Flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter thy Tormentors be.
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:
Love they to live, that Love and Honour have. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that Age and Sullens have,
For both haſt thou, and both become the Grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſs, and age in him:
He loves you on my Life, and holds you dear
As *Henry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Hereford*'s love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. Rich. What ſay's he?

North. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:
His Tongue is now a ſtringleſs Inſtrument,
Words, Life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

York. Be *York* the next, that muſt be Bankrupt ſo.
Though Death be poor, it ends a mortal wo.

K. Rich. The ripeſt Fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our Pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our *Iriſh* Wars,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kerns,
Which live like Venom, where no Venom elſe
But only they, have privilege to live.
And for theſe great Affairs do ask ſome charge,
Towards our Aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to us
The Plate, Coin, and Revenues, and Moveables,
Whereof our Uncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

York. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender Duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glo'ſter*'s Death, not *Hereford*'s Baniſhment,

Nor

Nor *Gaunt*'s Rebukes, nor *England*'s private Wrongs;
Nor the prevention of poor *Bullingbroke*,
About his Marriage, nor my own Diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſower my patient Cheek,
Or bend one Wrinkle on my Soveraign's Face.
I am the laſt of noble *Edward*'s Sons,
Of whom thy Father, Prince of *Wales*, was firſt:
In Wars was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
In Peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely Gentleman;
His Face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the Number of thy Hours:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the *French*,
And not againſt his Friends: His noble Hand
Did win what he did ſpend; and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant Father's Hand had won.
His Hands were guilty of no Kindreds Blood,
But bloody with the Enemies of his Kin:
Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with Grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why Uncle, what's the matter?

York. Oh, my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe; if not,
I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your Hands
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an Heir?
Is not his Heir a well-deſerving Son?
Take *Hereford*'s Rights away, and take from Time
His Charters, and his cuſtomary Rights.
Let not to Morrow then enſue to Day,
Be not thy ſelf. For how art thou a King
But by fair Sequence and Succeſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Hereford*'s Right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Attorneys-General, to ſue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd Homage,
You pluck a thouſand Dangers on your Head,
You loſe a thouſand well diſpoſed Hearts,

And

And prick my tender Patience to thoſe Thoughts
Which Honour and Allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will; we ſeize into our Hands,
His Plate, his Goods, his Mony, and his Lands.
York. I'll not be by the while; My Leige, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad Courſes may be underſtood,
That their Events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Go *Buſhie* to the Earl of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houſe*,
To ſee this Buſineſs done: To morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow;
And we create, in abſence of our ſelf,
Our Uncle *York* Lord Governor of *England*:
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on our Queen, to Morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exeunt King, Queen,* &c.
Manet Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Roſs.
North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaſter* is dead.
Roſs. And living too, for now his Son is Duke.
Willo. Barely in Title, not in Revenue.
North. Richly in both, if Juſtice had her Right.
Roſs. My Heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
E'r't be disburthen'd with a liberal Tongue.
North. Nay, ſpeak thy Mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more
That ſpeaks thy Words again to do thee harm.
Willo. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeak to the Duke of *Hereford*?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, Man:
Quick is mine Ear to hear of good towards him.
Roſs. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his Patrimony.
North. Now afore Heav'n, it's Shame ſuch Wrongs are born,
In him a Royal Prince, and many more,
Of noble Blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By Flatterers; and what they will inform
Meerly in Hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our *Lives*, our Children, and our Heirs.

Roſs. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And quite loſt their Hearrs; the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient Quarrels, and quite loſt their Hearts.
Willo. And daily new Exactions are deviſ'd;
As Blanks, Benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'God's Name doth become of this?
North. Wars have not waſted it, for war'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon Compromiſe,
That which his Anceſtors atchiev'd with Blows:
More hath he ſpent in Peace, than they in Wars.
Roſs. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the Realm in Farm.
Willo. The King's grown Bankrupt, like a broken Man.
North. Reproach and Diſſolution hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not Mony for theſe *Iriſh* Wars,
His Burthenous Taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
North. His noble Kinſman —— moſt degenerate King!
But Lords, we hear this fearful Tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no Shelter to avoid the Storm:
We ſee the Wind ſit ſore upon our Sails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very Wreck that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoided is the Danger now,
For ſuffering ſo the Cauſes of our Wreck.
North. Not ſo: Even through the hollow Eyes of Death,
I ſpie Life peering; but I dare not ſay
How near the Tidings of our Comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy Thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumberland*,
We three are but thy ſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy Words are but as Thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Port *le Blan*,
A Bay in *Britain*, receiv'd Intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His Brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britain*,
With eight tall Ships, three thouſand Men of War,
Are making hither with all due Expedience,

And

And ſhortly mean to touch our Northern Shore;
Perhaps they had e'er this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland.*
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh Yoke,
Imp out our drooping Country's broken Wing,
Redeem from broken Pawn the blemiſh'd Crown,
Wipe off the Duſt that hides our Scepter's Gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like it ſelf,
Away with me in haſte to *Ravenſpurg*;
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelf will go.

Roſs. To Horſe, to Horſe; urge Doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my Horſe, and I will firſt be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Queen, Buſhy, *and* Bagot.

Buſhy. Madam, your Majeſty is too much ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming Heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful Diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the King, I did; to pleaſe my ſelf
I cannot do it; yet I know no Cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a Gueſt as Grief,
Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a Gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*; yet again methinks
Some unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward Soul
Which nothing trembles at, ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Buſhy. Each Subſtance of a Grief hath twenty Shadows,
Which ſhews like Grief it ſelf, but is not ſo:
For Sorrow's Eye, glazed with blinding Tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many Objects,
Like Perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but Confuſion ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh Form: So your ſweet Majeſty,
Looking awry upon your Lord's Departure,
Find Shapes of Grief, more than himſelf to wail,

Which look'd on as it is, is nought but Shadows
Of what it is not; then thrice gracious Queen,
More than your Lord's Departure weep not, more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe Sorrow's Eye,
Which for things true, weep things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward Soul
Perſuades me it is otherwiſe: How-e'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy ſad,
As though on thinking on no Thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but Conceit, my gracious Lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; Conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father Grief, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething Grief;
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in Reverſion that I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot Name, 'tis nameleſs Wo I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty, and well met Gentlemen:
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his Deſigns crave haſte, good Hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?

Green. That he, our Hope, might have retir'd his Power,
And driven into deſpair an Enemies Hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bullingbroke* repeals himſelf;
And with up-lifted Arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg.*

Queen. Now God in Heav'n forbid.

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The Lord *Northumberland*, his young Son *Henry Percy*,
The Lords of *Roſs*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powerful Friends are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And the reſt of that revolted Faction, Traitors?

Green. We have: Whereupon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his Staff, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And all the Houſhold Servants fled with him to *Bullingbroke.*

Queen. So *Green*, thou art the Midwife of my Woe,

And

And *Bullingbroke* my Sorrows diſmal Heir:
Now hath my Soul brought forth her Prodigy,
And I a gaſping new delivered Mother,
Have Wo to Wo, Sorrow to Sorrow join'd.
Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.
Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening Hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper back of Death,
Who gently would diſſolve the Bands of Life,
Which falſe Hopes linger in Extremity.
Enter York.
Green. Here comes the Duke of *York.*
Queen. With Signs of War about his aged Neck,
Oh full of careful Buſineſs are his Looks:
Uncle, for Heav'n ſake ſpeak comfortable Words.
York. Comfort's in Heav'n, and we are on the Earth,
Where nothing lives but Croſſes, Care and Grief;
Your Husband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop his Land;
Who, weak with Age, cannot ſupport my ſelf:
Now comes his ſick Hour that his Surfeit made,
Now ſhall he try his Friends that flattered him.
Enter a Servant.
Serv. My Lord, your Son was gone before I came.
York. He was; why ſo, go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford*'s ſide.
Sirrah, get thee to *Plaſhie*, to my Siſter *Glo'ſter*;
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand Pound:
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to Day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
York. What is't, Knave?
Serv. An Hour before I came, the Dutcheſs dy'd.
York. Heav'n for his Mercy, what a Tide of Woes
Come ruſhing on this woful Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to Heav'n,
So my Untruth had not provok'd him to it,

The King had cut off my Head with my Brother's.
What, are there Poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland*?
How ſhall we do for Mony for theſe Wars?
Come Siſter, (Couſin, I would ſay,) pray pardon me.
Go Fellow, get thee home, provide ſome Carts, [*To the Servant.*
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter Men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe Affairs
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my Hands,
Never believe me. Both are my Kinſmen;
Th' one is my Soveraign, whom both my Oath
And Duty bids defend; th' other again
Is my Kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conſcience, and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: Come, Couſin,
I'll diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter up your Men,
And meet me preſently at *Barkley* Caſtle:
I ſhould to *Plaſhie* too, but time will not permit;
All is uneven, and every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

Buſhy. The Wind ſits fair for News to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns; for us to levy Power
Proportionable to th' Enemy, is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the King in love,
Is near the Hate of thoſe love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wavering Commons, for their Love
Lies in their Purſes, and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fills their Hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If Judgment lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I will for Refuge ſtreight to *Briſtol* Caſtle,
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little Office
Will the hateful Commons perform for us,
Except like Curs, to tear us all in Pieces:
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Majeſty.
Farewel: If Heart Preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.

Buſhy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bullingbroke.

Green. Alas poor Duke, the Task he undertakes Is

Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his Side fights, thouſands will flye.
Buſhy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Bullingbroke, *and* Northumberland.

Bulling. How far is it, my Lord, to *Barkley* now?
Noth. Believe me, noble Lord,
I am a Stranger here in *Glo'ſterſhire.*
Theſe high wild Hills, and rough uneven Ways,
Draw out our Miles, and make them wearifome:
And yet our fair Diſcourſe hath been as Sugar,
Making the hard Way ſweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary Way
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cottſhold* will be found,
In *Roſs* and *Willoughby*, wanting your Company,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguil'd
The Tedioufneſs and Proceſs of my Travel:
But theirs is ſweetned with the Hope to have
The preſent Benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in Joy,
Than Hope enjoy'd: By this, the weary Lords
Shall make their Way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble Company.
Bulling. Of much leſs Value is my Company,
Than your good Words: But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my Son, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my Brother *Worceſter*: Whenceſoever.
Harry, how fares your Uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
Health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queen?
Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his Staff of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſhold of the King.
North. *What was his* Reaſon?

He was not ſo reſolv'd, when we laſt ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer Service to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And ſent me over by *Barkley*, to diſcover
What Power the Duke of *York* had levy'd there,
Then with Direction to repair to *Ravenſpurg*.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, Boy?
Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my Knowledge,
I never in my Life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my Service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder Days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved Service and Deſert.
Bulling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be ſure
I count my ſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a Soul remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true Love's Recompence,
My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus ſeals it.
North. How far is it to *Barkley*? and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his Men of War?
Percy. There ſtands the Caſtle by yond Tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred Men, as I have heard.
And in it are the Lords of *York*, *Barkley*, and *Seymour*;
None elſe of Name, and noble Eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here comes the Lords of *Roſs* and *Willoughby*.
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.
Bulling. Welcome, my Lords; I wot your Love purſues
A baniſht Traitor; all my Treaſury
Is yet but unfelt Thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your Love and Labours Recompence.
Roſs. Your Preſence makes us rich, moſt noble Lord.
Willo. And far ſurmounts our Labour to attain it.
Bulling. Evermore Thanks, th' Exchequer of the poor,
Which 'till my infant-fortune comes to Years,
Stand for my Bounty. But who comes here?

Enter

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I gueſs.

Bark. My Lord of *Hereford*, my Meſſage is to you.

Bulling. My Lord, my Anſwer is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeek that Name in *England*,
And I muſt find that Title in your Town,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.

Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come, what Lord you will,
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on
To take Advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native Peace, with ſelf-born Arms.

Enter York.

Bulling. I ſhall not need tranſport my Words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Perſon. My noble Uncle. [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee,
Whoſe Duty is deceivable and falſe.

Bulling. My gracious Uncle.

York. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me,
I am no Traitor's Uncle; and that Word Grace,
In an ungracious Mouth, is but prophane.
Why have theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Legs,
Dar'd once to touch a Duſt of *England*'s Ground?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many Miles upon her peaceful Boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with War,
And Oſtentation of deſpiſed Arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal Boſom lyes his Power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot Youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my ſelf
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of Men,
From forth the Ranks of many thouſand *French*;
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arm of mine,
Now Priſoner to the Palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter Correction to thy Fault.

Bulling. My gracious Uncle, let me know my Fault,
On what *Condition ſtands it*, and wherein?

York.

York. Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſs Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd Man, and here art come
Before th' Expiration of thy time,
In braving Arms againſt thy Soveraign.
Bulling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter.*
And, noble Uncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Look on my Wrongs with an indifferent Eye:
You are my Father, for methinks in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then, my Father,
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my Arms perforce, and given away
To upſtart Unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my Couſin King, be King of *England*,
It muſt be granted I am Duke of *Lancaſter.*
You have a Son, *Aumerle*, my noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his Uncle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chaſe them to the Bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Patents give me leave:
My Father's Goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe and all, are all amiſs imploy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore perſonally I lay my Claim
To mine Inheritance of free Deſcent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Roſs. It ſtands your Grace upon to do him right.
Willo. Baſe Men by his Endowments are made great.
York. My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Couſin's Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Arms,
Be his own Carver, and cut out his Way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath ſworn his coming is

But

But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him Aid,
And let him ne'er ſee Joy that breaks that Oath.
York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my Power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me Life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the Soveraign Mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as Neuter. So fare you well,
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this Night.
Bulling. An Offer, Uncle, that we will accept:
But we muſt win your Grace to go with us
To *Briſtow Caſtle*, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhy*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go with you, but yet I'll pauſe,
For I am loath to break our Country's Laws:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt Care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Salisbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we have ſtaid ten Days,
And hardly kept your Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no Tidings from the King;
Therefore we all diſperſe our ſelves: Farewel.
Salis. Stay yet another Day, thou truſty *Welchman*,
The King repoſeth all his Confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay.
The Bay-Trees in our Country are all wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Stars of Heav'n?
The pale-fac'd Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd Prophets whiſper fearful Change;
Rich Men look ſad, and Ruffians dance and leap;
The *one in Fear to loſe* what they enjoy,

Th

The other to enjoy by Rage and War:
Theſe Signs forerun the Death of Kings.
Farewel; our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*
Salis. Ah *Richard*, with Eyes of heavy Mind,
I ſee thy Glory like a ſhooting Star,
Fall to the baſe Earth from the Firmament:
Thy Sun ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Storms to come, Wo, and Unreſt:
Thy Friends are fled to wait upon thy Foes,
And croſly to thy good, all Fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Bullingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *Priſoners.*

Bulling. BRing forth theſe Men:
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your Souls,
Since preſently your Souls muſt part your Bodies,
With too much urging your pernicious Lives,
For 'twere no Charity; yet to waſh your Blood
From off my Hands, here in the View of Men,
I will unfold ſome Cauſes of your Deaths.
You have miſs-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood and Lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your ſinful Hours
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queen and him,
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a royal Bed,
And ſtain'd the Beauty of a fair Queen's Cheeks
With Tears drawn from her Eyes, with your foul Wrongs.
My ſelf a Prince, by Fortune of my Birth,
Near to the King in Blood, and near in Love,
'Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,
Have ſtoopt my Neck under your Injuries,
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* Breath in foreign Clouds,
Eating the bitter Bread of Baniſhment;
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Diſ-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my Foreſt Woods;

From

From mine own Windows torn my Houſhold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſs, leaving me no Sign,
Save Mens Opinions, and my living Blood,
To ſhew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the Death: See them deliver'd over
To Execution, and the Hand of Death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the Stroak of Death to me,
Than *Bullingbroke* to *England.*

Green. My Comfort is, that Heav'n will take our Souls,
And plague Injuſtice with the Pains of Hell.

Bulling. My Lord *Northumberland,* ſee them diſpatch'd.
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your Houſe;
For Heav'ns ſake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her I ſend to her my kind Commends;
Take ſpecial care my Greetings be deliver'd.

York. A Gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With Letters of your Love to her at large.

Bulling. Thanks, gentle Uncle: Come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure,* and his Complices;
A while to work, and after Holiday [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Flouriſh: Drums, and Colours.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly-Caſtle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my Lord; how brooks your Grace the Air,
After your late toſſing on the breaking Seas?

K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for Joy
To ſtand upon my Kingdom once again.
Dear Earth, I do ſalute thee with my Hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horſes Hoofs:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her Tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And do thee Favour with my Royal Hands.
Feed not thy Soveraign's Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy *Sweets comfort* his ravenous Senſe:

But

But let thy Spiders that ſuck up thy Venom,
And heavy-gated Toads lye in their way,
Doing Annoyance to the treacherous Feet,
Which with uſurping Steps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Boſom pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prithee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double Tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw Death upon thy Soveraign's Enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs Conjuration, Lords;
This Earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe Stones
Prove armed Soldiers, e'er her native King
Shall falter under foul rebellious Arms.

Biſhop. Fear not, my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath Power to keep you King, in ſpight of all.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiſs
Whilſt *Bullingbroke*, through their Security,
Grows ſtrong and great, in Subſtance and in Friends.

K. Rich. Diſcomfortable Couſin, know'ſt thou not,
That when the ſearching Eye of Heav'n is hid,
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Thieves and Robbers range abroad unſeen,
In Murders, and in Out-rage bloody here.
But when from under this terreſtrial Ball
He fires the proud Tops of the Eaſtern Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty Hole;
Then Murders, Treaſons, and deteſted Sins,
The Cloak of Night being pluck'd from off their Backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this Thief, this Traitor *Bullingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall ſee us riſing in our Throne, the Eaſt,
His Treaſons will ſet bluſhing in his Face,
Not able to endure the Sight of Day;
But ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his Sin.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can waſh the Balm from an anointed King;
The Breath of worldly Men cannot depoſe
The Deputy elected by the Lord:
For every Man that *Bullingbroke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewd Steel againſt our Golden Crown,

Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly Pay
A glorious Angel; then if Angels fight,
Weak Men muſt fall, for Heav'n ſtill guards the Right.
Enter Salisbury.
Welcome, my Lord, how far off lyes your Power?
Salis. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak Arm; Diſcomfort guides my Tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but Deſpair:
One Day too late, I fear, my noble Lord,
Hath clouded all my happy Days on Earth.
Oh call back Yeſterday, bid Time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting Men:
To Day, to Day, unhappy Day too late
O'erthrows thy Joys, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the *Welſhmen* hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbroke*, diſperſt and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my Liege; why looks your Grace ſo pale?
K. Rich. But now the Blood of twenty thouſand Men
Did triumph in my Face, and they are fled;
And 'till ſo much Blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All Souls that will be ſafe, fly from my Side,
For Time hath ſet a Blot upon my Pride.
Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot my ſelf: Am I not King?
Awake thou ſluggard Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the King's Name, forty thouſand Names?
Arm, arm my Name; a puny Subject ſtrikes
At thy great Glory. Look not to the Ground,
Ye Favourites of a King; are we not high?
High be our Thoughts: I know my Uncle *York*
Hath Power enough to ſerve our Turn.
But who comes here?
Enter Scroop.
Scroop. More Health and Happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd Tongue deliver him.
K. Rich. Mine Ear is open, and my Heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly Loſs, thou canſt unfold:
Say, is my Kingdom loſt? Why 'twas my Care:
And what Loſs is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbroke* to be as great as we?

Greater

Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his Fellow ſo.
Revolt our Subjects? That we cannot mend;
They break their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Wo, Deſtruction, Ruin, Loſs, Decay;
The worſt is Death, and Death will have his Day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the Tidings of Calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy Day,
Which makes the ſilver Rivers drown their Shores,
As if the World were all diſſolv'd to Tears:
So high above his Limits, ſwells the Rage
Of *Bullingbroke*, covering your fearful Land
With hard bright Steel, and Hearts harder than Steel.
White Beans have arm'd their thin and hairleſs Scalps
Againſt thy Majeſty, and Boys with Womens Voices,
Strive to ſpeak big, and clap their female Joints
In ſtiff unwieldy Arms, againſt thy Crown;
The very Beadſmen learn to bend their Bows
Of double fatal Ewe, againſt thy State;
Yea diſtaff-Women manage ruſty Bills;
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have Power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltſhire*? Where is *Bigot?*
What is become of *Buſhy?* Where is *Green?*
That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch peaceful Steps?
If we prevail, their Hands ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they have made Peace with *Bullingbroke.*

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my Lord.

K. Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without Redemption,
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any Man,
Snakes in my Heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my Heart,
Three *Judaſſes*, each one thrice worſe than *Judas*,
Would they make Peace? Terrible Hell make War
Upon their ſpotted Souls for this Offence.

Scroop. Sweet Love, I ſee, changing his Property,
Turns to the ſowreſt, and moſt deadly Hate:
Again uncurſe their Souls; their Peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: Thoſe whom you curſe

Have

Have felt the worſt of Death's deſtroying Hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow Ground.
Aum. Is *Buſhy*, *Green*, and the Earl of *Wiltſhire* dead?
Scrogp. Yea, all of them at *Briſtow* loſt their Heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke, my Father, with his Power?
K. Rich. No matter where, of Comfort no Man ſpeak:
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make Duſt our Paper, and with rainy Eyes
Write Sorrow in the Boſom of the Earth.
Let's chuſe Executors, and talk of Wills;
And yet not ſo, for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed Bodies to the Ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are *Bullingbroke's*,
And nothing can we call our own; but Death,
And that ſmall Model of the barren Earth,
Which ſerves as Paſte, and cover to our Bones:
For Heav'ns ſake let us ſit upon the Ground,
And tell ſad Stories of the Death of Kings:
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in War;
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they have depos'd,
Some poiſon'd by their Wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crown
That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antique ſits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp,
Allowing him a Breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with Looks,
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain Conceit,
As if this Fleſh, which walls about our Life,
Were Braſs impregnable: And humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little Pin
Boars through his Caſtle Walls, and farewel King.
Cover your Heads, and mock not Fleſh and Blood
With ſolemn Reverence: Throw away Reſpect,
Tradition, Form, and ceremonious Duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live with Bread like you, feel Want,
Taſte Grief, need Friends; ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?
Carl. My Lord, wiſe Men ne'er wail their preſent Woes,
But preſently prevent the Ways to wail:

To fear the Foe, ſince Fear oppreſſeth Strength,
Gives in your Weakneſs, Strength unto your Foe;
Fear, and be ſlain, no worſe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is Death deſtroying Death.
Where fearing, dying, pays Death ſervile Breath.
My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: Proud *Bullingbroke*, I come
To change Blows with thee, for our Day of Doom;
This Ague-fit of Fear is over-blown,
An eaſie Task it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our Uncle with his Power?
Speak ſweetly Man, although thy Looks be ſower.

Scroop. Men judge by the Complexion of the Sky
The State and Inclination of the Day;
So may you by my dull and heavy Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to ſay:
I play the Torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your Uncle *York* is join'd to *Bullingbroke*,
And all your northern Caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern Gentlemen in Arms
Upon his Faction.

K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
Of that ſweet way I was into Deſpair.
What ſay you now? what Comfort have we now?
By Heav'n I'll hate him everlaſtingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-Caſtle*, there I'll pine away,
A King, Wo's Slave, ſhall kingly Wo obey:
That Power I have, diſcharge, and let 'em go
To ear the Land, that hath ſome Hope to grow.
For I have none. Let no Man ſpeak again
To alter this, for Counſel is but in vain.

Aum. My Liege, one Word.

K. Rich. He does me double Wrong,
That wounds me with the Flatteries of his Tongue.
Diſcharge my Followers: let them hence away,
From *Richard*'s Night, to *Bullingbroke*'s fair Day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Bulling. So that by this Intelligence we learn
The *Welchmen* are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private Friends upon this Coaſt.
North. The News is very fair and good, my Lord.
Richard not far from hence, hath hid his Head.
York. It would beſeem the Lord *Northumberland,*
To ſay King *Richard.* Alack the heavy Day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his Head.
North. Your Grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his Title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the Head, your whole Head's length.
Bulling. Miſtake not, Uncle, farther than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good Couſin, farther than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſtake; the Heav'ns are o'er your Head.
Bulling. I know it, Uncle, and oppoſe not my ſelf
Againſt their Will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry;* what, will not this Caſtle yield?
Percy. The Caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt thy Entrance.
Bulling. Royally? Why, it contains no King?
Percy. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the Limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle,* Lord *Salisbury,*
Sir *Stephen Scroop,* beſides a Clergy-man
Of holy Reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of *Carliſle.*
Bulling. Noble Lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into *his ruin'd Ears,* and thus deliver:

Henry Bullingbroke upon his Knees doth kiſs
King *Richard*'s Hand, and ſends Allegiance
And true Faith of Heart to his Royal Perſon; hither come
Even at his Feet, to lay my Arms and Power,
Provided, that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted;
If not, I'll uſe the Advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summer's Duſt with Showers of Blood,
Rain'd from the Wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen*;
The which, how far off from the Mind of *Bullingbroke*
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green Lap of fair King *Richard*'s Land,
My ſtooping Duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſie Carpet of this Plain;
Let's march without the Noiſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtle's tatter'd Battlements
Our fair Appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King *Richard* and my ſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs Terror than the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring Smoak
At meeting tears the cloudy Cheeks of Heav'n:
Be he the Fire, I'll be the yielding Water:
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I rain
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on and mark King *Richard* how he looks.
Parle without, and Anſwer within; then a Flouriſh. Enter on the Walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop *and* Salisbury.
See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelf appear
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sun,
From out the fiery Portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dim his Glory, and to ſtain the Tract
Of his bright Paſſage to the Occident.
York. Yet looks he like a King; behold his Eye
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty; alack, alack, for Wo,
That any Harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a Show.
K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy Knee, [*To* North.

Becauſe

Becauſe we thought our ſelf thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy Joints forget
To pay the awful Duty to our Preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the Hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our Stewardſhip;
For well we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the ſacred Handle of our Scepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their Souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtering in his Clouds on our behalf,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike,
Your Children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your Vaſſal Hands againſt my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bullingbroke*, for yond methinks, he is,
That every Stride he makes upon the Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon, he is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of a bleeding War;
But e'er the Crown he looks for, live in Peace,
Ten thouſand bloody Crowns of Mothers Sons
Shall ill become the Flower of *England*'s Face,
Change the Complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſs with faithful *Engliſh* Blood.

North. The King of Heav'n forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil Arms
Be ruſh'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbroke, doth humbly kiſs thy Hand,
And by the honourable Tomb he ſwears
That ſtands upon your Royal Grandfire's Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head;
And by the bury'd Hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His coming hither hath no farther Scope,
Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his Knees:

Which on thy Royal party granted once,
His glittering Arms he will commend to Ruſt;
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his Heart
To faithful Service of your Majeſty:
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus: The King returns,
His noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the Number of his fair Demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without Contradiction;
With all the gracious Utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debaſe our ſelf, Couſin, do we not, [*To Aum.*
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland,* and ſend
Defiance to the Traitor, and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle Words,
'Till time lend Friends, and Friends their hopeful Swords.
K. Rich. Oh God, oh God that e'er this Tongue of mine,
That laid the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud Man, ſhould take it off again
With Words of ſooth; oh that I were as great
As is my Grief, or leſſer than my Name;
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now.
Swell'ſt thou, proud Heart? I'll give thee Scope to beat,
Since Foes have Scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from *Bullingbroke.*
K. Rich. What muſt the King do now? Muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The Name of King? o'God's Name let it go.
I'll give my Jewels for a Set of Beads;
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage;
My gay Apparel, for an Alms-man's Gown;
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood;
My Scepter, for a Palmer's walking Staff,
My Subjects, for a Pair of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obſcure Grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's Highway;

Some

Some way of common Trade, where Subjects Feet
May hourly trample on their Soveraign's Head;
For on my Heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And bury'd once, why not upon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt, my tender hearted Couſin,
We'll make foul Weather with deſpiſed Tears.
Our Sighs, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corn,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.
O- ſhall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make ſome pretty Match with ſhedding Tears?
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one Place,
'Till they have fretted us a Pair of Graves,
Within the Earth; and therein laid, there lyes
Two Kinſmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I ſee
I talk but idely, and you mock at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſays King *Bullingbroke?* Will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, 'till *Richard* die?
You make a Leg, and *Bullingbroke* ſays I.
North. My Lord, in the baſe Court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may it pleaſe you to come down.
K. Rich. Down, down I come, like gliſt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the Manage of unruly Jades.
In the baſe Court? baſe Court where Kings grow baſe,
To come at Traitors Calls, and do them Grace.
In the baſe Court come down; down Court, down King,
For Night-Owls ſhriek, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.
Bulling. What ſays his Majeſty?
North. Sorrow, and Grief of Heart
Makes him ſpeak fondly like a frantick Man;
Yet he is come.
Bulling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair Duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious Lord. [*Kneels*
K. Rich. Fair Couſin,
You debaſe your Princely Knee,
To make the baſe Earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feel your Love,
Than my un-pleas'd Eye ſee your Courteſie.
Up *Couſin, up, your Heart* is up, I know,

Thus high at leaſt, although your Knee be low.
Bulling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Bulling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true Service ſhall deſerve your Love.
K. Rich. Well you deſerv'd:
They well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your Hand; nay, dry your Eyes,
Tears ſhew their Love, but want their Remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too,
For do we muſt, what Force will have us do.
Set on towards *London:*
Couſin, is it ſo?
Bulling. Yea, my good Lord.
K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay no. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What Sport ſhall we deviſe here in this Garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of Care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at Bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the World is full of Rubs,
And that my Fortune runs againſt the Bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My Legs can keep no Meaſure in Delight,
When my poor Heart no Meaſure keeps in Grief.
Therefore no dancing, Girl; ſome other Sport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell Tales.
Queen. Of Sorrow, or of Grief?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, Girl.
For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Grief, being altogether had,
It adds more Sorrow to my want of Joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady.

Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou haſt Cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good?
Queen. And I could ſing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any Tear of thee.
Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.
But ſtay, here comes the Gardiners;
Let's ſtep into the Shadow of theſe Trees.
My Wretchedneſs, unto a row of Pines,
They'll talk of State; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; wo is fore-run with wo.
Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending Twigs.
Go thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the Heads of too faſt growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our Commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noiſom Weeds that without profit ſuck
The Soil's fertility from wholſom Flowers.
Serv. Why ſhould we in the compaſs of a Pale,
Keep Law and Form, and due Proportion,
Shewing, as in a Model, our firm State?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weeds, her faireſt Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit-trees all uprun'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her wholſom Herbs
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy Peace,
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of Leaf,
The Weeds that his broad-ſpreading Leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, Root and all, by *Bullingbroke*;
I mean the Earl of *Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.*
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbroke hath ſeiz'd* the waſteful King.

What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden at time of Year;
And wound the Bark, the Skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leſt being over proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much Riches it confound it ſelf?
Had he done ſo, to great and growing Men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their Fruits of Duty. All ſuperfluous Branches
We lop away, that bearing Boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had born the Crown,
Which waſte and idle Hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What think you the King ſhall be depos'd?

Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt Night
To a dear Friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black Tidings.

Queen. Oh I am preſt to Death through want of ſpeaking;
Thou old *Adam*'s likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this Garden,
How dare thy harſh Tongue ſound this unpleaſing News?
What *Eve*? What Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed Man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than Earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill Tydings? Speak, thou Wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breath theſe News; yet what I ſay is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbroke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's Scale, is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few Vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbroke*,
Beſides himſelf, are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of Foot,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that knows it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy Sorrow in my Breaſt, Come Ladies, go,

To

To meet at *London*, *London*'s King in wo.
What, was I born to this! That my ſad Look,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbroke!*
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe News of wo.
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt may never grow. [*Exit.*
Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy State might be no worſe,
I would my Skill were ſubject to thy Curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a Tear, here in this place
I'll ſet a Bank of Rew, ſowr *Herb of Grace:*
Rew ev'n for *Ruth*, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, *Biſhop of* Carlile, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *Herald*, *Officers*, *and* Bagot.

Bulling. CALL forth *Bagot.*
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeak thy Mind,
What thou doſt know of noble *Glo'ſter*'s Death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timeleſs End.
Bagot. Then ſet before my Face the Lord *Aumerle.*
Bulling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that Man.
Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring Tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ſter*'s Death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my Arm of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* Court
As far as *Calais* to my Uncle's Head?
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crowns,
Than *Bullingbroke* return to *England*; adding withal,
How bleſt this Land would be in this your Couſin's Death.
Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe Man?
Shall I ſo *much diſhonour* my fair Stars,

On

On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine Honour ſpoil'd
With the Attainder of his ſland'rous Lips.
There is my Gage, the manual Seal of Death,
That marks thee out for Hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy Heart Blood, though being all too baſe,
To ſtain the temper of my Knighty Sword.
Bulling. *Bagot* forbear, thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this Preſence that hath moved me ſo.
Fitzw. If that thy Valour ſtand on Sympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that fair Sun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Glo'ſter's* Death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt,
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy Heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, Coward, live to ſee the Day.
Fitzw. Now, by my Soul, I would it were this Hour
Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to Hell for this.
Percy. *Aumerle*, thou lieſt; his Honour is as true
In this Appeal, as thou art all unjuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortal Breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not may my Hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful Steel,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*
I do remember well the very time
Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitzw. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in Preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by Heav'n,
As Heav'n it ſelf is true.
Fitzw. *Surrey*, thou lieſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable Boy,
That Lie, ſhall lye ſo heavy on my Sword,

That it ſhall render Vengeance and Revenge,
'Till thou the Lie-giver, and that Lie, do lye
In Earth as quiet, as thy Father's Scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine Honour's Pawn,
Engage it to the Trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitzw. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpur a forward Horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breath, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a Wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay he lies,
And lies, and lies; there is my Bond of Faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guilty of my true Appeal.
Beſides, I heard the baniſht *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy Men,
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies; here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his Honour.

Bulling. Theſe Differences ſhall all reſt under Gage,
'Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: Repeal'd he ſhall be;
And though mine Enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his Lands and Seigniories; when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Trial.

Carl. That honourable Day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſht *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian Field
Streaming the Enſign of the Chriſtian Croſs
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toil'd with works of War, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soul unto his Captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.

Bulling. Why, Biſhop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. As ſure as I live, my Lord.

Bulling. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soul
To the Boſom of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants, your Differences ſhall all reſt under gage
'Till we aſſign you to your Days of Trial.

Enter

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the Poſſeſſion of thy Royal Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

Bulling. In God's Name, I'll aſcend the Regal Throne.

Carl. Marry, Heav'n forbid.
Worſt in this Royal Preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble Preſence
Were enough noble to be upright Judge
Of noble *Richard*, then true Nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a Wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here that is not *Richard*'s Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent Guilt be ſeen in them:
And ſhall the Figure of God's Majeſty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd and planted many Years,
Be judg'd by Subject and inferior Breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Souls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeak to Subjects, and a Subject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by Heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul Traitor to proud *Hereford*'s King.
And if you crown him, let me propheſie,
The Blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the Ground,
And future Ages groan for his foul Act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Wars
Shall Kin with Kin, and kind with kind confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Fear and Mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The Field of *Golgotha*, and dead Men's Sculls.
Oh, if you rear this Houſe, againſt this Houſe,
*It will the wo*fulleſt Diviſion prove,

That ever fell upon this curſed Earth.
Prevent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, wo.
North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of Capital Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your Charge,
To keep him ſafely, 'till his Day of Trial.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bulling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common View
He may ſurrender: So we ſhall proceed
Without Suſpicion.
York. I will be his Conduct. [*Exit.*
Bulling. Lords, you that are here under our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Days of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter King Richard *and* York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal Thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to return me
To this Submiſſion. Yet I will remember
The favours of theſe Men: Were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hail to me?
So *Judas* did to Chriſt: But he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King: Will no Man ſay, *Amen.*
Am I both Prieſt and Clark? Well then, *Amen.*
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet *Amen*, if Heav'n do think him me.
To do what Service, am I ſent for hither?
York. To do that Office of thine own good Will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crown
To *Henry Bullingbroke.*
K. Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Couſin, ſeize the Crown;
Here Couſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crown like a deep Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the Air,

The

The other down, unſeen, and full of Water:
That Bucket down, and full of Tears am I,
Drinking my Griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.
Bulling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.
K. Rich. My Crown I am, but ſtill my Griefs are mine:
You may my Glories, and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefs; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bulling. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.
K. Rich. Your Cares ſet up, do not pluck my Cares down,
My Care, is loſs of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gain of Care, by new Care won.
The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Bulling. Are you contented to reſign the Crown?
K. Rich. I no; no I, for I muſt nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo my ſelf;
I give this heavy Weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldy Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my Heart,
With mine own Tears I waſh away my blame,
With mine own Hands I give away my Crown,
With mine own Tongue deny my ſacred State,
With mine own Breath releaſe all dutious Oaths:
All Pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear:
My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgo;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny:
God pardon all Oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all Vows unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd;
Long mayſt thou long live in *Richard*'s Seat to ſit,
And ſoon lye *Richard* in an Earthy Pit.
God ſave King *Henry*, un-king'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many Years of Sun-ſhine Days.
What more remains?
North. No more; but that you read
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grievous Crimes
Committed by your Perſon, and your Followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land:

That

That by confeſſing them, the Souls of Men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? And muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up Follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a Troop,
To read a Lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous Article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the Book of Heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait my ſelf,
Though ſome of you, with *Pilate* waſh your Hands,
Shewing an outward Pity: Yet you *Pilates*
Have here delivered me to my ſower Croſs,
And Water cannot waſh away your Sin.
North. My Lord, diſpatch, read o'er theſe Articles.
K. Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Tears, I cannot ſee:
And yet Salt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine Eyes upon my ſelf,
I find my ſelf a Traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my Soul's conſent,
T'undeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Soveraign, a Slave;
Proud Majeſty, a Subject; State, a Peaſant.
North. My Lord.
K. Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting Man;
No, nor no Man's Lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurpt. Alack the heavy Day,
That I have worn ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my ſelf.
Oh, that I were a Mockery, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bullingbroke*,
To melt my ſelf away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good, [*To* Bulling.
And if my word be Sterling yet in *England*
Let it command a Mirror hither ſtreight,
That it may ſhew *me what* a Face I have,

Since it is Bankrupt of his Majeſty.
Bulling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glaſs.
North. Read o'er this Paper, while the Glaſs doth com
K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'ſt me, e'er I come to Hell.
Bulling. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland.*
North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.
K. Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very Book indeed,
Where all my Sins are writ, and that's my ſelf.
Enter one with a Glaſs.
Give me that Glaſs, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath Sorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glaſs,
Like to my Followers in Proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every Day under his Houſhold-roof
Did keep ten thouſand Men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sun did make Beholders wink?
Is this the Face which fac'd ſo many Follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbroke*?
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred Shivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the Moral of this ſport,
How ſoon my Sorrow hath deſtroy'd my Face.
Bulling. The Shadow of your Sorrow hath deſtroy'd
The Shadow of your Face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The Shadow of my Sorrow! ha, let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my Grief lyes all within,
And theſe external Manners of Laments
Are meerly Shadows to the unſeen Grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd Soul.
There lyes the Subſtance: And I thank thee, King,
For thy great Bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me Cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the Cauſe. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Bulling

Bulling. Name it, fair Couſin.
K. Rich. Fair Couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my Flatterers
Were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,
I have a King here to my Flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.
Bulling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And ſhall I have?
Bulling. You ſhall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Bulling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.
Bulling. Go ſome of you, convey him to the *Tower.*
K. Rich. Oh good; convey: Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true King's fall.
Bulling. On *Wedneſday* next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your ſelves.
[*Ex. all but Abbot, Biſhop of* Carliſle *and* Aumerle.
Abbot. A woful Pageant have we here beheld.
Biſhop. The wo's to come, the Children yet unborn,
Shall feel this Day as ſharp to them as Thorn.
Aum. You holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realm of this pernicious Blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my Mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine Intents, but alſo to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee your Brows are full of Diſcontent,
Your Hearts of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Tears.
Come home with me to Supper, I'll lay a Plot
Shall ſhew us all a merry Day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. THIS way the King will come: This is the way
To *Julius Cæſar's* ill-erected Tower,
To whoſe flint Boſom, my condemned Lord

Is doom'd a Priſoner, by proud *Bullingbroke.*
Here let us reſt, if this Rebellious Earth
Have any reſting for her true King's Queen.
Enter King Richard, *and Guards.*
But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair Roſe wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to Dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love Tears.
Ah thou, the Model, where old *Troy* did ſtand, [*To K.* Rich.
Thou Map of Honour, thou King *Richard*'s Tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou moſt beauteous Inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd Grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houſe Gueſt?
K. Rich. Join not with Grief, fair Woman, do not ſo,
To make my End too ſudden: Learn, good Soul,
To think our former State a happy Dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am ſworn Brother, Sweet,
To grim Neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a League 'till death. High thee to *France,*
Aud Cloiſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe;
Our holy Lives muſt win a new World's Crown,
Which our prophane Hours here have ſtricken down.
Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in Shape and Mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath *Bullingbroke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? Hath he been in thy Heart?
The Lion dying thruſteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'er-power'd: And wilt thou, Pupil-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiſs the Rod,
And fawn on Rage with baſe Humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of Beaſts?
K. Rich. A King of Beaſts indeed; if ought but Beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy King of Men.
Good, ſometime, Queen prepare thee hence for *France*;
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'ſt,
As from my Death-bed, my laſt-living leave.
In Winters tedious Nights ſit by the Fire
With good old Folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woful Ages, long ago betide:
And e'er thou bid good-night, to quit their Grief,

Tell

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the Hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? The ſenſeleſs Brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving Tongue;
And in compaſſion weep the Fire out:
And ſome will mourn in Aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbroke* is chang'd.
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France*.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bullingbroke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many Hours of Age,
More than it is, e'er foul Sin, gathering head,
Shall break into Corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give the half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he ſhall think, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way,
To pluck him headlong from th'uſurped Throne.
The Love of wicked Friends converts to Fear;
That Fear to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both,
To worthy Danger, and deſerved Death.

North. My Guilt be on my Head, and there's an end.
Take leave, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad Men, ye violate
A two-fold Marriage? 'twixt my Crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married Wife.
Let me unkiſs the Oath, 'twixt thee and me: [*To the Queen.*
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland:* I, towards the North,
Where ſhivering Cold and Sickneſs pines the Clime:
My Queen to *France*; from whence, ſet forth in Pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet *May*,
Sent back like *Hollowmas*, or ſhorteſt Day.

Queen. And muſt we be divided? Muſt we part?

K. Rich. Ay, Hand from Hand, my Love, and Heart from Heart.

Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me. [*North.*

North. That were ſome Love, but little Policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one wo.
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with Sighs, I mine with Groans.
Queen. So longeſt way, ſhall have the longeſt Moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy Heart.
Come, come in wooing Sorrow let's be brief,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in Grief:
One Kiſs ſhall ſtop our Mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy Heart. [*They kiſs.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good Part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy Heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone, [*Kiſs again.*
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a Groan.
K. Rich. We make Wo wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt let Sorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter York *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the Story off,
Of our two Couſins coming into *London.*
York. Where did I leave?
Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my Lord,
Where rude miſs-govern'd Hands, from Windows tops,
Threw Duſt and Rubbiſh on King *Richard*'s Head.
York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bullingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately Pace, kept on his Courſe:
While all Tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, *Bullingbroke.*
You would have thought the very Windows ſpake,
So many greedy Looks of young and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring Eyes
Upon his Viſage; and that all the Walls

With

With painted Imagery had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee, welcome *Bullingbroke*.
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed lower than his proud Steed's Neck,
Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, Country-men;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas! Poor *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?

York. As in a Theater, the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, Mens Eyes,
Did ſcowle on *Richard*; no Man cry'd, God ſave him:
No joyful Tongue gave him his welcome home,
But Duſt was thrown upon his Sacred Head,
Which with ſuch gentle Sorrow he ſhook off,
His Face ſtill combating with Tears and Smiles,
The Badges of his Grief and Patience,
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The Hearts of Men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſm it ſelf have pitied him.
But Heav'n hath a Hand in theſe Events,
To whoſe high Will we bound our calm Contents.
To *Bullinbroke*, are we ſworn Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my Son *Aumerle*.

York. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richard*'s Friend.
And, Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his Truth,
And laſting Fealty in the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome my Son; who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the green Lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care,
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new-ſpring of time,
Leaſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What News from *Oxford*? Hold thoſe Juſts and Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know, my Lord, they do.

York. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.
York. What Seal is that that hangs without thy Boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? Let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who ſees it.
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall Conſequence,
Which for ſome Reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which for ſome Reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee:
I fear, I fear.
Dutch. What ſhould you fear?
'Tis nothing but ſome Bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay Apparel, againſt the Triumph.
York. Bound to himſelf? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a Fool.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.
York. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul Treaſon! Villain, Traitor, Slave.
Dutch. What's the matter, my Lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my Horſe.
Heav'n for his Mercy; what Treachery is here?
Dutch. Why, what is't, my Lord?
York. Give me my Boots I ſay; ſaddle my Horſe.
Now by my Honour, my Life, my Troth,
I will appeach the Villain.
Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh Woman.
Dutch. I will not peace: What is the matter, Son?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Than my poor Life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy Life anſwer!
Enter Servant with Boots.
York. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.
Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.* Poor Boy, thou art amaz'd.
Hence Villain, never more come in my Sight.
York. Give me my Boots, I ſay.
Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more Sons? Or are we like to have? Is

Is not my teeming date drunk up with Time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair Son from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mother's Name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad Woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the Sacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their Hands
To kill the King at *Oxford.*
Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?
York. Away fond Woman; were he twenty times my Son, I would appeach him.
Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldſt be more pitiful:
But now I know thy Mind; thou doſt ſuſpect
That I have been diſloyal to thy Bed,
And that he is a Baſtard, not thy Son:
Sweet *York*, ſweet Husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a Man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly Woman. [*Exit.*
Dutch. After, *Aumerle.* Mount thee upon his Horſe,
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy Pardon, e'er he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York:*
And never will I riſe up from the Ground,
'Till *Bullingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

Enter Bullingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Bulling. Can no Man tell of my unthrifty Son?
'Tis full three Months ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any Plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to Heav'n, my Lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London*, 'mongſt the Taverns there:

For

For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe Companions
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beat our Paſſengers,
Which he, young, wanton, and effeminate Boy,
Takes on the point of Honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a Crew.

Percy. My Lord, ſome two Days ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe Triumphs held at *Oxford.*

Bulling. And what ſaid the Gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was; he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'ſt Creature pluck a Glove
And wear it as a Favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

Bulling. As diſſolute as deſp'rate, yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of better hope; which elder Days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bulling. What means our Couſin, that he ſtares
And looks ſo wildly?

Aum. God ſave your Grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty
To have ſome conference with your Grace alone.

Bulling. Withdraw your ſelves, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Couſin now?

Aum. For ever may my Knees grow to the Earth, [*Kneels.*
My Tongue cleave to my Roof within my Mouth,
Unleſs a Pardon, e'er I riſe or ſpeak.

Bulling. Intended or committed was this Fault?
If on the firſt, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee,

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the Key,
That no Man enter 'till the Tale be done.

Bulling. Have thy deſire. [York *within.*

York. My Liege beware, look to thy ſelf,
Thou haſt a Traitor in thy Preſence there.

Bulling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful Hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.

York. Open the Door, ſecure fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeak Treaſon to thy Face?
Open the Door, or I will break it open.

Enter

Enter York.

Bulling. What is the matter, Uncle, ſpeak, recover breath,
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruſe this Writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy Promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my Name there,
My Heart is not confederate with my Hand.

York. It was, Villain, e'er thy Hand did ſet it down.
I tore it from the Traitor's Boſom, King.
Fear, and not Love, begets his Penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy Pity prove
A Serpent, that will ſting thee to the Heart.

Bulling. Oh heinous, ſtrong, and bold Conſpiracy!
O loyal Father of a treacherous Son:
Thou ſheer, immaculate, and Silver Fountain,
From whence this Stream, through muddy Paſſages
Hath had his Current, and defil'd himſelf.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing Son.

York. So ſhall my Virtue be his Vice's Bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine Honour with his Shame;
As thriftleſs Sons their ſcraping Father's Gold.
Mine Honour lives when his Diſhonour dies,
Or my ſham'd Life in his Diſhonour lyes:
Thou kill'ſt me in his Life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the true Man's put to Death.

[*Dutcheſs within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for Heav'ns ſake let me in.

Bulling. What ſhrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A Woman, and thine Aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the Door,
A Beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Bulling. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King:
My dangerous Couſin, let your Mother in,
I know ſhe's come to pray for your foul Sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More Sins for this forgiveneſs, proſper may,

This

This feſter'd Joint cut off the reſt reſts ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted Man,
Love, loving not it ſelf, none other can.
York. Thou frantick Woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old Dugs once more a Traitor rear?
Dutch. Sweet *York* be patient; hear me gentle Liege. [*Kneels.*
Bulling. Riſe up, good Aunt.
Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my Knees,
And never ſee Day that the happy ſees,
'Till thou give Joy, until thou bid me Joy,
By pardoning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing Boy.
Aum. Unto my Mother's Prayers, I bend my Knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Againſt them both, my true Joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? Look upon his Face;
His Eyes do drop no Tears, his Prayers are in jeſt;
His Words come from his Mouth, ours from our Breaſts:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with Heart and Soul, and all beſide.
His weary Joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our Knees ſhall kneel, 'till to the Ground they grow.
His Prayers are full of falſe Hypocriſie,
Ours of true Zeal, and deep Integrity:
Our Prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That Mercy, which true Prayers ought to have.
Bulling. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not ſay ſtand up,
But pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand up.
And if I were thy Nurſe, thy Tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt Word of thy Speech.
I never long'd to hear a Word 'till now:
Say pardon, King, let pity teach thee how.
The Word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No Word like Pardon, for Kings Mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in *French*, King, ſay *Pardon'ne moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach Pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre Husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet'ſt the Word it ſelf, againſt the Word.
Speak Pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,

The

The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine Eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy Tongue there;
Or in thy piteous Heart, plant thou thine Ear,
That hearing how our Plaints and Prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, Pardon to rehearſe.
Bulling. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the Suit I have in hand.
Bulling. I pardon him, as Heav'n ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy Vantage of a kneeling Knee;
Yet am I ſick for Fear; ſpeak it again,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one Pardon ſtrong.
Bulling. I pardon him with all my Heart.
Dutch. A God on Earth thou art.
Bulling. But for our truſty Brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted Crew,
Deſtruction ſtreight ſhall dog them at the Heels.
Good Uncle help to order ſeveral Powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er theſe Traitors are:
They ſhall not live within this World, I ſwear,
But I will have them once know where.
Uncle farewel, and Couſin adieu;
Your Mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dutch. Come my old Son, I pray Heav'n make thee new.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King what Words he ſpake?
Have I no Friend will rid me of this living Fear.
Was it not ſo?
Serv. Thoſe were his very Words.
Exton. Have I no Friend? quoth he; he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay, I would thou wert the Man
That would divorce this Terror from my Heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go,
I am the King's Friend, and will rid his Foe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Priſon.*

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I live, unto the World;
And for becauſe the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but my ſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer't out.
My Brain, I'll prove the Female to my Soul,
My Soul, the Father; and theſe two beget
A Generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
And theſe ſame Thoughts people this little World
In Humours, like the People of this World,
For no Thought is contented. The better Sort,
As Thoughts of Things divine, are intermixt
With Scruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelf
Againſt the Faith; as thus; come little ones; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the Poſtern of a Needle's Eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition they do plot
Unlikely Wonders; how theſe vain weak Nails
May tear a Paſſage through the flinty Ribs
Of this hard World, my ragged Priſon Walls:
And for they cannot, die in their own Pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of Fortune's Slaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their Shame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this Thought, they find a kind of Eaſe,
Bearing their own Misfortune on the Back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many People,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a Beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing Penury
Perſuades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbroke*,

And

And ſtreight am nothing. But what-e'er I am, [*Muſick.*
Nor I, nor any Man, that but Man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſick do I hear?
Ha, ha; keep time: How ſower ſweet Muſick is,
When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſick of Mens Lives;
And here have I the Daintineſs of Ear,
To hear time broke in a diſorder'd String;
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an Ear to hear my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me.
For now hath Time made me his numbring Clock:
My Thoughts are Minutes; and with Sighs they jar,
Their Watches to mine Eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my Finger, like a Dial's Point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from Tears.
Now, Sir, the Sound that tells what Hour it is,
Are clamorous Groans, that ſtrike upon my Heart,
Which is the Bell; ſo Sighs, and Tears, and Groans,
Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: O but my Time
Runs poſting on, in *Bullingbroke*'s proud Joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his Jack o'th' Clock.
This Muſick mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have holp mad Men to their Wits,
In me it ſeems, it will make wiſe Men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his Heart that gives it me,
For 'tis a Sign of Love; and Love to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all-hating World.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince.

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten Groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'ſt thou hither,
Where no Man ever comes, but that ſad Dog.
That brings me Food, to make Misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor Groom of thy Stable, King,
When thou wert King, who travelling towards *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten Leave,
To look upon my, ſometimes Royal, Maſter's Face.

O how it yearn'd my Heart, when I beheld
In *London* Streets, that Coronation Day,
When *Bullingbroke* rode on roan Barbary;
That Horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtride,
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle Friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the Ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbroke* was on his Back;
That Jade hath eat Bread from my royal Hand.
This Hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall down,
Since Pride muſt have a fall, and break the Neck
Of that proud Man, that did uſurp his Back?
Forgiveneſs, Horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by Man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a Horſe,
And yet I bear a Burthen like an Aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbroke*.

Enter Keeper with a Diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give Place, here is no longer ſtay.

[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my Tongue dares not, that my Heart ſhall ſay.

[*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not; Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who lately came from th' King, commads the contrary.

K. Rich. The Devil take *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, and thee;
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton *and Servants.*

K. Rich. How now? What means Death in this rude Aſſault?
Villain, thine own Hand yields thy Deaths Inſtrument;
Go thou and fill another Room in Hell.

[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*

That Hand ſhall burn in never-quenching Fire,
That ſtaggers thus my Perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce Hand,
Hath with the King's Blood ſtain'd the King's own Land.
Mount, mount my Soul, thy Seat is up on high,

Whilſt

Whilſt my groſs Fleſh ſinks downward here to die. [*Dies.*
Exton. As full of Valour as of Royal Blood,
Both have I ſpilt: Oh would the Deed were good;
For now the Devil that told me I did well,
Says, that this Deed is chronicled in Hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear,
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Flouriſh: *Enter* Bullingbroke, York, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Bulling. Uncle *York*, the lateſt News we hear,
Is that the Rebels have conſum'd with Fire
Our Town of *Ciceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.
Enter Northumberland.
Welcome my Lord: What is the News?
North. Firſt to thy ſacred State wiſh I all Happineſs:
The next News is, I have to *London* ſent
The Heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt* and *Kent*,
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this Paper here. [*Preſenting a Paper.*
Bulling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy Pains,
And to thy Worth will add right worthy Gains.
Enter Fitz-water.
Fitz. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*
The Heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted Traitors,
That ſought at *Oxford* thy dire Overthrow.
Bulling. Thy Pains, *Fitz-water*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy Merit, well I wot.
Enter Percy *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.
Percy. The grand Conſpirator *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
With clog of Conſcience, and ſour Melancholly,
Hath yielded up his Body to the Grave;
But here is *Carliſle*, living to abide
Thy kingly Doom, and Sentence of his Pride.
Bulling. *Carliſle*, this is your Doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret Place, ſome reverend Room

More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy ſelf:
So as thou liv'ſt in Peace, die free from Strife.
For though mine Enemy thou haſt ever been,
High Sparks of Honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter Exton *with a Coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd Fear. Herein all breathleſs lyes
The mightieſt of thy greateſt Enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux* by me hither brought.

Bulling. Exton I thank thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A Deed of Slaughter with thy fatal Hand,
Upon my Head, and all this famous Land.

Exton. From your own Mouth, my Lord, did I this Deed.

Bulling. They love not Poiſon, that do Poiſon need;
Nor do I thee, though I did wiſh him dead;
I hate the Murtherer, love him murthered.
The Guilt of Conſcience take thou for thy Labour,
But neither my good Word, nor princely Favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the Shades of Night,
And never ſhew thy Head by Day, nor Light.
Lords, I proteſt my Soul is full of Wo,
That Blood ſhould ſprinkle me, and make me grow.
Come mourn with me, for that I do lament,
And put on ſullen Black incontinent:
I'll make a Voyage to the Holy-Land,
To waſh this Blood off from my guilty Hand.
March ſadly after, grace my Mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely Bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The First PART of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE *and* DEATH

OF

Henry Sirnam'd *Hot-Spur.*

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*

Henry, *Prince of* Wales,
Prince John *of* Lancaſter, } *Sons to the King.*

Worceſter,
Northumberland,
Hot-ſpur,
Mortimer,
Archbiſhop of York,
Dowglaſs,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell, } *Enemies to the King.*

Weſtmorland,
Sir Walter Blunt, } *of the King's Party.*

Lords attending the King.

Sir John Falſtaff.

Poins.

Gads-hill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hot-ſpur.

Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.

Hoſteſs.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, 2 Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene ENGLAND.

The

The Firſt Part of

HENRY IV.

With the Life and Death of

HENRY *Sirnamed* HOT-SPUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

King HENRY.

O ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with Care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort winded accents of new Broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds afar remote:
No more the thirſty Entrails of this Soil
Shall damb her Lips with her own Childrens Blood:
No more ſhall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the armed Hoofs
Of Hoſtile Paces. Thoſe oppoſed Eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
All of one Nature, of one Subſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock,

And furious cloſe of civil Butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beſeeming Ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies;
The edge of War, like an ill-ſheathed Knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter. Therefore, Friends,
As far as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe Soldier now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a Power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levy,
Whoſe Arms were moulded in their Mother's Womb
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy Fields,
Over whoſe Acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed Feet
Which fourteen hundred Years ago were nail'd
For our Advantage on the bitter Croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a Twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmorland*,
What yeſternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear Expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the Charge ſet down
But yeſternight: When all athwart there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
Whoſe worſt was, That the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the Men of *Herefordſhire* to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude Hands of that *Welſhman* taken,
And a thouſand of his People butchered:
Upon whoſe dead Corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs Transformation,
By thoſe *Welſhwomen* done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.

K. Henry. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this Broil
Brake off our Buſineſs for the Holy Land.

Weſt. This, matcht with other like; my gracious Lord,
Far more uneven and unwelcome News
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-rood Day, the gallant *Hot-ſpur* there,

Young

Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody Hour:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery
And ſhape of likelihood the News was told:
For he that brought them, in the very Heat
And pride of their Contention, did take Horſe,
Uncertain of the Iſſue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true induſtrious Friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each Soil,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome News.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their own Blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon's* Plains. Of Priſoners, *Hot-ſpur* took
Mordake Earl of *Fife*, and eldeſt Son
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earl of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an Honourable Spoil?
A gallant Prize? Ha, Couſin, is it not? In faith it is.

Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Son;
A Son, who is the Theam of Honour's Tongue:
Amongſt a Grove, the very ſtreighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride:
Whilſt I by looking on the Praiſe of him,
See Riot and Diſhonour ſtain the Brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That ſome Night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In Cradle Cloaths, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my Thoughts. What think you, Coz,
Of this young *Percy's* Pride? The Priſoners,
Which he in this Adventure hath ſurpriz'd,

To his own uſe he keeps, and ſends me Word
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.
Weſt. This is his Uncle's teaching, this is *Worceſter*,
Malevolent to you in all Aſpects;
Which makes him prune himſelf, and briſtle up
The creſt of Youth againſt your Dignity.
K. Henry. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And for this Cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy Purpoſe to *Jeruſalem*.
Couſin, on *Wedneſday* next, our Council we will hold
At *Windſor*, ſo inform the Lords,
But come your ſelf with Speed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of Anger can be uttered.
Weſt. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falſtaff,

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of Day is it, Lad?

P. Henry. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sack and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and ſleeping upon Benches in the Afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldſt truly know. What a Devil haſt thou to do with the time of the Day? unleſs Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dials the Signs of Leaping-Houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelf a fair hot Wench in Flame-colour'd Taffata, I ſee no Reaſon why thou ſhouldſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the Day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*. For we that take Purſes, go by the Moon and ſeven Stars, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight ſo fair. And I pray thee, ſweet Wag, when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace, Majeſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, not ſo much as will ſerve to be Prologue to an Egg and Butter.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, ſweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Night's Body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's Beauty. Let us be *Diana*'s Foreſters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let Men ſay, we be Men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtreſs the Moon, under whoſe Countenance we ſteal.

P. Henry. Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the Fortune of us that are the Moon's Men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for Proof, now: A Purſe of Gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on *Monday* Night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* Morning; got with ſwearing, Laid by; and ſpent with crying, Bring in: Now in as low an Ebb, as the Foot of the Ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ride of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou ſay'ſt true, Lad: And is not my Hoſteſs of the Tavern a moſt ſweet Wench?

P. Henry. As is the Honey, my old Lad of the Caſtle; and is not a Buff-Jerkin a moſt ſweet Robe of durance?

Fal. How, how? How now mad Wag? What in thy Quips and thy Quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a Buff-Jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a Pox have I to do with my Hoſteſs of the Tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy Part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my Coin would ſtretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heir apparent——But I prithee ſweet Wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England* when thou art King? and Reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old Father Antick the Law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

P. Henry. No, thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave Judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgeſt falſe already; I mean, thou ſhalt have

have the hanging of the Thieves, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my Humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of Suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a Lover's Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnſhire* Bagpipe.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the Melancholy of Moor-Ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury Similes, and art indeed the moſt comparative raſcalleſt ſweet young Prince. But *Hal*, I prithee trouble me no more with Vanity; I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good Names were to be bought: An old Lord of the Council rated me the other Day in the Street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talk'd wiſely, and in the Street too.

P. Henry. Thou didſt well; for no Man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a Man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I muſt give over this Life, and I will give it over; and I do not, I am a Villain. I'll be damned for never a King's Son in Chriſtendom.

P. Henry. Where ſhall we take a Purſe to Morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I ſee a good Amendment of Life in thee, from Praying to Purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no ſin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now ſhall we know if *Gads-hill* have ſet a Watch. O, if Men were to be ſaved by Merit; what Hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true Man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet *Hal*. What ſays Monſieur Remorſe?

Remorſe? What ſays Sir *John* Sack and Sugar? *Jack!* How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou ſoldeſt him on *Good-Friday* laſt, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capon's Leg?

P. Henry. Sir *John* ſtands to his Word, the Devil ſhall have his Bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of Proverbs; *He will give the Devil his due.*

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy Word with the Devil.

P. Henry. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poins. But, my Lads, my Lads, to morrow Morning, by four a Clock early at *Gads-Hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purſes. I have Vizards for you all; you have Horſes for your ſelves; *Gads-Hill* lyes to Night in *Rocheſter*, I have beſpoke Supper to morrow in *Eaſt-cheap*; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: If you will go, I will ſtuff your Purſes full of Crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, Chops.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a Thief? not I.

Fal. There's neither Honeſty, Manhood, nor good Fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the Blood Royal, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten Shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my Days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down ſuch Reaſons for this Adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the Spirit of Perſuaſion, and he the Ears of profiting; that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true Prince may, for Recreation ſake, prove a falſe Thief; for the poor Abuſes of the time, want Countenance. Farewel, you ſhall find me *in Eaſt-cheap.*

P. Henry

P. Henry. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel allhollown Summer. [*Exit* Fal.

Poins. Now, my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a Jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaff*, *Harvey*, *Roſſil*, and *Gads-Hill*, ſhall rob thoſe Men that we have already way-laid; your ſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the Booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this Head from my Shoulders.

P. Henry. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a Place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they venture upon the Exploit themſelves, which they have no ſooner atchiev'd, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. Henry. Ay but 'tis like that they will know us by our Horſes, by our Habits, and by every other Appointment to be our ſelves.

Poins. Tut, our Horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tye them in the Wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have Caſes of Buckram for the nonce to immask our noted outward Garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees Reaſon, I'll forſwear Arms. The virtue of this Jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible Lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what Words, what Blows, what Extremities he endured; and in the Reproof of this, lyes the Jeſt.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to morrow Night in *Eaſt-cheap*, there I'll ſup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoak'd Humour of your Idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious Clouds
To ſmother up his Beauty from the World;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly Miſts Of

Of Vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the Year were playing Holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare Accidents.
So when this looſe Behaviour I throw off,
And pay the Debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my Word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie Mens Hopes;
And like bright Metal on a ſullen Ground
My Reformation glittering o'er my Fault
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more Eyes,
Than that which hath no Soil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make Offence a Skill,
Redeeming time, when Men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hot-ſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. Henry. My Blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe Indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my Patience: But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my Condition,
Which hath been ſmooth as Oil, ſoft as young Down,
And therefore loſt the Title of Reſpect,
Which the proud never pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our Houſe, my Soveraign Liege, little deſerves
The Scourge of Greatneſs to be uſed on it,
And that ſame Greatneſs too, which our own Hands
Have holp to make ſo portly.

North. My Lord.——

K. Henry. Worceſter get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and Diſobedience in thine Eye.
O Sir, your Preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majeſty might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a Servant Brow,

You have good Leave to leave us. When we need
Your Uſe and Counſel, we ſhall ſend for you. [*Exit* Worceſter.
You were about to ſpeak. [*To* Northumberland.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Thoſe Priſoners in your Highneſs Name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch Strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majeſty;
Who either through Envy, or Miſpriſion,
Was guilty of this Fault, and not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Priſoners.
But, I remember when the Fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extream Toil,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a Bridegroom, and his Chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a Stubble Land at Harveſt home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
A Pouncet Box, which ever and anon
He gave his Noſe, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in Snuff. And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd;
And as the Soldiers bare dead Bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome Coarſe
Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady Terms
He queſtion'd me: Among the reſt, demanded
My Priſoners, in your Majeſty's behalf.
I then, all-ſmarting with my Wounds, being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay,
Out of my Grief, and my Impatience,
Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo brisk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds; God ſave the Mark;
And telling me, the Soveraign'ſt thing on Earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward Bruiſe;
And that it was great Pity, ſo it was,

That

That villainous Salt-peter ſhould be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmleſs Earth,
Which many a good tall Fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly. And but for theſe vile Guns,
He would himſelf have been a Soldier.
This bald, unjointed Chat of his, my Lord,
Made me to anſwer indirectly, as I ſaid.
And I beſeech you, let not this Report
Come currant for an Accuſation,
Betwixt my Love and your high Majeſty.

Blunt. The Circumſtance conſider'd, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percy* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a Perſon, and in ſuch a Place,
At ſuch a Time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his Priſoners,
But with Proviſo and Exception,
That we at our own Charge, ſhall ranſom ſtreight
His Brother-in-Law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who, in my Soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The Lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*,
Whoſe Daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our Coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treaſon? and indent with Fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No; on the barren Mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that Man my Friend,
Whoſe Tongue ſhall ask me for one Penny Coſt
To ranſom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
He never did fall off, my Soveraign Liege,
But by the Chance of War; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one Tongue, for all thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn*'s Sedgie Bank,
In ſingle Oppoſition Hand to Hand
He did confound the beſt part of an Hour

In

In changing Hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they dri
Upon agreement of ſwift *Severn*'s Flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his criſped Head in a hollow Bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant Combatants.
Never did baſe, and rotten Policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly Wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive ſo many, and all willingly;
Then let him not be ſlander'd with Revolt.
K. Henry. Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou doſt belie hi
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the Devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But, Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Priſoners with the ſpeedieſt Means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe ye. My Lord *Northumberland*
We licenſe your Departure with your Son.
Send us your Priſoners, or you'll hear of it. [*Exit K.* Hen
Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtreight
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my Heart,
Although it be with hazard of my Head.
North. What, drunk with Choler? ſtay and pauſe a wh
Here comes your Uncle. [*Enter* Worceſt
Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will ſpeak of him, and let my Soul
Want Mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all thoſe Veins,
And ſhed my dear Blood Drop by Drop i'th' Duſt,
But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbroke*.
North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew m
[*To* Worceſt
Wor. Who ſtrook this Heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my Priſoners:
And when I urg'd the Ranſom once agai

Of my Wife's Brother, then his Cheek look'd pale,
And on my Face he turn'd an Eye of Death,
Trembling even at the Name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of Blood?
North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whoſe Wrongs in us, God pardon) did ſet forth)
Upon his *Iriſh* Expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.
Wor. And for whoſe Death, we in the World's wide Mouth
Live ſo ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?
North. He did; my ſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his Couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren Mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the Crown
Upon the Head of this forgetful Man,
And for his ſake wore the deteſted Blot
Of murtherous Subornations? Shall it be,
That you a World of Curſes undergo,
Being the Agents, or baſe ſecond Means,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King.
Shall it for Shame, be ſpoken in theſe Days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That Men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjuſt behalf,
As both of you, God pardon it, have done,
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bullingbroke*?
And ſhall it in more Shame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe Shames ye underwent?
No; yet Time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd *Honours*, and reſtore your ſelves

Into the good Thoughts of the World again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd Contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies Day and Night
To anſwer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payments of your Deaths:
Therefore I ſay ——
Wor. Peace, Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret Book,
And to your quick conveying Diſcontents,
I'll read you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of Peril and adventurous Spirit,
As to o'er-walk a Current, roaring loud,
On the unſtedfaſt footing of a Spear.
Hot. If he fall in, good Night, or ſink or ſwim:
Send Danger from the Eaſt unto the Weſt,
So Honour croſs in from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The Blood more ſtirs
To rowze a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.
North. Imagination of ſome great Exploit,
Drives him beyond the Bounds of Patience.
Hot. By Heav'n, methinks it were an eaſie Leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where Fadom-line could never touch the Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Co-rival, all her Dignities;
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the Form of what he ſhould attend.
Good Couſin give me Audience for a while,
And liſt to me.
Hot. I cry you Mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots*
That are your Priſoners ——
Hot. I'll keep them all.
By Heav'n, he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would ſave his Soul, he ſhall not.
I'll keep them, by this Hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no Ear unto my Purpoſes.

Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my Tongue to ſpeak of *Mortimer*.
But I will find him when he lyes aſleep,
And in his Ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'll have a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his Anger ſtill in Motion.
Wor. Hear you, Couſin: A Word.
Hot. All Studies here I ſolemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbroke*:
And that ſame Sword and Buckler, Prince of *Wales*,
But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome Miſchance,
I would have poiſon'd him with a Pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewel, Kinſman; I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient Fool
Art thou, to break into this Woman's Mood,
Tying thine Ear to no Tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with Rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbroke*.
In *Richard*'s time—— what d'ye call the Place?——
A Plague upon't——it is in *Gloceſterſhire*——
'Twas where the Madcap Duke his Uncle kept——
His Uncle *York*—— where I firſt bow'd my Knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbroke*;
When you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg*.
North. At *Barkley* Caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why what a gaudy deal of Courteſie
This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me!
Look when his infant Fortune came to Age,——
And gentle *Harry Percy*——and kind Couſin——
O, the the Devil take ſuch Cozeners——God forgive me——
Good Uncle tell your Tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll ſtay your Leiſure.
Hot. I have done, inſooth.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* Priſoners.
Deliver them up without their Ranſom ſtreight,
And make the *Dowglaſs* Son your only Mean
For Powers in *Scotland*; which for divers Reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall ſecretly into the Boſom creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Arch-Biſhop.
Hot. Of *York*, is't not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His Brother's Death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I ſpeak not this in Eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet down,
And only ſtays but to behold the Face
Of that Occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it.
Upon my Life, it will do wondrous well.
North. Before the Game's a Foot, thou ſtill lett'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble Plot,
And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little Reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our Heads, by raiſing of a Head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our Debt,
And think we think our ſelves unſatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us Strangers to his Looks of Love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewel. No further go in this,
Than I by Letters ſhall direct your Courſe;
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
I'll ſteal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglaſs*, and our Powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,

To

To bear our Fortunes in our own ſtrong Arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good Brother, we ſhall thrive, I truſt.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the Hours be ſhort,
'Till Fields, and Blows, and Groans applaud our Sport.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 *Car.* HEigh ho, an't be not four by the Day I'll be hang'd. *Charles wain* is over the new Chimney, and yet our Horſe not packt. What, Oſtler?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prithee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* Saddle, put a few Flocks in the Point: The poor Jade is wrung in the Withers, out of all ceſs.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Peaſe and Beans are as dank here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots: This Houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince *Robin* the Oſtler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor Fellow never joy'd ſince the Price of Oats roſe, it was the Death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this is the moſt villainous Houſe in all *London* Road for Fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? There's ne'er a King in Chriſtendom, could be better bit, than I have been ſince the firſt Cock.

2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a Jourden, and then we leak in your Chimney: And your Chamberlye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What Oſtler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two Razes of Ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Croſs*.

1 *Car.* The Turkies in my Panniers are quite ſtarv'd. What Oſtler? A Plague on thee, haſt thou never an Eye in thy Head? *Canſt not* hear? And 'twere not as good a

Deed as drink, to break the Pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, haſt no Faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads. Good Morrow, Carriers. What's a Clock?

Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gads. I prithee lend me thy Lanthorn, to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft I pray ye, I know a Trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanthorn, quoth a! marry I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, Carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to Bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with Company, for they have great Charge. [*Ex. Carriers.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, Chamberlain?

Chamb. At hand, quoth Pick-Purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, than giving Direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the Plot, how.

Chamb. Good morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold; I heard him tell it to one of his Company laſt Night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what; they are up already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas* Clarks, I'll give thee this Neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I prithee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipp'ſt S. *Nicholas* as truly as a Man of Falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang I'll make a fat Pair of Gallows. For if I hang, *old Sir John* hangs with me, and thou know'ſt he's no

Starveling.

Starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for Sport ſake, are content to do the Profeſſion ſome Grace; that would, if Matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own Credit ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no Foot-Land-Rakers, no Long-Staff ſix Penny Strikers, none of thoſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-Malt-worms but with Nobility and Tranquility; Burgomaſters, and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than drink, and drink ſooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their Boots.

Chamb. What, the Common-wealth their Boots? Will ſhe hold out Water in foul Way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; Juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal, as in a Caſtle, Cock-ſure; we have the Receipt of Fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, than the Fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy Hand.

Thou ſhalt have a Share in our Purpoſe,
As I am a true Man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe Thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common Name to all Men. Bid the Oſtler bring the Gelding out of the Stable. Farewel, ye muddy Knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins *and* Peto.

Poins. Come Shelter, Shelter, I have removed *Falſtaff's* Horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet.

P. Henry. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hang'd *Poins.*

P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Raſcal, what a bawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What *Poins, Hal*?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the Top of the Hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that Thief's Company: That Raſcal hath remov'd my Horſe, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four Foot by the Square further afoot, I ſhall break my Wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair Death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forſworn his Company hourly any time this two and twenty Year, and yet I am bewitcht with the Rogue's Company. If the Raſcal have not given me Medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd, it could not be elſe; I have drunk Medicines. *Poins, Hal,* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*; I'll ſtarve e'er I rob a Foot further. And 'twere not as good a Deed as to drink, to turn True-man, and to leave theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that ever chew'd with a Tooth. Eight Yards of uneven Ground, is threeſcore and ten Miles afoot with me; and the ſtony hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whiſtle.* Whew, a Plague light upon you all. Give me my Horſe; you Rogues, give me my Horſe, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat Guts, lye down, lay thine Ear cloſe to the Ground, and liſt if thou can hear the Tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leavers to lift me up again being down? I'll not bear mine own Fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the Coin in thy Father's Exchequer. What a Plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my Horſe, good King's Son.

P. Henry. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thy ſelf in thy own Heir-apparent-Garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; and I have not Ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy Tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my Poiſon; when a Jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do againſt my Will.

Poins.

Poins. O 'tis our Setter, I know his Voice: *Bardolph*, what News?

Bard. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your Vizards, there's Mony of the King's coming down the Hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I will walk lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a Coward, Sir *John Paunch?*

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

P. Henry. We'll leave that to the Proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy Horſe ſtands behind the Hedge, when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou find him; farewel, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our Diſguiſes?

Poins. Here hard by: Stand cloſe.

Fal. Now my Maſters, happy Man be his dole ſay I; every Man to his Buſineſs.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, Neighbour; the Boy ſhall lead our Horſes down the Hill: We'll afoot awhile, and eaſe our Legs.

Thieves. Stay.

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us.

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the Villains Throats; ah! whorſon Caterpillars; Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied Knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On Bacons on, what ye Knaves? Young Men muſt live, you are Grand Jurors? We'll jure ye i'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. Henry. The Thieves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be Argument for a Week, Laughter for a Month, and a good Jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Maſters, let us ſhare, and then to Horſe before Day; and the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more Valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your Mony.

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are ſharing, the Prince and* Poins *ſet upon them. They all run away, leaving the Booty behind them.*

P. Henry. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to Horſe: The Thieves are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with fear ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other; each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned*, *Falſtaff* ſweats to Death, and Lards the lean Earth as he walks along; wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poyns. How the Rogue roar'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Hot-ſpur *ſolus, reading a Letter.*

But for mine own Part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your Houſe. He could be contented: Why is he not then? In reſpect of the love he bears our Houſe——He ſhews in this, he loves his own Barn better than he loves our Houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain: 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this Nettle, Danger; we pluck this Flower, Safety. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the time it ſelf unſorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an Oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly Hind, and *you lie.* What a lack-brain is this? I proteſt, our Plot is

as

as good a Plot as ever was laid; our Friends true and conſtant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of Expectation; An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a Froſty-ſpirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of *York* commends the Plot, and the general Courſe of the Action. By this Hand, if I were now by this Raſcal, I could brain him with with his Lady's Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my ſelf, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides, the *Dowglaſs*? Have I not all their Letters, to meet me in Arms by the ninth of the next Month? And are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan Raſcal is this? An Infidel. Ha! you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of Fear and cold Heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our Proceedings. O, I could divide my ſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a Diſh of Skim'd-Milk with ſo honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will ſet forwards to Night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate*! I muſt leave you within theſe two Hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what Offence have I this Fortnight been
A baniſh'd Woman from my *Harry*'s Bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy Stomach, Pleaſure, and thy golden Sleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy Eyes upon the Earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh Blood in thy Cheeks?
And given my Treaſures and my Rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd Muſing, and curſt Melancholly?
In thy faint Slumbers, I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur Tales of Iron Wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry Courage to the Field. And thou haſt talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Paliſadoes, Frontiers, Parapets;
Of Baſilisks, of Cannon, Culverin,
Of Priſoners Ranſom, and of Soldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy Spirit within thee hath been ſo at War,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy Sleep,

Th

That Beds of Sweat have ſtood upon thy Brow,
Like Bubbles in a late diſturbed Stream;
And in thy Face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when Men reſtrain their Breath,
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O what Portents are theſe?
Some heavy Buſineſs hath my Lord in Hand,
And I muſt know it; elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What ho; is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an Hour agone,

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe Horſes from the Sheriff?

Serv. One Horſe, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horſe? A Roan, a Crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhall be my Throne. Well, I will back him ſtreight. *Eſperance,* bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it that carries you away?

Hot. Why, my Horſe, my Love, my Horſe.

Lady. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazel hath not ſuch a deal of Spleen, as you are toſt with. In ſooth I'll know your Buſineſs, *Harry,* that I will. I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his Title, and hath ſent for you to line his Enterpriſe. But if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, Love.

Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly unto this Queſtion, that I ſhall ask. Indeed I'll break thy little Finger; if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you Trifler: Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate;* this is no World
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with Lips.
We muſt have bloody Noſes, and crack'd Crowns,
And paſs them currant too——Gods me, my Horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou, *Kate?* What would'ſt thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? Do you not indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou ſpeakeſt in Jeſt or no.

Hot.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a Horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon where about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and to conclude,
This Evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Then *Harry Percy*'s Wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a Woman; and for Secreſie,
No Lady cloſer. For I will believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know,
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How ſo far?

Hot. Not an Inch further. But hark you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To Day will I ſet forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate?*

Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, prethee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy Hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, *Hal?*

P. Henry. With three or four Loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore Hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of Humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn Brother to a Leaſh of Drawers, and can call them by their Names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their Confidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of Curteſie; telling me flatly, I am not proud like *Jack Falſtaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of mettle, a good Boy, and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall command all the good Lads in *Eaſtcheap*. They call drinking deep, dying Scarlet; and when you break in your watring, then they cry Pem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a Proficient in one quarter of an Hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Language during my

Life

Life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much Honour, that thou wert not with me in this Action; but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which Name of *Ned*, I give thee this Pennyworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my Hand by an under Skinker, one that never ſpake other *Engliſh* in his Life, then *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and, *You are welcome Sir*: With this ſhrill Addition, *Anon Sir, Anon Sir, Score a Pint of Baſtard in the Half Moon*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to drive away time 'till *Falſtaff* come, I prethee do thou ſtand in ſome by Room, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon:* Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a Preſident.

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis.

Enter Francis *the Drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the Pomgranet, *Ralph.*

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forſooth five Years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. Five Years; Berlady, a long Leaſe for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of Heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the Books in *England*, I could find in my Heart——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a Pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I would it had been two.

P. *Henry.*

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thouſand Pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*? No, *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thurſday*, or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern Jerkin, Chriſtal Button, Not-pated, Aga-tring, Puke-ſtocking, Caddice-Garter, *Spaniſh* Pouch.

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown Baſtard is your only Drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas Doublet will ſully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Away you Rogue, doſt thou hear them call?

[*Here they both call, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Look to the Gueſt within: My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a Dozen more are at the Door; ſhall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the Door. *Poins.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the Thives are at the Door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning Match have you made with this Jeſt of the Drawer? Come, what's the Iſſue?

P. Henry. I am now of all Humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves Humours, ſince the old Days of Goodman *Adam*, to the Pupil Age of this preſent twelve a Clock at Midnight. What's a Clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this Fellow ſhould have fewer Words than a Parrot, and yet the Son of a Woman. His Indu-

ſtry

ſtry is up Stairs and down Stairs; his Eloquence the parcell of a Reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy*'s Mind, the Hot-ſpur of the North; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven Dozen of *Scots* at a Breakfaſt, waſhes his Hands and ſays to his Wife, Fie upon this quiet Life, I want Work. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſays ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to Day? Give my roan Horſe a Drench, ſays he, and anſwers, ſome fourteen, an Hour after; a Trifle, a Trifle. I prithee call in *Falſtaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo*, ſays the Drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaff.

Poins. Welcome *Jack*, where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay, and a Vengeance too, marry and *Amen*. Give me a Cup of Sack, Boy. E'er I lead this Life long, I'll ſow nether Socks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no Virtue extant?

P. Henry. Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a Diſh of Butter, pitiful hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didſt, then behold that Compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too; there is nothing but Roguery to be found in villainous Man; yet a Coward is worſe than a Cup of Sack with Lime. A villainous Coward---go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the Face of the Earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: There lives not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad World I ſay. I would I were a Weaver, I could ſing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

P. Henry. How now *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a Flock of wild Geeſe, I'll never wear Hair on my Face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why you horſon round Man! What's the Matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Anſwer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Ye fat Paunch, and ye call me Coward, I'll *ſtab thee.*

Fal.

Fal. I call thee Coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd e'er I call thee Coward; but I would give a thouſand Pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtreight enough in the Shoulders, you care not who ſees your Back: Call you that backing of your Friends? a plague upon ſuch backing; give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to Day.

P. Henry. O Villain, thy Lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague on all Cowards, ſtill, ſay I.

P. Henry. What's the Matter?

Fal. What's the Matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thouſand Pound this Morning.

P. Henry. Where is it *Jack*? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry What, a hundred, Man?

Fal. I am a Rogue, if I were not at half Sword with a Dozen of them two Hours together. I have eſcap'd by Miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, four through the Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a Man; all would not do. A Plague on all Cowards——let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than Truth, they are Villains and the Sons of Darkneſs.

P. Henry. Speak Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome Dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You Rogue they were bound, every Man of them, or I am a *Jew* elſe, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh Men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call All; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a Bunch of Radiſh; if there

were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n, you have not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am ſure I have pay'd, two Rogues in Buckram Suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lie, ſpit in my Face, call me Horſe; thou know'ſt my old Word; here I lay, and thus I bore my Point; four Rogues in Buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, Ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven Points in my Target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In Buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in Buckram Suits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe Hilts, or I am a Villain elſe.

P. Henry. Prithee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. Henry Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning too: Theſe nine in Buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their Points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his Hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me Ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in Foot and Hand; and with a Thought ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! Eleven Buckram Men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the Devil would have it, three miſ-begotten Knaves, in *Kendal* Green, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was ſo dark, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy Hand.

P. Henry. Theſe Lies are like the Father that begets them, groſs as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brain'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Fool, thou Horſon obſcene greaſie Tallow Catch.

Fal.

Fal. What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the Truth, the Truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe Men in *Kendal* Green, when it was ſo dark, thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand? Come tell us your Reaſon: What ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your Reaſon, *Jack*, your Reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? No; were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on Compulſion. Give you a Reaſon on compulſion! If Reaſons were as plenty as Black-Berries, I would give no Man a Reaſon upon Compulſion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this Sin. This ſanguine Coward, this Bed-preſſer, this Horſeback-breaker, this huge Hill of Fleſh.

Fal. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dry'd Neats-Tongue, Bull's-piſſel, you Stock-fiſh: O for Breath to utter. What is like thee? You Tailor's Yard, you Sheath, you Bow-Caſe, you vile ſtanding Tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tyr'd thy ſelf in baſe Compariſons, hear me ſpeak but thus.

Poins. Mark *Jack*.

P. Henry. We two, ſaw you four ſet on four and bound them, and were Maſters of their Wealth: Mark now, how a plain Tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two, ſet on you four, and with a Word, outfac'd you from your Prize, and have it, yea, and can ſhew it you in the Houſe. And *Falſtaff*, you carry'd your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick Dexterity, and roar'd for Mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight. What Trick? What Device? What ſtarting Hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent Shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear *Jack*: What Trick haſt thou now?

Fal. I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Maſters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware Inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Inſtinct is a great Matter.

I was a Coward on Inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of my ſelf, and thee, during my Life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Mony. Hoſteſs, clap to the Doors; watch to Night, pray to Morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? Shall we have a Play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the Argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. My Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the Hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at Door would ſpeak with you; he ſays he comes from your Father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal Man, and ſend him back again to my Mother.

Fal. What manner of Man is he?

Hoſt. An old Man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his Anſwer?

P. Henry. Prithee do, *Jack*.

Fal. Faith and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. Now Sirs, you fought fair; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardolph*; you are Lions too, you ran away upon Inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earneſt; how came *Falſtaff*'s Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear Truth out of all *England*; but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſs, to make them bleed, and then beſlubber our Garments with it, and ſwear it was the Blood of true Men. I did that I did not theſe ſeven Years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous Devices.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou ſtolleſt a Cup of Sack eighteen Years ago, and wert taken with the Manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd *extempore*; thou hadſt Fire and Sword on thy Side, and yet thou ranneſt away: What Inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you ſee theſe Meteors? Do you behold theſe Exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot Livers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes Bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Jack*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine own Knee?

Fal. My own Knee? When I was about thy Years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's Talon in the Waſte, I could have crept into any Alderman's Thumb-Ring: A plague of Sighing and Grief, it blows a Man up like a Bladder. There's villainous News abroad: Here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you muſt go to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad Fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Devil his true Liege-Man upon the Croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: What a plague call you him?

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the ſame, and his Son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglaſs*, that runs a Horſeback up a Hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that Raſcal hath good Metal in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a Raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A Horſeback, ye Cuckow, but afoot he will not budge afoot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon Inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon Inſtinct; Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtoll'n away by Night: Thy Father's Beard is turn'd white with the News: You may buy Land now as cheap as ſtinking Mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civil buffeting hold, we ſhall buy Maidenheads as they buy Hob-nails, by the Hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſs, Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like we ſhall have good trading that Way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three ſuch Enemies again as that Fiend *Dowglaſs*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy Blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit: I lack ſome of thy Inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow, when thou com'ſt to thy Father: If thou do love me, practiſe an Anſwer.

P. Henry. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me upon the Particulars of my Life.

Fal. Shall I? content: This Chair ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crown.

P. Henry. Thy State is taken for a joint-Stool, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald Crown.

Fal. Well, and the Fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine Eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in King *Cambyſes* Vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my Leg.

Fal. And here is my Speech; ſtand aſide Nobility.

Hoſt. This is excellent Sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling Tears are vain.

Hoſt. O the Father, how he holds his Countenance?

Fal. For God's ſake, Lords, convey my triſtful Queen, for Tears do ſtop the Flood-gates of her Eyes. Hoſt.

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as ever I ſee.

Fal. Peace, good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-brain. *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompany'd: For though the Camomil, the more it is trodden, the faſter it grows; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my Son; I have partly thy Mother's Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villainous Trick of thine Eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether Lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Son to me, here lyeth the Point; why, being Son to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed Son of Heav'n prove a Micher, and eat Black-berries? a Queſtion not to be ask'd. Shall the Son of *England* prove a Thief, and take Purſes? a Queſtion to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: This Pitch, as ancient Writers do report, doth defile; ſo doth the Company thou keepeſt; for *Harry*, now I do not ſpeak to thee in Drink, but in Tears; not in Pleaſure, but in Paſſion; not in Words only, but in Woes alſo; and yet there is a virtuous Man, whom I have often noted in thy Company, but I know not his Name.

P. Henry. What manner of Man, and it like your Majeſty?

Fal. A goodly portly Man i'faith, and corpulent, of a chearful Look, a pleaſing Eye, and a moſt noble Carriage, and as I think, his Age ſome fifty, or, by'rlady, inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his Name is *Falſtaff*: If that Man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I ſee Virtue in his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is Virtue in that *Falſtaff*; him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this Month?

P. Henry. Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? Do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my Father.

Fal. Depoſe me! if thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in Word and Matter, hang me up by the Heels for a *Rabbet-ſucker*, or a Poulterers Hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand; judge, my Maſters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. Henry. The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. I'faith, my Lord, they are falſe. Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Sweareſt thou, ungracious Boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from Grace; there's a Devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old Man; a Tun of Man is thy Companion: Why doſt thou converſe with that Trunk of Humours, that Boulting-Hutch of Beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln Parcel of Dropſies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that ſtuft Cloak-bag of Guts, that roſted Manning-Tree Ox with the Puddings in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in Years; wherein is he good, but to taſte Sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in Craft? Wherein crafty but in Villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: What means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable Miſ-leader of Youth, *Falſtaff*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the Man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in my ſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old the more's the pity, his white Hairs do witneſs it; But that he is, ſaving your Reverence, a Whore-maſter, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a Fault, Heav'n help the Wicked: If to be old and merry, be a Sin, then many a Hoſt that I know is damn'd: If to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah*'s lean Kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poins*; but for ſweet *Jack Falſtaff*, kind *Jack Falſtaff*, true *Jack Falſtaff*, valiant *Jack Falſtaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falſtaff*, baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s Company, baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s Company; baniſh plump *Jack*, and baniſh all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous Watch, is at the Door.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that *Falſtaff.*

Enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddle-ſtick: What's the Matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door: they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit: Thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without Inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a Halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the reſt walk above. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their Date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Maſter Sheriff, what is your Will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath follow'd certain Men unto this Houſe.

P. Henry. What Men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a groſs fat Man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

P. Henry. The Man, I do aſſure you is not here,
For I my ſelf at this time have imploy'd him;
And, Sheriff, I will engage my Word to thee,
That I will, by to Morrow Dinner time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any Man,

For

For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal:
And ſo let me intreat you leave the Houſe.

Sher. I will, my Lord; there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery loſt three hundred Marks.

P. Henry. It may be ſo; if he have robb'd theſe Men,
He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo farewel.

Sher. Good Night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a Clock. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily Raſcal is known as well as *Pauls*; go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaff? Faſt aſleep behind the Arras, and ſnorting like a Horſe.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his Breath; ſearch his Pockets. [*He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain Papers.*

P. Henry. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon, 2 *s.* 2 *d.*
Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*
Item, Sack, two Gallons, 5 *s.* 4 *d.*
Item, Anchoves and Sack after Supper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*
Item, Bread, *ob.*

P. Henry. O monſtrous, but one half Penny-worth of Bread to this intolerable deal of Sack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him ſleep 'till Day. I'll to the Court in the Morning: We muſt all to the Wars, and thy Place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his Death will be a March of Twelveſcore. The Mony ſhall be paid back again with Advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning; and ſo good morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

Mort. THeſe Promiſes are fair, the Parties ſure,
And our Induction full of proſperous hope.
Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and Couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit down?
And Uncle *Worceſter*——A plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map,
Glend. No, here it is;
Sit Couſin *Percy*, ſit good Couſin *Hotſpur*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeak of you,
His Cheeks look pale, and with a riſing ſigh,
He wiſheth you in Heav'n.
Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him; at my Nativity,
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,
Of burning Creſſets; and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.
Hot. Why ſo it would have done at the ſame Seaſon, if your Mother's Cat had but kitten'd, though your ſelf had never been born.
Glend. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was born.
Hot. And I ſay the Earth was not of my Mind:
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.
Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.
Hot. Oh, then the Earth ſhook
To ſee the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your Nativity.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange Eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly Wind
Within her Womb; which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old *Beldam Earth*, and tumbles down

Steeples,

Steeples, and moſs-grown Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this Diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin; of many Men
I do not bear theſe Croſſings: Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted Fields:
Theſe Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the Courſes of my Life do ſhew,
I am not in the Roll of common Men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Banks of *England*, *Scotland* and *Wales*,
Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Woman's Son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,
And hold me pace in deep Experiments.

Hot. I think there's no Man ſpeaks better *Welſh*.
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, Couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſty Deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any Man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Couſin, to command the Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, Couſin, to ſhame the Devil,
By telling Truth. *Tell Truth, and ſhame the Devil.*
If thou have Power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I have Power to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell Truth, and ſhame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbroke* made head
Againſt my Power; thrice from the Banks of *Wye*,
And Sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I ſent him,
Bootleſs home, and Weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without Boots,
And in foul Weather too,
How ſcapes he Agues in the Devil's Name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map:
Shall we divide our Right,

Accord-

According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All Weſtward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* ſhore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and dear Couſin to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
A Buſineſs that this Night may execute,
To morrow, Couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worceſter*, will ſet forth,
To meet your Father, and the *Scottiſh* Power,
As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*.
My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen Days:
Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave,
For there will be a World of Water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my Moity, North from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my Land,
A huge half Moon, a monſtrous Cantle out.
I'll have the Current in this place damn'd up:
And here the ſmug, and Silver *Trent* ſhall run
In a new Channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep Indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? It ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mort. Yea, but mark how he bends his Courſe,
And runs me up, with like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding the oppoſing Continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor.

Wor. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North-ſide win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs ſtraight and even.
Hot. I'll have it ſo, a little Charge will do it.
Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not underſtand you then, ſpeak it in *Welſh.*
Glend. I can ſpeak *Engliſh*, Lord, as well as you.
For I was train'd up in the *Engliſh* Court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harp
Many an *Engliſh* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpful Ornament;
A Virtue that was never ſeen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my Heart.
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of theſe ſame Meeter-ballad-mongers,
I had rather hear a Brazen Candleſtick tun'd,
Or a dry Wheel grate on the Axel-tree,
And that would ſet my Teeth on Edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing Poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd Gate of a ſhuffling Nag.
Glend. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.
Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much Land
To any well-deſerving Friend;
But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a Hair.
Are the Indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?
Glend. The Moon ſhines fair,
You may away by Night:
I'll haſte the Writer; and withal,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will run mad.
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer.* [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, Couſin *Percy*, how you croſs my Father.
Hot. I cannot chuſe; ſometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finleſs Fiſh,

A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deal of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt Night, at leaſt nine Hours,
In reck'ning up the ſeveral Devils Names,
That were his Lackeys:
I cry'd hum, and well, go too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired Horſe, a railing Wife,
Worſe than a ſmoaky Houſe. I had rather live
With Cheeſe and Garlick in a Windmil far,
Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendom.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman;
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In ſtrange Concealments:
Valiant as a Lion, and wondrous affable,
And as bountiful as Mines of *India*.
Shall I tell you, Couſin,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural Scope,
When you do croſs his Humour; 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that Man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger, and reproof:
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame,
And ſince your coming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite beſides his Patience:
You muſt needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhew Greatneſs, Courage, Blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtineſs, Opinion, and Diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth Mens Hearts, and leaves behind a Stain
Upon the Beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of Commendation.

Hot.

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd:
Good-manners be your ſpeed;
Here come our Wives, and let us take our leave.
Enter Glendower, *with the Ladies.*
Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeak no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.
Glend. My Daughter weeps, ſhe'll not part with you,
She'll be a Soldier too, ſhe'll to the Wars.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that ſhe and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct ſpeedily.
[Glendower *ſpeaks to her* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*
Glend. She is deſperate here:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd Harlotry,
One that Perſwaſion can do no good upon.
[*The Lady ſpeaks in* Welſh.
Mort. I underſtand thy Looks; that pretty *Welſh*,
Which thou powr'ſt down from theſe ſwelling Heav'ns,
I am too perfect in: And but for ſhame,
In ſuch a Parly ſhould I anſwer thee.
[*The Lady again in* Welſh.
Mort. I underſtand thy Kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble Diſputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
'Till I have learn'd thy Language: For thy Tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a Summer's Bower,
With raviſhing Diviſion to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe run mad.
[*The Lady ſpeaks again in* Welſh.
Mort. O, I am ignorance it ſelf in this.
Glend. She bids you;
On the wanton Ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle Head upon her Lap,
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſeth you,
And on your Eye-Lids Crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your Blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The Hour before the Heav'nly harneſs'd Team
Begins his golden Progreſs in the Eaſt.

Mort.

Mort. With all my Heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
By that time will our Book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do ſo:
And thoſe Muſitians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Air a thouſand Leagues from hence;
Yet ſtraight they ſhall be here: Sit, and attend.
Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lap.
Lady. Go, ye giddy Gooſe. [*The Muſick plays.*
Hot. Now I perceive the Devil underſtands *Welſh*,
And 'tis no marvel he is ſo humorous:
By'rlady he's a good Muſician.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muſical,
For you are all together governed by Humors:
Lie ſtill ye Thief, and hear the Lady ſing in *Welſh*.
Hot. I had rather hear, Lady my Brach, howl in *Iriſh*.
Lady. Would'ſt have thy Head broken?
Hot. No.
Lady. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a Woman's Fault.
Lady. Now God help thee.
Hot. To the *Welſh* Lady's Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings. [*Here the Lady ſings a* Welſh *Song.*
Come, I'll have your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth!
You ſwear like a Comfit-maker's Wife,
Not you, in good ſooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God ſhall mend me; and as ſure as Day:
And giveſt ſuch Sarcenet ſurety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'ſt further than *Finsbury*.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath, and leave Inſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of Pepper-Ginger-Bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and *Sunday*-Citizens.
Come, ſing.
Lady. I will not ſing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn Tailor, or be Red-breaſt Teacher: And the Indentures be drawn, I'll away

within theſe two Hours: And ſo come in, when ye will.
[*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go,
By this our Book is drawn: We'll but ſeal,
And then to Horſe immedianely.
Mort. With all my Heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of *Wales*, and I,
Muſt have ſome private Conference.
But be near at Hand,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether Heav'n will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing Service I have done;
That in his ſecret Doom, out of my Blood,
He'll breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy Paſſages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot Vengeance, and the Rod of Heav'n
To puniſh my Miſs-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low Deſires,
Such poor, ſuch baſe, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean Attempts,
Such barren Pleaſures, rude Society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the Greatneſs of thy Blood,
And hold their level with thy Princely Heart?
P. Henry. So pleaſe your Majeſty, I would I could
Quit all Offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſs I can purge
My ſelf of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling Pick-thanks, and baſe News-mongers;
I may for ſome things true, wherein my Youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true Submiſſion.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy Affections, which do hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy Anceſtors.
Thy place in Council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger Brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an Alien to the Hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my Blood.
The Hope and Expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every Man
Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my Preſence been,
So common hackney'd in the ways of Men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to Poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſs Baniſhment,
A Fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at;
That Men would tell their Children, This is he.
Others would ſay, Where? Which is *Bullingbroke*?
And then I ſtole all Courteſie from Heav'n,
And dreſt my ſelf in ſuch Humility,
That I did pluck Allegiance from Mens Hearts,
Loud Shouts and Salutations from their Mouths,
Even in the Preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my Perſon freſh and new,
My Preſence like a Robe Pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wondred at; and ſo my State,
Seldom but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a Feaſt,
And won by rareneſs ſuch Solemnity.
The skipping King he ambled up and down,
With ſhallow Jeſters, and raſh Bavin Wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with carping Fools,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scorns,
And gave his Countenance, againſt his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain comparative:
Grew a *Companion to the* common Streets,

Enfeoff'd himſelf to Popularity:
That being daily ſwallowed by Mens Eyes,
They ſurfeited with Honey, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweetneſs, whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much,
So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch Eyes,
As ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on Sun-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their Eye-lids down,
Slept in his Face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy Men uſe to their Adverſaries,
Being with his Preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou;
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely Privilege,
With vile Participation. Not an Eye
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more:
Which now doth, that I would not have it do,
Make blind it ſelf with fooliſh Tenderneſs.

P. Henry. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelf,

K. Henry. For all the World,
As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet forth at *Ravenſpurg*;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
He hath more worthy Intereſt to the State
Than thou' the Shadow of Succeſſion;
For of no Right, nor Colour like to Right,
He doth fill Fields with Harneſs in the Realm,
Turns Head againſt the Lion's armed Jaws;
And being no more in debt to Years than thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Biſhops on
To bloody Battels, and to bruiſing Arms.
What never-dying Honour hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglaſs*, whoſe high Deeds,
Whoſe hot Incurſions, and great Name in Arms,

Holds

Holds from all Soldiers chief Majority,
And Military Title Capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt.
Thrice hath the *Hot-ſpur Mars*, in ſwathing Cloaths,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglaſs*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a Friend of him,
To fill the Mouth of deep Defiance up,
And ſhake the Peace and Safety of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-Biſhop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglaſs*, and *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this News to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt Enemy?
Thou art like enough, through Vaſſal Fear,
Baſe Inclination, and the ſtart of Spleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy*'s Pay,
To dog his Heels, and courtſie at his Frowns.
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And Heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good Thoughts away from me:
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s Head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious Day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son,
When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
And ſtain my Favours in a bloody Mask:
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the Day, when e'er it lights,
That this ſame Child of Honour and Renown,
This gallant *Hot-ſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:
For every Honour ſitting on his Helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my Head
My Shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northern Youth exchange
His Glorious Deeds for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,

That he ſhall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt Worſhip of his Time,
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promiſe here:
The which, if I perform, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your Majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown Wounds of my Intemperature;
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bonds,
And I will die a hundred thouſand Deaths,
E'er break the ſmalleſt Parcel of this Vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thouſand Rebels die in this:
Thou ſhalt have Charge, and Soveraign truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt?* Thy looks are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So hath the Buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglaſs* and the *Engliſh* Rebels met
The eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury:*
A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
If promiſes be kept on every Hand,
As ever offered foul play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Weſtmorland* ſet forth to Day:
With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
For this Advertiſement is five Days old.
On *Wedneſday* next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On *Thurſday*, we our ſelves will march.
Our meeting is *Bridgenorth:* And *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Gloceſterſhire*: By which account,
Our Buſineſs valued, ſome twelve Days hence,
Our general Forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meet.
Our Hands are full of Buſineſs: Let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while We delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fal'n away vilely, ſince this laſt Action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why my Skin hangs about me like an old Lady's looſe Gown: *I am* withered like an old Apple *John.* Well I'll repent, *and ſuddenly*, while I am in ſome liking; I ſhall be

our

out of Heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no Strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Corn, a Brewers Horſe; the inſide of a Church! Company, villainous Company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come ſing me a bawdy Song, to make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given, as a Genleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little, dic'd not above ſeven times a Week, went to a Bawdy-houſe not above once in a Quarter of an Hour, paid Mony that I borrow'd three or four times; liv'd well, and in good Compaſs; and now I live out of all order, out of Compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *John*, that you muſt needs be out of all Compaſs, out of all reaſonable Compaſs, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend my Life. Thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the Lanthorn in the Poop, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it, as many a Man doth of a Death's Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never ſee thy Face, but I think upon Hell Fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to Virtue, I would ſwear by thy Face; my Oath ſhould be, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sun of utter Darkneſs. When thou rann'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the Night to catch my Horſe, if I did not think thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchaſe in Mony. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlaſting Bonfire Light; thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand Marks in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tavern and Tavern; but the Sack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me light as good cheap, at the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with Fire, any time this two and thirty Years, Heav'n reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in you Belly.

Fal. So ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hoſt. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? Do you think I keep Thieves in my Houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquir'd, ſo has my Husband. Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: The tight of a Hair was never loſt in my Houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſs; *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a Hair; and I'll be ſworn my Pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a Woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd ſo in mine own Houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, Sir *John*: You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*: You owe me Mony, Sir *John*, and now you pick a Quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a Dozen of Shirts to your Back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoſt. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of eight Shillings an Ell: You owe Mony here beſides, Sir *John*, for your Diet, and by-Drinkings, and Mony lent you, four and twenty Pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poor? Look upon his Face: What call you rich? Let him coin his Noſe, let him coin his Cheeks, I'll not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine Eaſe in mine Inn, but I ſhall have my Pocket pick'd? I have loſt a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth forty Mark.

Hoſt. I have heard the Prince tell him; I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-Cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Falſtaff *meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.*

Fal. How now, Lad? is the Wind in that Door? Muſt *we all march?*

Bard.

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* Faſhion.

Hoſt. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt Man.

Hoſt. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other Night I fell aſleep here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: This Houſe is turn'd Bawdy-houſe, they pick Pockets.

P. Henry. What didſt thou looſe, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? Three or four Bonds of forty Pound a piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grandfather's.

P. Henry. A Trifle, ſome eight-penny Matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: And, my Lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd Man as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What, he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither Faith, Truth, nor Woman-Hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more Faith in thee than in a ſtew'd Prune; nor no more Truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for Woman-hood, Maid-Marian may be the Deputies Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? What thing?

Fal. What thing? Why a thing to thank Heav'n on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank Heav'n on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt Man's Wife; and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a Knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Womanhood aſide, thou art a Beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what Beaſt, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What Beaſt? Why an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither Fiſh nor Fleſh; a Man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt Man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any Man knows where to have me, thou Knave thou.

P. Henry

P. Henry. Thou ſay'ſt true, Hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other Day, you ow'd him a thouſand Pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah do I owe you a thouſand Pound?

Fal. A thouſand Pound, *Hal*? A Million; thy Love is worth a Million: Thou ow'ſt me thy Love.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph.*

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

P. Henry. I ſay 'tis Copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good as thy Word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a Man I dare, but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's Whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himſelf is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'ſt thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father? Nay if I do, let my Girdle break.

P. Henry. O, if it ſhould, how would thy Guts fall about thy Knees. But, Sirrah, there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this Boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriff. Charge an honeſt Woman with picking thy Pocket! Why thou Horſon impudent, imboſt Raſcal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Reckonings, *Memorandums* of Bawdy-Houſes, and one poor penny-worth of Sugar-Candy to make thee long-winded; if thy Pocket were enrich'd with any other Injuries but theſe, I am a Villain; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not Pocket up Wrongs. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal*, Thou know'ſt in the State of Innocency, *Adam* fell; and what would poor *Jack Falſtaff* do, in the Days of Villainy: Thou ſeeſt, I have more Fleſh than another Man, and therefore more Frailty. You confeſs then you pickt my Pocket!

P. Henry. It appears ſo by the Story.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee:

Go make ready Breakfaſt; love thy Husband,
Look to thy Servants, and cheriſh thy Gueſts;

Thou

Thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt Reaſon:
Thou ſeeſt, I am pacify'd ſtill.
Nay, I prithee be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.*
Now, *Hal*, to the News at Court for the Robbery, Lad?
How is that anſwer'd?

P. Henry. O my ſweet Beef,
I muſt ſtill be good Angel to thee.
The Mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back: 'tis a double Labour.

P. Henry. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with un-waſh'd Hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe Rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. Henry. Bardolph.

Bard. My Lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
To my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Weſtmorland*:
Go *Peto*, to Horſe; for thou, and I,
Have thirty Miles to ride yet e'er Dinner time.
Jack, meet me to Morrow in the *Temple-Hall*
At two a Clock in the Afternoon,
There ſhalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive
Mony, and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And either they, or we, muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare Words; brave World,
Hoſteſs, my Breakfaſt, come:
Oh, I could wiſh this Tavern were my Drum.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *and* Dowglaſs.

Hot. WELL ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking Truth
In this fine Age, were not thought Flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglaſs* have,
As not a Soldier of this Seaſons ſtamp,
Should go ſo general currant through the World.
By Heav'n I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver place
In my Heart's love, hath no Man than your ſelf.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.
Dow. Thou art the King of Honour:
No Man ſo potent breaths upon the Ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well. What Letters haſt thou there?
I can but thank you.
Meſſ. Theſe Letters come from your Father.
Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himſelf?
Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is grievous ſick.
Hot. How! Has he the leiſure to be ſick now,
In ſuch a juſtling time? Who leads his Power?
Under whoſe Government come they along?
Meſſ. His Letters bear his Mind, not I his Mind.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, four Days e'er I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.
Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
E'er he by Sickneſs had been viſited;
His Health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now? Droop now? This Sickneſs doth infect
This very Life-blood of our Enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.

He

He writes me here, that inward Sickneſs——
And that his Friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: Nor did he think it meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold Advertiſement,
That with our ſmall Conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our Purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your Father's Sickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perillous Gaſh, a very Limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it,
Were it good, to ſet the exact Wealth of all our States
All at one Caſt? To ſet ſo rich a Mine
On the nice hazard of one doubtful Hour,
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very Liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remains a ſweet Reverſion.
We may boldly ſpend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of Retirement lives in this.

Hot. A Rendezvous, a Home to flie unto,
If that the Devil and Miſchance look big
Upon the Maidenhead of our Affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here:
The Quality and Heir of our Attempt
Brooks no Diviſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That Wiſdom, Loyalty, and meer Diſlike
Of our Proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how ſuch an Apprehenſion
May turn the Tide of fearful Faction,
And breed a kind of Queſtion in our Cauſe:
For well you know, we of the offering ſide,
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement,

And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The Eye of Reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your Father draws a Curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his Abſence make this uſe:
It lends a Luſtre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterpriſe,
Than if the Earl were here: For Men muſt think,
If we without his help, can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdom; with his help,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Dow. As Heart can think:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in *Scotland*,
As this Dream of Fear,
Enter Sir Richard Vernon.
Hot. My Couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soul.
Ver. Pray God my News be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of *Weſtmorland*, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.
Hot. No harm; what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in Perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty Preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too,
Where is his Son?
The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that daſt the World aſide,
And bid it paſs?
Ver. All furniſht, all in Arms,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that wing the Wind,
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coats, like Images,
As full of Spirit as the Month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midſummer*,
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His Cuſhes on his Thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Riſe from the Ground like feather'd *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch Eaſe into his Seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the World with noble Horſemaſhip.
Hot. No more, no more;
Worſe than the Sun in *March*,
This Praiſe doth nouriſh Agues; let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
All to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoaky War,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them;
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Up to the Ears in Blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich Reprizal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the Boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a Coarſe?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more News:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteen Days.
Dow. That's the worſt Tidings that I hear of, yet.
Wor. Ay, by my Faith, that bears a froſty Sound.
Hot. What may the King's whole Battel reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The Power of us may ſerve ſo great a Day.
Come, let us take a Muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.
Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of Death, or Death's Hand, for this one half Year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to *Coventrey*; fill me a Bottel of Sack, *our Soldiers* ſhall march through: We'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to Night.

Bard.

Bard. Will you give me Mony, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottel makes an Angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy Labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Towns end.

Bard. I will Captain; farewel [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my Soldiers, I am a ſowc'd Gurnet: I have miſs-us'd the King's Preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Soldiers, three Hundred and odd Pounds. I preſs me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens Sons; enquire me out contracted Batchelors, ſuch as had been ask'd twice on the Banes: Such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a Drum; ſuch as fear the Report of a Caliver, worſe than a ſtruck-Fool, or a hurt wild-Duck. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger than Pins Heads, and they have bought out their Services: And now my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloath, where the Glutton's Dogs licked his Sores; and ſuch as indeed were never Soldiers, but diſ-carded unjuſt Servingmen, younger Sons to younger Brothers: Revolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, Trade-fall'n, the Cankers of a calm World, and long Peace, ten times more diſhonourable, ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the Rooms of them that have bought out their Services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draff and Husks. A mad Fellow met me on the Way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead Bodies. No Eye hath ſeen ſuch skar-Crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide betwixt the Legs, as if they had Gyves on; for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's but a Shirt and a half in all my Company; and the half Shirt is two Napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Herald's *Coat, without* Sleeves; and the Shirt, to ſay the Truth, ſtoll'n

ſtol'n from my Hoſt of St. *Albans*; or the Red-Noſe Innkeeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Weſtmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack?* how now, Quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil do'ſt thou in *Warwickſhire?* My good Lord of *Weſtmorland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to Night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteal Cream.

P. Henry. I think to ſteal Cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whoſe Fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful Raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs: Food for Powder, food for Powder; they'll fill a Pit, as well as better; tuſh Man, mortal Men, mortal Men.

Weſt. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their Poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three Fingers on the Ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haſte. *Percy* is already in the Field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir *John*, I fear we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, Dowglaſs, *and* Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to Night.
Wor. It may not be.
Dow. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why ſay you ſo? Looks he not for Supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good Couſin be advis'd, ſtir not to Night.
Ver. Do not, my Lord.
Dow. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and cold Heart.
Ver. Do me no ſlander, *Dowglaſs:* By my Life,
And I dare well maintain it with my Life,
If well-reſpected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this Day lives.
Let it be ſeen to morrow in the Battel,
Which of us fears.
Dow. Yea, or to Night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To Night, ſay I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being Men of ſuch great Leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what Impediments
Drag back our Expedition; certain Horſe
Of my Couſin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up,
Your Uncle *Worceſter*'s Horſe came but to Day,
And now their Pride and Mettle is aſleep,
Their Courage with hard Labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is half the half of himſelf.
Hot. So are the Horſe of the Enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.
Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, Couſin, ſtay 'till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious Offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:*
And would to God you were of our Determination.
Some of us love you well; and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great Deſervings, and good Name,
Becauſe you are not of our Quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heav'n defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty.
But to my Charge.
The King hath ſent to know
The Nature of your Griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the Breaſt of civil Peace,
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good Deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefs; and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your Deſires, with Intereſt:
And Pardon abſolute for your ſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſs-led by your Suggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind:
And well we know, the King
Knows at what time to Promiſe, when to Pay.
My Father, my Uncle, and my ſelf,
Did give him that ſame Royalty he wears:
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the World's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the Shore:
And when he heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue out his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With Tears of Innocency, and terms of Zeal:
My Father, in kind Heart and Pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,

They more and leſs came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, ſtood in Lanes,
Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
Gave him their Heirs, as Pages followed him,
Even at the Heels, in golden Multitudes.
He preſently, as Greatneſs knows it ſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his Vow
Made to my Father, while his Blood was poor,
Upon the naked Shore at *Ravenſpurg:*
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Commonwealth;
Cries out upon Abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his Country's Wrongs; and by his Face,
This ſeeming Brow of Juſtice, did he win
The Hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* War.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
And in the Neck of that, task'd the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his Kinſman *March*,
Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
There, without Ranſom, to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by Intelligence,
Rated my Uncle from the Council Board,
In rage diſmiſs'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committing Wrong on Wrong,
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeek out
This Head of ſafety; and withal, to pry
Into his Title; the which we find
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?

Hot.

Hot. Not ſo, Sir *Walter.*
We'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again:
And in the Morning early ſhall my Uncle
Bring him our purpoſe; and ſo farewel.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.
Hot. And't may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray Heav'n you do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

York. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, bear this ſealed Brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhal,
This to my Couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they do import,
You would make haſte.
Sir Michell. My good Lord, I gueſs their tenour.
York. Like enough you do.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a Day,
Wherein the Fortune of ten thouſand Men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly given to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed Power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the Sickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Power was in the firſt Proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower*'s abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I fear the Power of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an inſtant Trial with the King.
Sir Michell. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is *Dowglaſs*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Michell. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*,

And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.
York. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial Head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more Corrivals, and dear Men
Of Eſtimation, and command in Arms.
Sir Michell. Doubt not, my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.
York. I hope no leſs: Yet needful 'tis to fear,
And to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michell* ſpeed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, e'er the King
Diſmiſs his Power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And, 'tis but Wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other Friends; and ſo farewel, Sir *Michell.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaff.

K. Henry. HOW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon dusky Hill: The Day looks pale
At his Diſtemperature.
P. Henry. The Southern Wind
Doth play the Trumpet to his Purpoſes,
And by his hollow whiſtling in the Leaves,
Foretels a Tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring Day.
K. Henry. Then with the Loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem ſower to them that win.
[*The Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter Worceſter.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of *Wor'ſter?* 'Tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Truſt,
And made us doff our eaſie Robe of Peace,

To

To cruſh our old Limbs in ungentle Steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? Will you again unknit
This churliſh Knot of all-abhorred War;
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural Light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A Prodigy of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Miſchief, to the unborn Times?
Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the Lag-end of my Life
With quiet Hours: For I do poteſt,
I have not ſought the Day of this diſlike.
K. Henry. You have not ſought it; how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turn your Looks
Of Favour, from my Self, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my Lord,
We were the firſt, and deareſt of your Friends:
For you, my Staff of Office did I break
In *Richard*'s time, and poſted Day and Night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your Hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I;
It was my ſelf, my Brother, and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You ſwore to us,
And you did ſwear that Oath at *Doncaſter*,
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claim no further, than your new-fal'n Right,
The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaſter*.
To this, we ſware our Aid: But in ſhort Space,
It rain'd down Fortune ſhowring on your Head,
And ſuch a Flood of Greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the Injuries of wanton Time,
The ſeeming Sufferances that you had born,
And the contrarious Winds that held the King
So long in *the unlucky Iriſh* Wars,

That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this ſwarm of fair Advantages,
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the general ſway into your Hand:
Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaſter*,
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle Gull, the Cuckow's Bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſs our Neſt,
Grew by our Feeding, to ſo great a Bulk,
That even our Love durſt not come near your Sight
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble Wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake, to fly
Out of your Sight, and raiſe this preſent Head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you your ſelf, have forg'd againſt your ſelf,
By unkind Uſage, dangerous Countenance,
And violation of all Faith and Troth
Sworn to us in your younger Enterprize.

K. Henry. Theſe things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine Colour, that may pleaſe the Eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poor Diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the News
Of hurly burly Innovation:
And never yet did Inſurrection want
Such Water-colours, to impaint his Cauſe;
Nor moody Beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell Havock, and Confuſion.

P. Henry. In both our Armies, there is many a Soul
Shall pay full dearly for this Encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the World
In praiſe of *Henry Percy*: By my Hopes,
This preſent Enterprize ſet off his Head,
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More Active, Valiant, or more valiant Young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with noble Deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my Shame,
I have a Truant been to Chivalry,

And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Father's Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great Name and Eſtimation,
And will, to ſave the Blood on either ſide,
Try Fortune with him, in a ſingle Fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of *Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, Conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: No, good *Wor'ſter*, no,
We love our People well; even thoſe we love
That are miſs-led upon your Couſin's part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace;
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every Man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Couſin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with Reply,
We offer fair, take it adviſedly. [*Exit* Worceſter.

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my Life,
The *Dowglaſs* and the *Hot-ſpur* both together,
Are confident againſt the World in Arms.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every Leader to his Charge,
For on their Anſwer will we ſet on them;
And God befriend us, as our Cauſe is juſt. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Prince Henry *and* Falſtaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the Battel,
And beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of Friendſhip.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that Friend-ſhip:
Say thy Prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were Bed-time, *Hal,* and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou oweſt Heav'n a Death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his Day. What need I be ſo forward with him that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on. But how if Honour prick me off when I come on? How then; can Honour ſet to a Leg? No. Or an Arm? No. Or take away the Grief of a Wound? No. Honour hath no Skill in Surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that *word Honour*? Ayre; a trim reckoning. Who hat

hath it? He that dy'd a *Wedneſday*. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it inſenſible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon, and ſo ends my Catechiſm. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberal kind Offer of the King.
Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.
Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his Word in loving us,
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this Offence in other Faults:
Suppoſe then, all our Lives ſhall be ſtruck full of Eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Fox,
Who ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his Anceſtors;
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our Looks,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a Stall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephew's Treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of Youth, and heat of Blood,
And an adopted Name of Privilege,
A hare-brain'd *Hot-ſpur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his Offences live upon my Head,
And on his Father's. We did train him on,
And his Corruption being ta'en from us,
We as the Spring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore, good Couſin, let not *Harry* know,
In any caſe, the Offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay 'tis ſo.
Here comes your Couſin.

Enter Hot-ſpur *and* Dowglaſs.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd:
Deliver up, my Lord of *Weſtmorland*.
Uncle, what News?

Wor.

Wor. The King will bid you Battel preſently.
Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Hot. Lord *Dowglaſs*; go you and tell him ſo.
Dow. Marry and ſhall, and very willingly.
[*Exit* Dowglaſs
Wor. There is no ſeeming Mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.
Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty Arms, this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglaſs.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have thrown
A brave Defiance in King *Henry*'s Teeth:
And *Weſtmorland* that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle Fight.
Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our Heads,
And that no Man might draw ſhort Breath to Day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth.* Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in Contempt?
Ver. No by my Soul: I never in my Life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a Brother ſhould a Brother dare,
To gentle Exerciſe and proof of Arms.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your Praiſes with a princely Tongue,
Spoke your Deſervings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing Praiſe, valu'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing Cital of himſelf,
And chide his trewant Youth ſo with a Grace,
As if he maſter'd there a double Spirit
Of teaching and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the Envy of this Day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a Hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his Wantonneſs.

Hot

Hot. Couſin, I think thou art enamoured
On his Follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince ſo wild at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once e'er Night,
I will embrace him with a Soldier's Arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my Courteſie.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And Fellows, Soldiers, Friend
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the Gift of Tongue,
Can lift your Blood up with Perſuaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of Life is ſhort:
To ſpend that Shortneſs baſely were too long,
Tho Life did ride upon a Dial's Point,
Still ending at the Arrival of an Hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave Death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our Conſciences, the Arms are fair,
When the Intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my Tale,
For I profeſs not talking: Only this,
Let each Man do his beſt. And here I draw my Sword,
Whoſe worthy Temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt Blood that I can meet withal,
In the Adventure of this perilous Day.
Now Eſperance, *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of War,
And by that Muſick, let us all embrace:
For Heav'n to Earth, ſome of us never ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſie.

They embrace, then Exeunt. The Trumpets ſound, the King entreth with his Power, alarm unto the Battel. Then enter Dowglas *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy Name, that in Battel thus thou croſſeſt me?
What Honour doſt thou ſeek upon my Head?
Dow. Know then, my Name is *Dowglaſs*,
And I do haunt thee in the Battel thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to Day hath bought
Thy Likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as a Priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s Death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain, then enter* Hot-ſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglaſs*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lyes the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglaſs*? No, I know this Face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his Name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.

Dow. Ah! Fool go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd Title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats,
I'll murther all his Wardrobe Piece by Piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away.
Our Soldiers ſtand full fairly for the Day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm, enter Falſtaff *ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I fear the Shot here: Here's no ſcoring, but upon the Pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you; here's no Vanity; I am as hot as moulten Lead, and as heavy too: Heav'n keep Lead out of me, I need no more Weight than mine own Bowels. I have led my Rag-o'-Muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they for the Towns end to beg during Life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a noble Man lyes ſtark and ſtiff
Under the Hoofs of vaunting Enemies,
Whoſe Deaths are unreveng'd. Prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prithee give me leave to breath a while. Turk *Gregory* never did ſuch Deeds in Arms, as I have done this Day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee: I prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal, Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the Caſe?

Fal. Ay *Hal.* 'tis hot: There's that will ſack a City.

[*The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive. I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me, I like not ſuch grinning Honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Give me Life, which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Alarm, Excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and the Earl of* Weſtmorland.

K. Henry. I prithee, *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelf, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leaſt your Retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry. I will do ſo:
My Lord of *Weſtmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your Help,
And Heav'n forbid a ſhallow Scratch ſhould drive
The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a Field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes trodden on,
And Rebels Arms triumph in Maſſacres.

Lan. We breath too long; come Couſin *Weſtmorland*,
Our Duty this Way lyes, for Heav'ns ſake come.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not think thee Lord of ſuch a Spirit:

Before,

Before, I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soul.
K. Henry. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the Point,
With luſtier Maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown Warrior.
P. Henry. O this Boy, lends Mettle to us all. [*Exit.*

Enter Dowglaſs.

Dow. Another King? They grow like *Hydra*'s Heads:
I am the *Dowglaſs* fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe Colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the Perſon of a King?
K. Henry. The King himſelf; who, *Dowglaſs*, grieves at
So many of his Shadows thou haſt met, [Heart
And not the very King. I have two Boys
Seek *Percy* and thy ſelf about the Field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily
I will aſſay thee: So defend thy ſelf.
Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight: The King being in Danger,*

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy Head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threats thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.
[*They fight*, Dowglaſs *flyeth.*
Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for Succour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* ſtreight.
K. Henry. Stay, and breath a while.
Thou haſt redeem'd my loſt Opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my Life
In this fair Reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
P. Henry. O Heav'n, they did me too much Injury,
That ever ſaid I hearkned to your Death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting Hand of *Dowglaſs* over you,
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,

As

As all the poiſonous Potions in the World,
And ſav'd the treacherous Labour of your Son.
K. Prince. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawſey*.
[*Exit.*

Enter Hot-ſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.
P. Henry. Thou ſpeakeſt as if I would deny my Name.
Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy*.
P. Henry. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebel of that Name.
I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in Glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their Motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.
Hot. Nor ſhall it, *Harry*, for the Hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to Heav'n
Thy Name in Arms were now as great as mine,
P. Henry. I'll make it greater, e'er I part from thee,
And all the budding Honours on thy Creſt,
I'll crop, to make a Garland for my Head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall find no Boys Play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglaſs, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou haſt robb'd me of my Youth:
I better brook the Loſs of brittle Life,
Than thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my Thoughts worſe, than thy Sword my Fleſh:
But thought's the Slave of Life, and Life Time's Fool;
And Time, that takes ſurvey of all the World,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and the cold Hand of Death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No, *Percy* thou art Duſt
And Food for —— [*Dies.*
P. Henry. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Farewel, great Heart:
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this Body did contain a Spirit,
A Kingdom for it was too ſmall a Bound:
But now two Paces of the vileſt Earth

Is

Is room enough. This Earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of Courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of *Zeal*.
But let my Favours hide thy mangled Face,
And even in thy behalf, I'll thank my ſelf
For doing theſe fair Rites of Tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to Heav'n,
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What! Old Acquaintance! Could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little Life? Poor *Jack*, farewel:
I could have better ſpar'd a better Man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a Deer to Day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
'Till then, in Blood by noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*

Falſtaff *riſeth up.*

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowel me to Day, I'll give you leave to Powder me, and eat me too to Morrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit---I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a Counterfeit, for he is but the Counterfeit of a Man, who hath not the Life of a Man: But to counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby liveth, is to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of Life indeed. The better part of Valour, is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my Life. I am afraid of this Gun-Powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he ſhould Counterfeit too, and riſe, I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit; therefore I'll make him ſure; yea, and I'll ſwear I have kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and no Body ſees me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new Wound in your Thigh come you along with me. [*Takes* Hot-ſpur *on his Back.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* John *of* Lancaſter.

P. Henry. Come Brother *John*, full bravely haſt thou fleſht thy Maiden Sword.

Lan. But ſoft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat Man was dead?

P. Henry. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſs, and bleeding on the Ground: Art thou alive,
Or is it Fantaſie that plays upon our Eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeak, we will not truſt our Eyes
Without our Ears. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double Man; but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff*, then am I a *Jack*: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can aſſure you.

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to Lying! I grant you I was down, and out of Breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long Hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock: If I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour bear the Sin upon their own Heads. I'll take't on my Death I gave him this Wound in the Thigh: if the Man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the ſtrangeſt Fellow, Brother *John*.
Come bring your Luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a Lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A Retreat is ſounded.*

The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the Day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what Friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow as they ſay, for Reward. He that rewards me, Heav'n reward him. If I do grow great again, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a noble Man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Trumpets ſound: Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. Henry. Thus ever did Rebellion find Rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and terms of Love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our Offers contrary?
Miſuſe the Tenor of thy Kinſman's Truſt?
Three Knights upon our Party ſlain to Day,
A noble Earl and many a Creature elſe
Had been alive this Hour,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly born,
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this Fortune patiently,
Since, not to be avoided, it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear *Worceſter* to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other Offenders we will pauſe upon.
[*Exit* Worceſter *and* Vernon.
How goes the Field?

P. Henry. The noble *Scot*, Lord *Dowglaſs*, when he ſaw
The Fortune of the Day quite turn'd from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlain, and all his Men,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a Hill, he was ſo bruiz'd
That the Purſuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglaſs* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. Henry. With all my Heart.

P. Henry. Then Brother *John* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this Honourable Bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglaſs*, and deliver him
Up to his Pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free:
His Valour ſhewn upon our Creſts to Day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high Deeds,
Even in the Boſom of our Adverſaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our Power.
You Son *John*, and my Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
Towards *York* ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed
To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in Arms.
My ſelf and Son *Harry* will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the Check of ſuch another Day;
And ſince this Buſineſs ſo far is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

The Second PART of

[ENRY IV,

Containing his DEATH:

AND

he CORONATION of

ıg *HENRY* V.

'inted in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King Henry *the Fourth.*
Prince Henry, *afterwards Crowned King* Henry *the Fifth.*
Prince John *of* Lancaſter, } *Sons to* Henry *the Fourth, and*
Humphrey *of* Glouceſter, } *Brethren to* Henry *the Fifth.*
Thomas *of* Clarence, }
Northumberland,]
The Arch-Biſhop of York, |
Mowbray, |
Haſtings, } *Oppoſites againſt King* Henry *the*
Lord Bardolph, | *Fourth.*
Travers, |
Morton, |
Coleville,]
Warwick,]
Weſtmorland, |
Surrey, } *Of the King's Party.*
Gower, |
Harecourt, |
Lord Chief Juſtice,]
Poins,]
Falſtaff, |
Bardolph, } *Irregular Humoriſts.*
Piſtol, |
Peto, |
Page,]
Shallow *and* Silence, *both Country Juſtices.*
Davy, *Servant to* Shallow.
Phang *and* Snare, *two Serjeants.*
Mouldy,]
Shadow, |
Wart, } *Country Soldiers.*
Feeble, |
Bulcalf,]

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

The

The Second Part of

HENRY IV,

Containing his DEATH:

AND

The CORONATION of

King *HENRY* V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR.

PEN your Ears: For which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumor* ſpeaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt,
Making the Wind my Poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my Tongue continual Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the *Ears of them* with falſe Reports:

I ſpeak of Peace, while covert Enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the World:
And who but *Rumor*, who but only I
Make fearful Muſters, and prepar'd Defence;
Whilſt the big Year, ſwol'n with ſome other Griefs,
Is thought with Child, by the ſtern Tyrant War;
And no ſuch matter. *Rumor* is a Pipe
Blown by Surmiſe, and Jealouſies Conjectures;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with uncounted Heads
The ſtill diſcordant, wavering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known Body to Anatomize
Among my Houſhold? Why is *Rumor* here?
I run before King *Harry*'s Victory,
Who in a bloody Field by *Shrewsbury*
Hath beaten down young *Hot-ſpur*, and his Troops,
Quenching the Flame of bold Rebellion,
Even with the Rebels Blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak of Truth at firſt? My Office is
To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the Wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur*'s Sword:
And that the King, before the *Dowglaſs* Rage,
Stoop'd his anointed Head, as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the Peaſant Towns,
Between the Royal Field of *Shrewsbury*,
And this Worm-eaten hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hot-ſpur*'s Father, old *Northumberland*,
Lyes crafty Sick. The Poſts come tyring on,
And not a Man of them brings other News
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumor*'s Tongues
They bring ſmooth-comforts-falſe, worſe than true Wrong [*Ex*

SCENE II.

Enter Lord Bardolf, *and the Porter.*

Bard. Who keeps the Gate, hoa?
Where is the Earl?
Porter. What ſhall I ſay you are?

B

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the Lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.
Porter. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honour, knock but at the Gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the Earl.
North. What news, Lord *Bardolph*? Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem.
The Times are wild: Contention, like a Horſe
Full of high Feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.
Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain News from *Shrewsbury*.
North. Good, and Heav'n will.
Bard. As good as Heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the Death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Son,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the Hand of *Dowglaſs*, young Prince *John*,
And *Weſtmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the Field.
And *Harry Monmouth*'s Brawn, the Hulk Sir *John*,
Is Priſoner to your Son. O, ſuch a Day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæſar*'s Fortunes.
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from *Shrewsbury*?
Bard. I ſpake with one, my Lord, that came from thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good Name,
That freely render'd me this News for true.
North. Here comes my Servant *Travers*, whom I ſent
On *Tueſday* laſt, to liſten after News.

Enter Travers.

Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no Certainties,
More than he, happily, may retail from me.
North. Now *Travers*, what good Tidings comes from you?
Tra. My Lord, *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful Tidings; and being better hors'd
Out-rode *me*. After him, came ſpurring hard

A Gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied Horſe.
He ask'd the way to *Cheſter:* And of him
I did demand what News from *Shrewsbury:*
He told me, that Rebellion had ill Luck,
And that young *Harry Percy*'s Spur was cold.
With that he gave his able Horſe the Head,
And, bending forward, ſtrook his able Heels
Againſt the panting Sides of his poor Jade,
Up to the Rowel-head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha? Again:
Said he young *Harry Percy*'s Spur was cold?
Of *Hot-ſpur*, cold Spur, that Rebellion
Had met ill Luck?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you what,
If my young Lord, your Son, have not the Day,
Upon mine Honour, for a ſilken Point
I'll give my Barony. Never talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rode by *Trent*
Give then ſuch inſtances of Loſs?

Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hielding Fellow, that had ſtol'n
The Horſe he rode on; and upon my Life
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more News.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this Man's Brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Foretels the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſs'd Uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from *Shrewsbury?*

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble Lord,
Where hateful Death put on his uglieſt Mask
To fright our Party.

North. How doth my Son, and Brother?
Thou trembl'ſt; and the whiteneſs in thy Cheek
Is apter than thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Even ſuch a Man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in Look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's Curtain, in the dead of Night,

And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, e'er he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percy*'s Death, e'er thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay: Your Son did thus, and thus
Your Brother, thus. So fought the noble *Dowglaſs*,
Stopping my greedy Ear with their bold Deeds.
But in the end, to ſtop my Ear indeed,
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother, Son, and all are dead.
Mort. Dowglaſs is living, and your Brother, yet;
But for my Lord, your Son.
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready Tongue Suſpicion hath;
He that but fears the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet ſpeak, *Morton*,
Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination lies,
And I will take it as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mort. You are too great, to be, by me, gainſaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Fears too certain.
North. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percy*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy Head, and hold'ſt it Fear, or Sin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his Death:
And he doth Sin that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive:
Yet the firſt Bringer of unwelcome News
Hath but a loſing Office: And his Tongue,
Sounds ever after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.
Ward. I cannot think, my Lord, your Son is dead.
Mort. I am ſorry I ſhould force you to believe
That, which I would to Heav'n I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine Eyes ſaw him in bloody State,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To *Henry Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the Earth,
From whence, with Life, he never more ſprung up.
In ſhort, his Death, whoſe Spirit lent a Fire

Even

Even to the dulleſt Peaſant in his Camp,
Being bruited once, took Fire and Heat away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troops.
For from his Metal was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy Lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in it ſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our Men, heavy in *Hotſpur*'s loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That Arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our Soldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the Field. Then was that noble *Worceſter*
Too ſoon ta'en Priſoner: And that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Dowglaſs*, whoſe well-labouring Sword
Had three times ſlain th' Appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his Stomach, and did grace the Shame
Of thoſe that turn'd their back: And in his flight,
Stumbling in Fear, was took. The ſum of all,
Is, that the King hath won: And hath ſent out
A ſpeedy Power, to encounter you, my Lord,
Under the Conduct of young *Lancaſter*
And *Weſtmorland*. This is the News at full.

North. For this, I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In Poiſon there is Phyſick: And this News,
Having been well, that would have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the Wretch, whoſe Feaver-weakened Joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs Hinges, buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire
Out of his Keeper's Arms; even ſo, my Limbs,
Weakned with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore thou nice Crutch,
A ſcaly Gauntlet now, with Joints of Steel
Muſt glove this Hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the Head,
Which Princes fleſh'd with Conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my Brows with Iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt Hour that Time and Spight dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland*.
Let Heav'n kiſs Earth: Now let not Nature's Hand

Keep

Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die,
And let the World no longer be a Stage
To feed Contention in a lingring Act:
But let one Spirit of the firſt-born *Cain*,
Reign in all Boſoms, that each Heart being ſet
On bloody Courſes, the rude Scene may end,
And Darkneſs be the Burier of the Dead.

Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not Wiſdom from your Honour.

Mort. The Lives of all your loving Complices
Lean on your Health, the which if you give o'er
To ſtormy Paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th'Event of War, my noble Lord,
And ſum'd the account of Chance, before you ſaid
Let us make Head: It was your Preſurmiſe,
That in the dole of Blows, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o'er Perils, on an Edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o'er:
You were adviſ'd his Fleſh was capable
Of Wounds and Scars; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moſt trade of Danger rang'd,
Yet did you ſay, Go forth: And none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-born Action: What hath then befall'n?
Or what hath this bold Enterprize brought forth,
More than that Being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all that are engaged to this Loſs,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out Life, was ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd for the Gain propos'd,
Choak'd the Reſpect of likely Peril fear'd,
And ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, Body and Goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and, my moſt noble Lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the Truth:
The gentle Arch-Biſhop of *York* is up
With well appointed Powers: He is a Man
Who with a double Surety binds his Followers.
My Lord, your Son, had only but the Corps,
But Shadows, and the Shews of Men to fight.
For that ſame Word, Rebellion, did divide
The Action of their Bodies, from their Souls,

And

And they did fight with Queaſineſs, conſtrain'd,
As Men drink Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our Side: But for their Spirits and Souls,
This Word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
As Fiſh are in a Pond. But now the Biſhop
Turns Inſurrection to Religion;
Suppos'd ſincere, and holy in his Thoughts,
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Mind:
And doth enlarge his riſing, with the Blood
Of fair King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from *Pomfret* Stones,
Derives from Heav'n his Quarrel, and his Cauſe:
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding Land,
Gaſping for Life, under great *Bullingbroke*,
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to ſpeak Truth,
This preſent Grief had wip'd it from my Mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every Man
The apteſt Way for Safety, and Revenge:
Get Poſts, and Letters, and make Friends with ſpeed,
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff, *and Page.*

Fal. Sirrah, you Giant, what ſays the Doctor to my Water?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, the Water it ſelf was a good healing Water: But for the Party that own'd it, he might have more Diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of this fooliſh compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my ſelf, but the Cauſe that Wit is in other Men. I do here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath overwhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other Reaſon, than to ſet me off, why then I have no Judgment. Thou Horſon Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my Cap, than to wait at my Heels. I was never mann'd with an Agot 'till now: But I will ſet you neither in Gold nor Silver, but in vile Apparel, and ſend you back again to your Maſter, for a Jewel. The

Juvenal!

Juvenal! the Prince your Maſter! whoſe Chin is not yet fledg'd; I will ſooner have a Beard grow in the Palm of my Hand, then he ſhall get one on his Cheek: Yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his Face is a Face-Royal. Heav'n may finiſh it when he will, it is not a Hair amiſs yet: He may keep it ſtill as a Face-Royal, for a Barber ſhall never earn Sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ Man ever ſince his Father was a Batchelor. He may keep his own Grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid Mr. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my ſhort Cloak, and Slops?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than *Bardolph*: He would not take his Bond and yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horſon *Achitophel*, a Raſcally-yea-forſooth-knave, to bear a Gentleman in Hand, and then ſtand upon Security? The horſon ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high Shooes, and Bunches of Keys at their Girdles; and if a Man is through with them in honeſt taking up, then they muſt ſtand upon Security: I had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my Mouth, as offer to ſtop it with Security. I look'd he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty Yards of Satten, as I am a true Knight, and he ſends me Security. Well, he may ſleep in Security, for he hath the horn of Abundance: And the lightneſs of his Wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own Lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph*?

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worſhip a Horſe.

Fal. I bought him in *Pauls*, and he'll buy me a Horſe in *Smithfield*. If I could get me a Wife in the Stews, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chief Juſtice, and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falſtaff, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip:

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the Robbery?

Serv.

Serv. He, my Lord. But he hath ſince done good Service at *Shrewsbury:* And, as I hear, is now going with ſome Charge to the Lord *John* of *Lancaſter.*

Ch. Juſt. What, to *York?* Call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak lowder, my Maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the Elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir *John.*

Fal. What! A young Knave and beg! Are there not Wars? Is there not Employment? Doth not the King lack Subjects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the Name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt Man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Soldierſhip aſide. I had lied in my Throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your Knight-hood and your Soldier-ſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your Throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt Man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo! I lay aſide that which grows to me! If thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: You Hunt counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my Lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John Falſtaff,* a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! give your Lordſhip good time of the Day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay, your Lordſhip was ſick. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your Lordſhip, though not clean paſt your Youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of Age in you: Some reliſh of the Saltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your Health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John,* I ſent for you before your Expedition to *Shrewsbury.*

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I hear his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales.*

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: You would not come when I ſent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fall'n into this ſame whorſon Apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, Heav'n mend him. I pray let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This Apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of Lethargy, a ſleeping of the Blood, a whorſon Tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much Grief; from Study and Perturbation of the Brain. I have read the Cauſe of its Effects in *Galen*. It is a kind of Deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think you are fal'n into that Diſeaſe: For you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well, my Lord, very well: Rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the Diſeaſe of not Liſtning, the Malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the Heels, would amend the attention of your Ears, and I care not if I be your Phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my Lord; but not ſo patient: Your Lordſhip may miniſter the Potion of Impriſonment to me, in reſpect of Poverty: But how I ſhould be your Patient to follow your Preſcriptions, the Wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeed, a ſcruple it ſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your Life, to ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then adviſ'd by my learned Counſel, in the Laws of this Land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great Infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my Belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your Means is very ſlender, and your Waſte great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my Means were greater, and my Waſte ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſs-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſs-led me. I am the Fellow with the great Belly, and he my Dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd Wound; your Day's Service at *Shrewsbury*, hath a little gilded over

your Night's Exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er-poſting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: Wake not a ſleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? You are as a Candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Waſſel-Candel, my Lord; all Tallow: If I did ſay of Wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white Hair on your Face, but ſhould have his Effect of Gravity.

Fal. His Effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Juſt. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil Angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my Lord, your ill Angel is light: But I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go; I cannot tell---Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe Coſtor-mongers Days, that true Valour is turn'd Bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a Tapſter, and hath his quick Wit waſted in giving Recknings; all the other Gifts appertinent to Man, as the malice of this Age ſhapes them, are not worth a Gooſe-berry. You that are old, conſider not the Capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterneſs of your Galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are Wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your Name in the Scrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the Characters of Age? Have you not a moiſt Eye? a dry Hand? a yellow Cheek? a white Beard? a decreaſing Leg? an increaſing Belly? is not your Voice broken? your Wind ſhort? your Wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with Antiquity? and will you call your ſelf young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was born with a white Head, and ſomething a round Belly. For my Voice, I have loſt it with hollowing and ſinging of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in Judgment and Underſtanding; and he that will caper with me for a thouſand Marks, let him lend me the Mony, and have

at him. For the Box o'th' Ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a ſenſible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lion repents: Marry not in Sack-cloth, but in new Silk, and old Sack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, Heav'n ſend the Prince a better Companion.

Fal. Heav'n ſend the Companion a better Prince; I cannot rid my Hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince *Harry*, I hear you are going with Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, againſt the Archbiſhop, and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty ſweet Wit for it; but look you pray, all you that kiſs my Lady Peace at home, that our Armies join not in a hot Day: For I take but two Shirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: If it be a hot Day, if I brandiſh any thing but my Bottle, would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous Action can peep out his Head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and Heav'n bleſs your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordſhip lend me a thouſand Pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a Penny, not a Penny; you are too impatient to bear Croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my Couſin *Weſtmorland*. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A Man can no more ſeparate Age and Covetouſneſs, than he can part young Limbs and Letchery: But the Gout galls the one, and the Pox pinches the other; and ſo both the Degrees prevent my Curſes. Boy.

Page. Sir.

Fal. What Mony is in my Purſe?

Page. Seven Groats, and two Pence.

Fal. I can get no Remedy againſt this Conſumption of the Purſe. Borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the Diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this Letter to my Lord of *Lancaſter*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Weſtmorland*, and this to old Miſtreſs *Urſula*, whom I have weekly ſworn to *marry*, *ſince* I perceiv'd the firſt white Hair of

my Chin. About it; you know where to find me. A Pox of this Gout, or a Gout of this Pox; for the one or th'other plays the Rogue with my great Toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the Wars for my Colour, and my Penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: A good Wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn Diſeaſes to commodity.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Arch-Biſhop of York, Haſtings, Mowbray, *and Lord* Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our Cauſes, and know our Means:
And my moſt noble Friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your Opinions of our Hopes,
And firſt, Lord Marſhal, what ſay you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occaſion of our Arms,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How, in our Means, we ſhould advance our ſelves,
To look with Forehead bold and big enough,
Upon the Power and Puiſſance of the King?

Haſt. Our preſent Muſters grow upon the File
To five and twenty thouſand Men of choice:
And our Supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whoſe Boſom burns
With an incenſed Fire of Injuries.

Bard. The queſtion then, Lord *Haſtings*, ſtandeth thus,
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up Head without *Northumberland*?

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Ay marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My Judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
'Till we had his Aſſiſtance by the Hand.
For in a Theam ſo bloody fac'd as this,
Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmiſe
Of Aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

York. 'Tis true, Lord *Bardolph*, for indeed
It was young Hot-ſpur's caſe at *Shrewsbury.*

Bard.

Bard. It was, my Lord, who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the Air, on promiſe of Supply,
Flattering himſelf with Project of a Power,
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his Thoughts,
And ſo with great Imagination,
Proper to mad Men, lead his Powers to Death,
And, winking, leap'd into Deſtruction.

Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this preſent quality of War,
Indeed the inſtant Action, a Cauſe on foot,
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early Spring
We ſee th'appearing Buds, which to prove Fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as Deſpair
That Froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the Plot, then draw the Model,
And when we ſee the figure of the Houſe,
Then muſt we rate the Coſt of the Erection,
Which if we find out-weighs Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Model
In fewer Offices; or at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is, almoſt, to pluck a Kingdom down,
And ſet another up, ſhould we ſurvey
The Plot of Situation, and the Model,
Conſent upon a ſure Foundation,
Queſtion Surveyors, know our own Eſtate,
How able ſuch a Work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his Oppoſite? or elſe,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Uſing the Names of Men, inſtead of Men:
Like one that draws the Model of a Houſe
Beyond his Power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created Coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping Clouds,
And waſte, for churliſh Winters tyranny.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be ſtill-born; and that we now poſſeſt
The utmoſt Man of Expectation:
I think we are a Body ſtrong enough,
Even as *we are*, *to* equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thouſand?
Haſt. To us no more; nay not ſo much, Lord *Bardolph.*
For his Diviſions, as the Times do brawl,
Are in three Heads; one Power againſt the *French,*
And one againſt *Glendower*; perforce a third
Muſt take up us: So is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his Coffers ſound
With hollow Poverty, and Emptineſs.
York. That he ſhould draw his ſeveral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full Puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.
Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his Back unarm'd, the *French,* and *Welſh*
Baying him at the Heel; never fear that.
Bard. Who is it like ſhould lead his Forces hither?
Haſt. The Duke of *Lancaſter* and *Weſtmorland:*
Againſt the *Welſh,* himſelf and *Harry Monmouth.*
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the *French,*
I have no certain notice.
York. Let us on:
And publiſh the Occaſion of our Arms.
The Commonwealth is ſick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy Love hath ſurfeited,
An Habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar Heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud Applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat Heav'n with bleſſing *Bullingbroke,*
Before he was, what thou would'ſt have him be?
And being now trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly Feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thy ſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common Dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton-boſom of the Royal *Richard,*
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe Times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his Grave.
Thou that threw'ſt Duſt upon his goodly Head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on,
After th'admired Heels of *Bullingbroke,*

Cry'ſt

Cry'ſt now, O Earth yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of Men accurs'd,
Paſt, and to come, ſeems beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mow. Shall we go draw our Numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are Time's Subjects, and Time bids, be gone.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hoſteſs, with two Officers, Fang, *and* Snare.

Hoſt. MR. *Fang*, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a luſty Yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Hoſt. Ay, ay, good Mr. *Snare.*

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we muſt Arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him, and all.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our Lives: He will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas-the-day; take heed of him; he ſtab'd me in mine own Houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his Weapon be out. He will ſwin like like any Devil, he will ſpare neither Man, Woman, nor Child.

Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your Elbow.

Fang. If I but fiſt him once; if he come but within my Vice.

Hoſt. I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Fang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not ſcape, he comes continually to *Pie-corner*, ſaving your Manhoods, to buy a Saddle, and he is invited to dinner to the *Lubbars head* in *Lombard-ſtreet* to Mr. *Smooths* the *Silkman.* I pray ye ſince my Action is enter'd, and my Caſe ſo openly known to the World, let him be brought into his anſwer. A hundred Mark is a long one, for a poor lone Woman to bear; and I have born,

and born, and born; and have bin fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this Day to that Day, that it is a ſhme to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a Woman ſhould be made an Aſs and a Beaſt, to bear every Knaves wrong.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmſey-Noſe *Bardolph* with him. Do your Offices, do your Offices: Mr. *Fang*, and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Miſtreſs *Quickly*.

Fal. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolph*: Cut me off the Villain's Head: Throw the Quean in the Channel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the Channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly Rogue. Murder, murder: O thou Hony-ſuckle Villain, wilt thou kill God's Officers and the King's? O thou hony-ſeed Rogue, thou art a Hony-ſeed, a Man-queller, and a Woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A Reſcue, a Reſcue.

Hoſt. Good People bring a Reſcue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempſeed.

Fal. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fuſtilirian: I'll tuck your Cataſtrophe.

Enter Chief Juſtece.

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, hoa.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beſeech you ſtand to me.

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir *John?* what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs? You ſhould have been well on your way to *York*. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang'ſt upon him?

Hoſt. Oh my moſt worſhipful Lord, and't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor Widow of *Eaſtcheap*, and he is arreſted at my Suit.

Ch. Juſt. For what Sum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my Lord, it is for all; all I have, he hath eaten me out of Houſe and Home; he hath put all my Subſtance into that fat Belly of his; but I will have

have ſome of it out again, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of Ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir *John?* Fie, what Man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of Exclamation? Are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor Widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs Sum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wer't an honeſt Man, thy ſelf, and the Mony too. Thou didſt ſwear to me upon a parcel-gilt Goblet, ſitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round Table, by a Sea-coal Fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whitſon-Week*, when the Prince broke thy Head for likening him to a Singing-man of *Windſor*; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my Lady thy Wife. Canſt thou deny it? Did not Good-wife *Keech*, the Butcher's Wife, come in then, and call me Goſſip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a Meſs of Vinegar; telling us, ſhe had a good Diſh of Prawns; whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green Wound? And didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down Stairs, deſire me to be no more familiar with ſuch poor People, ſaying, that e'er long they ſhould call me Madam? And didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty Shillings? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canſt?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad Soul; and ſhe ſays up and down the Town, that her eldeſt Son is like you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her; but for theſe fooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true Cauſe, the falſe Way. It is not a confident Brow, nor the throng of Words, that come with ſuch, more than impudent, ſawcineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration. I know you ha' practis'd upon the eaſie-yielding Spirit of this Woman.

Hoſt. Yes in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Juſt. Prethee, peace; pay her the Debt you owe her, and unpay the Villany you have done her; the one you may do *with ſterling Mony*, and the other with current Repentance

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this ſneap without reply. You call honourable Boldneſs impudent Sawcineſs. If a Man will curt'ſie, and ſay nothing, he is Virtuous: No, my Lord, your humble duty remembred, I will not be your Sutor. I ſay to you, I deſire deliv'rance from theſe Officers, being upon haſty Employment in the King's Affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak, as having Power to do wrong: But anſwer in the Effect your Reputation, and ſatisfie the poor Woman.

Fal. Come hither, Hoſteſs.

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Juſt. Now, Maſter *Gower*, what News?

Gower. The King, my Lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales* are near at Hand: The reſt the Paper tells.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman——

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavenly Ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my Plate, and the Tapeſtry of my Dining Chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, Glaſſes, is the only drinking; and for thy Walls a pretty ſlight Drollery, or the Story of the Prodigal, or the *German* hunting in Water-work, is worth a thouſand of theſe Bed-hangings, and theſe Fly-bitten Tapeſtries. Let it be ten Pound, if thou canſt. Come, if it were not for thy Humours, there is not a better Wench in *England*. Go, waſh thy Face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Prethee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty Nobles, I am loth to pawn my Plate, in good earneſt la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a Fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, although I pawn my Gown. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her; Hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-ſheet* meet you at Supper?

Fal.

No more words. Let's have her.
Juſt. I have heard bitter News.
What's the News, my good Lord?
Juſt. Where lay the King laſt Night?
er. At *Baſing-ſtoke*, my Lord.
I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the News,
d?
Juſt. Come all his Forces back?
er. No; fifteen hundred Foot, and five hundred Horſe,
ch'd up to my Lord of *Lancaſter*, againſt *Northum-*
and the Arch-Biſhop.
Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?
Juſt. You ſhall have Letters of me preſently.
go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.
my Lord.
Juſt. What's the matter?
Maſter *Gower*, I ſhall entreat you with me to din-

er. I muſt wait upon my good Lord here.
you, good Sir *John*.
Juſt. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you
ake Soldiers up in Countreys as you go.
Will you Sup with me, Maſter *Gower*?
Juſt. What fooliſh Maſter taught you theſe manners,
n?
Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a
at taught them me. This is the right Fencing grace,
rd, tap for tap, and ſo part fair.
Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

enry. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.
r. Is it come to that? I had thought wearineſs durſt
ve attach'd one of ſo high Blood.
enry. It doth me, though it diſcolours the Complexi-
ny Greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew
n me, to deſire ſmall Beer?

Poins.

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſly ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a Compoſition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor Creature, ſmall Beer. But indeed theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my Greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy Name? or to know thy Face to morrow? or to take notice how many pair of Silk Stockings thou haſt? *(viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones;*)* or to bear the Inventory of thy Shirts; as one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe; but that the Tennis-Court Keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of Linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not Racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy Low Countreys have made a Shift to eat up thy Holland.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idlely? Tell me how many good young Princes would do ſo, their Fathers lying ſo ſick, as yours is?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It ſhall ſerve among Wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my Father is ſick; albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my Friend, I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon ſuch a Subject.

P. Henry. Thou think'ſt me as far in the Devil's Book, as thou and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the Man. But I tell thee, my Heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is ſick; and keeping ſuch vile Company as thou art, hath in Reaſon taken from me, all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The Reaſon.

P. Henry. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt Princely Hypocrite.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. It would be every Man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed Fellow, to think as every Man thinks; never a Man's thought in the World keeps the Road-way better than thine; every Man would think me an Hypocrite indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have been ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff.*

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own Ears; the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my Hands; and thoſe two things I confeſs I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph.*

P. Henry. And the Boy that I gave *Falſtaff*; he had him from me Chriſtian, and ſee if the fat Villain have not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolph, *and Page.*

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. Henry. And yours, moſt noble *Bardolph.*

Poins. Come, you pernicious Aſs, you baſhful Fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? what a Maidenly Man at Arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my Lord, through a red Lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his Face from the Window; at laſt I ſpy'd his Eyes, and methought he had made two Holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Henry. Hath not the Boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorſon upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away you raſcally *Althea*'s Dream, away.

P. Henry. Inſtruct us, Boy, what Dream, Boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, *Althea* dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A Crowns-worth of good Interpretation; there it is, Boy,

Poins. O that this good Bloſſom could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is Six-pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the Gallows ſhall be wrong'd.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. And how doth thy Maſter, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Graces coming to Town. There's a Letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good reſpect; and how doth the *Martlemas,* your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a Phyſician; but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me as my Dog. And he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins reads. John Falſtaff, Knight——Every Man muſt know that, as oft as he hath occaſion to Name himſelf: Even like thoſe that are Kin to the King, for they never prick their Finger, but they ſay there is ſome of the King's blood ſpilt. How comes that? ſays he that takes upon him not to conceive: The Anſwer is as ready as a borrowed Cap; I am the King's poor Couſin, Sir.

P. Henry. Nay, they will be Kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet.* But to the Letter:—— *Sir* John Falſtaff, *Knight, to the Son of the King, nearest his Father,* Harry *Prince of* Wales, *greeting.*

Poins. Why this is a Certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans *in brevity.*

Poins. Sure he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins, *for he miſuſes thy Favours ſo much, that he ſwears thou art to marry his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou mayſt, and ſo farewel. Thine, by yea and no: Which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him.* Jack Falſtaff *with my Familiars:* John *with my Brothers and Siſters: And Sir* John *with all* Europe.

My Lord, I will ſteep this Letter in Sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his Words. But do you uſe me thus, *Ned?* Muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poins. May the Wench have no worſe Fortune. But I never ſaid ſo.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the Fool with the time, and the Spirits of the Wiſe ſit in the Clouds, and mock us: Is your Maſter here in *London*?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. Henry. Where ſups he? Doth the old Boor feed in the old Frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in *Eaſt-cheap*.

P. Henry. What Company?

Page. Epheſians, my Lord, of the old Church.

P. Henry. Supany Women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Miſtreſs *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Dol Tear-ſheet*.

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinſwoman of my Maſter's.

P. Henry. Even ſuch Kin, as the Pariſh Heyfars are to the Town-Bull.
Shall we ſteal upon them, *Ned*, at Supper?

Poins. I am your Shadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you Boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Maſter that I am yet in Town.
There's for your Silence.

Bard. I have no Tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: Go.
This *Dol Tear-ſheet* ſhould be ſome Road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. *Albans* and *London*.

P. Henry. How might we ſee *Falſtaff* beſtow himſelf to Night in his true Colours, and not our ſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and wait upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

P. Henry. From a God to a Bull? A heavy declenſion: It was *Jove*'s Caſe. From a Prince to a Prentice, a low transformation, that ſhall be mine: For in every thing, the Purpoſe muſt weigh with the Folly. Follow me, *Ned*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland *and Lady* Percy.

North. I prethee, loving Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Give an even way unto my rough Affairs.
Put not you on the Viſage of the Times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troubleſome.
L. North. I have given over, I will ſpeak no more;
Do what you will: Your Wiſdom be your Guide.
North. Alas, ſweet Wife, my Honour is at Pawn,
And but my going, nothing can redeem it.
L. Percy. Oh yet, for Heav'n's ſake, go not to theſe Wars.
The time was, Father, when you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it, than now,
When your own *Percy*, when my Heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a Northward look, to ſee his Father
Bring up his Powers: But he did long in vain.
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honours loſt; yours and your Son's.
For yours, may heav'nly Glory brighten it:
For his, it ſtuck upon him, as the Sun
In the grey Vault of Heav'n: And by his Light
Did all the Chevalry of *England* move
To do brave Acts. He was, indeed, the Glaſs
Wherein the noble Youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no Legs, that practis'd not his Gate:
And ſpeaking thick, which Nature made his blemiſh,
Became the Accents of the Valiant,
For thoſe that could ſpeak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own Perfection to Abuſe,
To ſeem like him. So that in Speech, and Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Military Rules, Humors of Blood,
He was the Mark, and Glaſs, Copy, and Book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
Second to none, un-ſeconded by you,

To

To look upon the hideous God of War,
In diſadvantage, to abide the Field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hot-ſpur*'s Name
Did ſeem defenſible: So you left him.
Never, O never do his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your Honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhal and the Archbiſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their Number,
To day might I (hanging on *Hot-ſpur's* Neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth*'s Grave.

North. Beſhrew your Heart,
Fair Daughter, you do draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Over-ſights.
But I muſt go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. North. O fly to *Scotland*,
'Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Have of their Puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. Percy. If they get Ground, and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a Rib of Steel,
To make Strength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your Son,
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a Widow:
And never ſhall have length of Life enough,
To rain upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout, as high as Heaven,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Mind
As with the Tyde, ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many a thouſand Reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
'Till Time and Vantage crave my Company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What haſt thou brought there? Apple-*Johns*? Thou know'ſt Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-*John*.

2 *Draw.* Thou ſay'ſt true; the Prince once ſet a Diſh of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his Hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the Heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou canſt find out *Sneak*'s Noiſe; Miſtreſs *Tear-ſheet* would fain have ſome Muſick.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our Jerkins and Aprons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis*: it will be an excellent Stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee if I can find out *Sneak*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your Pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as Heart would deſire; and your Colour, I warrant you, is as red as any Roſe: But you have drank too much Canary, and that's a marvellous ſearching Wine; and it perfumes the Blood e'er we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: Hem.

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid: A good Heart's worth Gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in Court*,--- empty the Jordan---*and was a worthy King*: How now, Miſtreſs *Dol*?

Hoſt. Sick of a Calm: yea, good-ſooth.

Fal. So is her Sect, if they be once in a Calm they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy Raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat Raſcals, Miſtreſs *Dol*.

Dol.

Dol. I make them! Gluttony and Diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Cook make the Gluttony, you help to make the Diſeaſes, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you: Grant that, my poor Virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay marry, our Chains, and our Jewels.

Fal. Your Brooches, Pearls, and Owches: For to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the Breach with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd Chambers bravely ---

Hoſt. Why, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both, in good troth, as Rheumatick as two dry Toaſts, you cannot one bear with anothers Confirmities. What the good-year? One muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker Veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier Veſſel. [*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty Veſſel bear ſuch a huge full Hogs-head? there's a whole Merchants Venture of *Bourdeaux* ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a Hulk better ſtuft in the Hold. Come, I'll be Friends with thee, *Jack*: Thou art going to the Wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Piſtol* is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering Raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the ſoul-mouth'dſt Rogue in *England*.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger let him not come here: I muſt live amongſt my Neighbours, I'll no Swaggerers: I am in good Name and Fame with the very Beſt: Shut the Door, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now: Shut the Door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear, Hoſteſs ——

Hoſt. 'Pray you pacifie your ſelf, Sir *John*, there comes no Swaggerers here.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear —— it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my Doors. I was before Maſter *Tiſick* the Deputy the other day; and as he ſaid to me --- it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt; Neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he; Maſter *Domb* our Miniſter was by then: Neighbour

Quickly, ſays he, receive thoſe that are Civil; for, ſaith he, you are in an ill Name: Now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon; for, ſays he, you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what Gueſts you receive: Receive, ſays he, no ſwaggering Companions. There come none here. You would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid. No, I'll no Swaggerers.

Fal. He's no Swaggerer, Hoſteſs; a tame Cheater, he; you may ſtroak him as gently as a Puppey-Greyhound; he will not ſwagger with a *Barbary* Hen, if her Feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, Drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt Man my Houſe, nor no Cheater; but I do not love ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſays ſwagger: Feel, Maſters, how I ſhake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very Truth do I, if it were an Aſpen Leaf: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, Bardolph *and Page.*

Piſt. 'Save you, Sir *John.*

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Piſtol.* Here, *Piſtol*, I charge you with a Cup of Sack: Do you diſcharge upon mine Hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two Bullets.

Fal. She is Piſtol proof, Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no Proofs, nor no Bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good for no Man's pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy Companion! What? You poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-Linnen-Mate; away, you mouldy Rogue, away, I am Meat for your Maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy.*

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe Raſcal, you filthy Bung away: By this Wine, I'll thruſt my Knife in your mouldy Chaps if you play the ſawcy Cuttle with me. Away *you Bottle-ale* Raſcal, you Basket-hilt ſtale Jugler you. Since when,

when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your Shoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your Ruff for this.

Hoſt. No, good Captain *Piſtol*: Not here, ſweet Captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captain? If Captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captain! you ſlay! for what? for tearing a poor Whore's Ruff in a Bawdy Houſe? He a Captain! hang him, Rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd Prunes and dry'd Cakes. A Captain! Theſe Villains will make the word Captain odious: Therefore Captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Miſtreſs *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt: To *Pluto*'s damned Lake, to the Infernal Deep, where *Erebus* and Tortures vile alſo. Hold Hook and Line, ſay I: Down! Down Dog, down Fates: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good Captain *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late: I beſeek you now, aggravate your Choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good Humours indeed. Shall Pack-Horſes, and hollow pamper'd Jades of *Aſia*, which cannot go but thirty Miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with *Cannibal*, and *Trojan Greeks*? Nay, rather damn them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roar: Shall we fall foul for Toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, Captain, theſe are very bitter Words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: This will grow to a Brawl anon.

Piſt. Die Men, like Dogs; give Crowns like Pins: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word, Captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-year do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me ſome Sack. *Si fortune me tormente, ſperato me contento.* Fear we broad-ſides? No, let the Fiend give Fire: Give me ſome Sack: And Sweet-heart, lye thou there: Come we to full Points here; and are *&* *cætera*'s nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, kiſs thy Neaffe: What! we have ſeen the ſeven Stars.

Dol. Thruſt him down Stairs, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down Stairs? know we not Galloway Nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: Nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down Stairs.

Piſt. What ſhall we have Inciſion? ſhall we embrew? then Death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful Days: Why then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping Wounds, untwine the Siſters three: Come, *Atropos*, I ſay. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Hoſt. Here's good ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack*, I prethee do not draw.

Fal. Get you down Stairs. [*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly Tumult; I'll forſwear keeping Houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights, So; Murther, I warrant now. Alas, put up your naked Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack*, be quiet, the Raſcal is gone: Ah you whorſon, little valiant Villain, you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' Groin? Methought he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of Doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the Raſcal's drunk: You have hurt him, Sir, in the Shoulder.

Fal. A Raſcal to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue you: Alas, poor Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? come, let me wipe thy Face----Come on, you whorſon Chops---Ah Rogue, I love thee---Thou art as *valorous as Hector* of *Troy*, worth fifty of *Agamemnon*; and *ten times better* than the nine Worthies: Ah Villain.

Fal.

Fal. A raſcally Slave, I will toſs the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy Heart: If thou do'ſt I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of Sheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The Muſick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Raſcal, bragging Slave: The Rogue fled from me like Quick-ſilver.

Dol. And thou followd'ſt him like a Church: Thou whorſon little tydie *Bartholomew* Boor-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on Days, and foyning on Nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins *diſguis'd.*

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not ſpeak like a Deaths-head: Do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young Fellow: He would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poins* hath a good Wit.

Fal. He a good Wit? hang him, Baboon, his Wit is as thick as *Tewkſbury* Muſtard: There is no more conceit in him, than is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their Legs are both of a bigneſs: And he plays at Quoits well, and eats Conger and Fennel, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wild Mare with the Boys, and jumps upon joint Stools, and ſwears with a good Grace, and wears his Boot very ſmooth, like unto the Sign of the Leg, and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet Stories; and ſuch other Gambol faculties he hath that ſhew a weak Mind and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him: For the Prince himſelf is ſuch another: The weight of an Hair will turn the Scales between their *Haberde-pois.*

P. Henry. Would not this Nave of a Wheel have his Ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his Whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not ſtrange that Deſire ſhould ſo many years out-*live Performance?*

Fal. Kiſs me, *Dol.*

P. Henry. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in Conjunction! What ſays the Almanack to that?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his Man be not liſping to his Maſter's old Tables, his Note-Book, his Counſel-keeper?

Fal. Thou doſt give me flatt'ring Buſſes.

Dol. Nay, truly, I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant Heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuff wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I ſhall receive Mony on *Thurſday*: Thou ſhalt have a Cap to morrow. A merry Song, come: It grows late, we will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt ſet me a weeping if thou ſay'ſt ſo: Prove that ever I dreſs my ſelf handſom 'till thy return---Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis.*

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a Baſtard Son of the King's! And art not thou *Poins* his Brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou Globe of ſinful Continents, what a Life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir: And I come to draw you out by the Ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerve thy good Grace: Welcome to *London.* Now Heaven bleſs that ſweet Face of thine: What, are you come from *Wales*?

Fal. Thou whorſon, mad compound of Majeſty, by this light Fleſh and corrupt Blood thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his Hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat Fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whorſon Candle-myne you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, vertuous, civil Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good Heart, and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Fal.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill*; you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo: I did not think thou waſt within hearing.

P. Henry. I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal*, on my Honour, no abuſe.

P. Henry. Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal*.

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, *Ned*, in the World; honeſt *Ned*, none. I diſprais'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a careful Friend, and true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no Boys, none.

P. Henry. See now whether pure Fear, and entire Cowardiſe, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous Gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the Wicked? Is thine Hoſteſs here of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honeſt *Bardolph*, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the Wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead Elm, anſwer.

Fal. The Fiend hath Prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer*'s Privy-Kitchin, where he doth nothing but roaſt Mault-Worms: for the Boy, there is a good Angel about him, but the Devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in Hell already, and burns poor Souls: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the Law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All Victuallers do ſo: What is a Joynt of Mutton or two in a whole *Lent*?

P. Henry. You, Gentlewoman.

D

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Fal. His Grace ſays that, which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at the door? Look to the door there, *Francis?*

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what News?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at *Weſtminſter*,
And there are twenty weak and wearied Poſts,
Come from the North; and as I came along,
I met, and over-took a dozen Captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the Taverns,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falſtaff.*

P. Henry. By Heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time:
When Tempeſt of Commotion, like the South
Born with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed Heads.
Give me my Sword, and Cloak:
Falſtaff, good night. [*Exit.*

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt Morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to the Court, Sir, preſently,
A dozen Captains ſtay at the door for you.

Fal. Pay the Muſicians, Sirrah: farewel Hoſteſs, farewel *Dol.* You ſee, my good Wenches, how men of Merit are ſought after; the Undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewel, good Wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, e're I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt--- Well, ſweet *Jack*, have a care of thy ſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come Peſcod-time; but an honeſter, and truer-hearted Man. Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miſtreſs *Tear-ſheet.*

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtreſs *Tear-ſheet* come to my Maſter.

Hoſt. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King Henry *with a Page.*

K. Henry. GO, call the Earls of *Surrey*, and *Warwick*:
But e'er they come, bid them o'er-read theſe Letters,
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed. [*Exit Page.*
How many thouſands of my pooreſt Subjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's ſoft Nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,
And ſteep my Senſes in Forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, lyeſt thou in ſmoaky Cribs,
Upon uneaſie Pallads ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing Night, fly'ſt to thy ſlumber,
Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'ſt thou with the vile,
In loathſom Beds, and leav'ſt the Kingly Couch
A watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy Maſt,
Seal up the Ship-boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the viſitation of the Winds,
Who take the Ruffian Billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning Clamours in the ſlip'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it ſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy Repoſe
To the wet Sea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Low, lye down,
Uneaſie lyes the Head, that wears a Crown.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majeſty.
K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, Lords?
War. 'Tis one a Clock, and paſt.

K. He

K. Henry. Why then good-morrow to you all, my Lords:
Have you read o'er the Letters that I ſent you?
War. We have, my Liege.
K. Henry. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank Diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a Body, yet diſtemper'd,
Which to the former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good Advice, and little Medicine;
My Lord *Northumberland* will ſoon be cool'd.
K. Henry. Oh Heav'n, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And ſee the Revolution of the Times
Make Mountains level, and the Continent,
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt it ſelf
Into the Sea; and other Times, to ſee
The beachy Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptune*'s Hips; how Chances mock
And Changes fill the Cup of Alteration
With divers Liquors. 'Tis not ten years gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great Friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after,
Were they at Wars. It is but eight years ſince,
This *Percy* was the man neareſt my Soul;
Who like a Brother, toil'd in my Affairs,
And laid his Love and Life under my foot:
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
You Couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember, [*to* Warwick.
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a Prophecy.
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which
My Couſin *Bullinbroke* aſcends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs)
The time ſhall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul Sin gathering head
Shall break into Corruption: So went on,
Fore-telling this ſame Time's Condition,
And the diviſion of our Amity.

War.

War. There is a Hiſtory in all Mens Lives,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd, a Man may propheſie,
With a near aim, of the main Chance of things
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seeds
And weak beginnings lie entreaſured.
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the neceſſary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſs,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that Seed grow to a greater falſeneſs,
Which ſhould not find a Ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.

K. Henry. Are theſe things then Neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like Neceſſities;
And that ſame word, even now cries out on us:
They ſay the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be, my Lord:
Rumour doth double, like the Voice of Eccho,
The number of the Feared. Pleaſe it your Grace
To go to bed, upon my Life, my Lord,
The Pow'rs that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majeſty hath been this Fort-night ill,
And theſe unſeaſon'd Hours perforce muſt add
Unto your Sickneſs.

K. Henry. I will take your Counſel:
And were theſe inward Wars once out of Hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the Holy-Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *with* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bull-calf.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your Hand, Sir, give me your Hand, Sir; an early ſtirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Couſin *Silence*?

Sil

Sil. Good Morrow, good Couſin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Couſin, your Bed-fellow? and your faireſt Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellin*?

Sil. Alas, a black Ouzel, Couſin *Shallow*.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my Couſin *William* is become a good Scholar? He is at *Oxford* ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my Coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the Inns of Court ſhortly: I was once of *Clement*'s-Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd Luſty *Shallow* then, Couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordſhire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will. Squele* a Cot-ſal-man; you had not four ſuch Swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: And I may ſay to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at Commandment. Then was *Jack Falſtaff*, now Sir *John*, a Boy, and a Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This Sir *John*, Couſin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *John*, the very ſame: I ſaw him break *Schoggan*'s Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high; and the very ſame day did I fight with one *Sampſon Stock-fiſh*, a Fruiterer, behind *Grays-Inn*. Oh the Mad Days that I have ſpent? and to ſee how many of mine Old Acquaintance are Dead?

Sil. We ſhall all follow, Couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure: Death is certain to all, all ſhall Die. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* Fair?

Sil. Truly, Couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is Old *Double* of your Town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! See, ſee, he drew a good Bow: And Dead? He ſhot a fine Shoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much Mony on his Head. Dead? He *would have clapt* in the Clowt at Twelve Score, and carried

ried you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a Man's Heart good to ſee. How a Score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a Score of good Ewes may be worth ten Pounds.

Shal. And is Old *Double* Dead?

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falſtaff*'s Men, as I think.

Shal. Good Morrow, Honeſt Gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this County, one of the King's Juſtices of the Peace: What is your good Pleaſure with me?

Bard. My Captain, Sir, Commends him to you: My Captain, Sir *John Falſtaff*; a tall Gentleman, and a moſt gallant Leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good Back-Sword Man. How doth the good Knight? May I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, Pardon, a Soldier is better Accommodated, than with a Wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid indeed, too: Better accommodated---It is good, yea indeed is it; good Phraſes are ſurely and every where very commendable. Accommodated---it comes of *Accommodo*; very good, a good Phraſe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? By this Day, I know not the Phraſe: But I will maintain the word with my Sword, to be a Soldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated, that is, when a Man is, as they ſay, Accommodated; or, when a Man is, being whereby he thought to be Accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. It is very juſt: Look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your Hand, give me your Worſhip's good Hand: Truſt me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good Maſter *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card*, as I think?

Sha

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my Couſin *Silence*; in Commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good Maſter *Silence*, it well befits you ſhould be of the Peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient Men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: Will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: So, ſo, ſo, ſo: Yea marry, Sir, to *Ralph Mouldy*: Let them appear as I call: Let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, Where is *Mouldy?*

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John*, a good limb'd Fellow: Young, Strong, and of good Friends.

Fal. Is thy Name *Mouldy?*

Mould. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent. Things that are mouldy, lack uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir *John*, very well ſaid.

Fal, Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: My old Dame will be undone now, for one to do her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other Men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: Peace *Mouldy*, you ſhall go *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, Fellow, Peace; ſtand aſide: Know you where you are? For the other, Sir *John*. Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to ſit under: He's like to be a cold Soldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow?*

Shad. Here, Sir,

Fal. Shadow, whoſe Son art thou?

Shad. My Mother's Son, Sir.

Fal.

Fal. Thy Mother's Son! like enough; and thy Father's Shadow: So the Son of the Female is the Shadow of the Male: It is often ſo indeed, but not of the Father's Subſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for Summer, prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the Muſter-Book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his Apparel is built upon his Back, and the whole Frame ſtands upon Pins: Prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou, *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Woman's Tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may:
But if he had been a Man's Tailor he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an Enemies Battel, as thou haſt done in a Woman's Petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good Woman's Tailor; Well ſaid, couragious *Feeble*: Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Prick the Woman's Taylor well, Maſter *Shallow*, deep, Maſter *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a Man's Tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private Soldier, that is the Leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am round to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalf* of the Green.

Fal. Yea marry, let us ſee *Bulcalf.*

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely Fellow. Come prick me *Bulcalf*, 'till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captain.

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed Man.

Fal. What Diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon cold, Sir; a Cough, Sir, which I caught with Ringing in the King's Affairs, upon his Coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the Wars in a Gown: We will have away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy Friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir, and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to Dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry Dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember ſince we lay all Night in the Wind-mill in Saint *George*'s Fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Maſter *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry Night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: She would always ſay ſhe could not abide Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. I could anger her to the Heart: She was then a *Bona-roba.* Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old; certain ſhe's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement*'s Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five years ago.

Shal. Hah, Couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeen that, that this Knight and I have ſeen: Hah, Sir *John*, ſaid I well?

Fal. We

Fal. We have heard the Chimes at midnight, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have: Our watch word was Hem-Boys. Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Oh the days that we have ſeen! Come, come.

Bul. Good Maſter Corporate *Bardolph* ſtand my Friend, and here is four *Harry* ten Shillings in *French* Crowns for you: In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather becauſe I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my Friends, elſe, Sir, I did not care for mine own part ſo much.

Bard. Go too; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good Maſter Corporal Captain, for my old Dame's ſake ſtand my Friend: She hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and ſhe is old and cannot help her ſelf: You ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go too; ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a Man can die but once; we owe a death. I will never bear a baſe Mind: If it be my deſtiny, ſo; if it be not, ſo. No Man is too good to ſerve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good Fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will bear no baſe Mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which Men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go too: Well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*.

Fal. *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*: For you, *Mouldy*, ſtay at home 'till you are paſt Service: And for your part, *Bulcalf*, grow 'till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your ſelf wrong, they are your likelieſt Men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, Maſter *Shallow*, how to chuſe a Man? Care I for the Limb, the Thewes, the Stature, Bulk and big aſſemblance of a Man? Give me the Spirit, Maſter *Shallow*. Where's *Wart*? You ſee what a ragged appearance it is: He ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a Pewterer's Hammer; come off and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd Fellow *Shadow*, give me this Man, he preſents no mark to the Enemy, the fo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a Pen-knife: And, for a Retreat, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the Woman's Tailor, run off. O give me the ſpare Men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Wart*'s Hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, Traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your Calyver: So, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well ſaid, *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: Hold, there's a Teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his Craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement*'s Inn, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur*'s Show, there was a little quiver Fellow, and he would manage you his Piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would he ſay; Bownce, would he ſay, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I ſhall never ſee ſuch a Fellow.

Fal. Theſe Fellows will do well, Maſter *Shallow*. Farewel, Maſter *Silence*, I will not uſe many Words with you: Fare you well, Gentlemen both, I thank you, I muſt a dozen miles to Night. *Bardolph*, give the Soldiers Coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, Heaven bleſs you, and proſper your Affairs, and ſend us Peace. As you return, viſit my Houſe. Let our old Acquaintance be renewed: Peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Fal. Fare you well, Gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the Men away. As I return I will fetch off theſe Juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of Juſtice *Shallow*. How ſubject we old Men are to this Vice of Lying? This ſame ſtarv'd *Juſtice hath done* nothing but prate to me of the wildeneſs

of

of his Youth, and the Feats he hath done about *Turnbal-ſtreet*, and every third word a Lie, duer paid to the hearer than the *Turks* Tribute. I do remember him at *Clement's* Inn, like a Man made after Supper of a Cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was, for all the World, like a forked Radiſh, with a Head fantaſtically carv'd upon it with a Knife. He was ſo forlorn, that his Dimenſions, to any thick ſight, were inviſible. He was the very *Genius* of Famine; he came ever in the rearward of the faſhion: And now is this Vice's Dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt* as if he had been ſworn Brother to him: And I'll be ſworn he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burſt his Head, for crouding among the Marſhals Men. I ſaw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt* he beat his own Name, for you might have truſs'd him and all his Apparel into an Eel-skin: The Caſe of a Treble Hoboy was a Manſion for him; a Court; and now hath he Land and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a Philoſopher's two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bait for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the Law of Nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings, *and* Colevile.

York. WHat is the Foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis *Gualtree* Foreſt, and't pleaſe your Grace.

York. Stand here, my Lords, and ſend diſcoveries forth,
To know the number of our Enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent already.

York. 'Tis well done.
My Friends and Brethren, in theſe great Affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:
Their cold intent, tenure and ſubſtance thus.
How doth he wiſh his Perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might *hold ſortance* with his Quality,

The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To *Scotland*: And concludes in hearty Prayers,
That your Attempts may over live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their Oppoſite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what News?

Meſſ. Weſt of this Foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mow. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on, and face them in the Field.

Enter Weſtmorland.

York. What well appointed Leader fronts us here?

Mow. I think it is my Lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Weſt. Health and fair Greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaſter.*

York. Say on, my Lord of *Weſtmorland*, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

Weſt. Then, my Lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it' ſelf, in baſe and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boys and Beggary:
I ſay, if damn'd Commotion ſo appear
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, Reverend Father, and theſe Noble Lords,
Had not been here to dreſs the ugly Form
Of baſe and bloody Inſurrection,
With your fair Honours. You, Lord Archbiſhop,
Whoſe See is by a Civil Peace maintain'd,
Whoſe Beard the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe Learning and good Letters Peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white Inveſtments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very bleſſed Spirit of Peace;
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of Peace, that bears ſuch Grace,

Into

Into the harſh and boiſt'rous Tongue of War?
Turning your Books to Graves, your Ink to Blood,
Your Pens to Launces, and your Tongue divine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of War?
York. Wherefore do I this? So the Queſtion ſtands.
Briefly to this end: We are all diſeas'd,
And, with our ſurfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought our ſelves into a burning Feaver,
And we muſt bleed for it: Of which Diſeaſe
Our late King *Richard*, being infected, dy'd.
But, my moſt Noble Lord of *Weſtmorland*,
I take not on me here as a Phyſician,
Nor do I, as an Enemy to Peace,
Troop in the throngs of military Men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearful War,
To diet rank Minds, ſick of Happineſs,
And purge th' obſtructions which begin to ſtop
Our very Veins of Life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal Ballance juſtly weigh'd,
What Wrongs our Arms may do, what Wrongs we ſuffer,
And find our Griefs heavier than our Offences.
We ſee which way the Stream of Time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our moſt quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occaſion,
And have the ſummary of all our Griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in Articles,
Which long e'er this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no Suit gain our Audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our Griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his Perſon,
Even by thoſe Men that moſt have done us wrong.
The dangers of the Day's but newly gone,
Whoſe Memory is written on the Earth
With yet appearing Blood; and the Examples
Of every minutes inſtance, preſent now,
Hath put us in theſe ill-beſeeming Arms:
Not to break Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a Peace indeed,
Concurring both in Name and Quality.
Weſt. When ever yet was your Appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?

What Peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody Book
Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine?
York. My Brother General, the Commonwealth
I make my Quarrel in particular.
Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch Redreſs;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the Days before,
And ſuffer the Condition of theſe Times
To lay an heavy and unequal Hand upon our Honours?
Weſt. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the Times to their Neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay, indeed, it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you Injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the preſent Time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any Ground
To build a Grief on: Were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Seignories,
Your noble and right well remembred Father's?
Mow. What thing, in Honour, had my Father loſt
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to baniſh him:
And when, that *Henry Bullingbroke* and he
Being mounted, and both rowſed in their Seats,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the Spur,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers down,
Their Eyes of Fire, ſparkling through ſights of Steel,
And the loud Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My Father from the Breaſt of *Bullingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder down,
His own Life hung upon the Staff he threw,
Then threw he down himſelf and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bullingbroke*.
Weſt. You ſpeak, Lord *Mowbray*, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant Gentleman.

Who

Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your Father had been Victor there,
He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*.
For all the Country, in a general Voice,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their Prayers, and Love,
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, more than the King himſelf.
But this is meer digreſſion from my Purpoſe.
Here come I from our Princely General,
To know your Griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you Audience; and wherein
It ſhall appear, that your Demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them, every thing ſet off
That might ſo much as think you Enemies.
Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compel this Offer,
And it proceeds from Policy, not Love.
Weſt. Mowbray, you over-ween to take it ſo:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear.
For lo, within a Ken our Army lyes;
Upon mine Honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of Fear.
Our Battel is more full of Names than yours,
Our Men more perfect in the uſe of Arms,
Our Armour all as ſtrong, our Cauſe the beſt;
Then Reaſon will, our Hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then our Offer is compell'd.
Mow. Well, by my Will we ſhall admit no Parley.
Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your Offence:
A rotten Caſe abides no handling.
Haſt. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commiſſion,
In very ample Virtue of his Father,
To hear, and abſolutely to determine
Of what Conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?
Weſt. That is intended in the General's Name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a Queſtion.
York. Then take, my Lord of *Weſtmorland*, this Schedule,
For this contains our general Grievances:
Each ſeveral Article herein redreſs'd,
All Members of our Cauſe, both here, and hence,
That are inſinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantial Form,

And preſent Executions of our Wills,
To us, and to our Purpoſes confin'd,
We come within our awful Banks again,
And knit our Powers to the Arm of Peace.
Weſt. This will I ſhew the General. Pleaſe you, Lords,
In ſight of both our Battels, we may meet
At either end in Peace; which Heav'n ſo frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which muſt needs decide it.
York. My Lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit.* Weſt.
Mow. There is a thing within my Boſom tells me,
That no Condition of our Peace can ſtand.
Hoſt. Fear you not that, if we can make our Peace
Upon ſuch large Terms, and ſo abſolute,
As our Conditions ſhall inſiſt upon,
Our Peace ſhall ſtand as firm as Rocky Mountains.
Mow. Ay, but our Valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That every ſlight, and falſe-derived Cauſe,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this Action;
That were our Royal Faiths, Martyrs in Love,
We ſhall be winnowed with ſo rough a Wind,
That even our Corn ſhall ſeem as light as Chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
York. No, no, my Lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty, and ſuch picking Grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heirs of Life:
And therefore will he wipe his Tables clean,
And keep no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and Hiſtory his Loſs,
To new Remembrance. For full well he kno w
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this Land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His Foes are ſo enrooted with his Friends,
That plucking to unfix an Enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo, and ſhake a Friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſive Wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his Infant up,

And

And hangs reſolv'd Correction in the Arm,
That was uprear'd to Execution.
Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his Rods
On late Offenders, that he now doth lack
The very Inſtruments of Chaſtiſement:
So that his Power, like to a Fangleſs Lion
May offer, but not hold.
York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good Lord Marſhal,
If we do now make our Atonement well,
Our Peace will, like a broken Limb united,
Grow ſtronger, for the breaking.
Mow. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my Lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Enter Weſtmorland.
Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: Pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our Armies?
Mow. Your Grace of *York*, in Heav'n's Name then forward.
York. Before, and greet his Grace, my Lord, we come.
Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter.
Lan. You are well encountred here, my Couſin *Mowbray*;
Good Day to you, gentle Lord Arch-Biſhop,
And ſo to you, Lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My Lord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your Flock, aſſembled by the Bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your Expoſition on the holy Text,
Than now to ſee you here an Iron Man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your Drum,
Turning the Word to Sword, and Life to Death.
That Man that ſits within a Monarch's Heart,
And ripens in the Sun-ſhine of his Favour,
Would he abuſe the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is even ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the Books of Heav'n?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To us, the imagine Voice of Heav'n it ſelf;
The very *Opener*, and Intelligencer

Betw'

Between the Grace, the Sanctities of Heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe,
But you miſuſe the reverence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance and Grace of Heav'n,
As a falſe Favourite doth his Prince's Name,
In Deeds diſhonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited Zeal of Heav'n,
The Subjects of Heav'n's Subſtitute, my Father,
And both againſt the Peace of Heav'n, and him,
Have here up-ſwarmed them.

York. Good my Lord of *Lancaſter*,
I am not here againſt your Father's Peace:
But, as I told my Lord of *Weſtmorland*,
The time, miſ-order'd, doth in common Senſe
Crowd us, and cruſh us, to this monſtrous Form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The Parcels and Particulars of our Grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Son of War is born,
Whoſe dangerous Eyes may well be charm'd aſleep,
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true Obedience, of this Madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majeſty.

Mow. If not, we ready are to try our Fortunes
To the laſt Man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have Supplies to ſecond our Attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo, ſucceſs of miſchief ſhall be born,
And Heir from Heir ſhall hold this Quarrel up,
Whiles *England* ſhall have Generation.

Lan. You are too ſhallow, *Haſtings*,
Much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their Articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here, by the Honour of my Blood,
My Father's purpoſes have been miſtook,
And ſome, about him, have too laviſhly
Wreſted his Meaning and Authority.

My

My Lord, theſe Griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt;
Upon my Life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your Powers unto their ſeveral Counties,
As we will ours; and here between the Armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their Eyes may bear thoſe Tokens home,
Of our reſtored Love and Amity.

York. I take your Princely word, for theſe redreſſes.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Haſt. Go Captain, and deliver to the Army
This News of Peace; let them have Pay, and part:
I know it will well pleaſe them.
Hie thee, Captain. [*Exit* Colevile.

York. To you, my noble Lord of *Weſtmerland.*

Weſt. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what pains I have beſtow'd,
To breed this preſent Peace,
You would drink freely; but my Love to ye
Shall ſhew it ſelf more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Couſin *Mowbray.*

Mow. You wiſh me Health in very happy Seaſon,
For I am on the ſudden ſomething ill.

York. Againſt ill Chances Men are ever merry,
But Heavineſs fore-runs the good Event.

Weſt. Therefore be merry, Coz, ſince ſudden Sorrow
Serves to ſay thus; ſome good thing comes to morrow.

York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in Spirit.

Mow. So much the worſe, if your own Rule be true.

Lan. The word of Peace is render'd; hark how they ſhout.

Mow. This had been chearful after Victory.

York. A peace is of the Nature of a Conqueſt;
For then both Parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither Party loſer.

Lan. Go, my Lord,
And let our Army be diſcharged too. [*Exit.* Weſt.
And, good my Lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our Trains

Marc

March by us, that we may Peruſe the Men,
We ſhould have cop'd withal.
Biſh. Go, good Lord *Haſtings*:
And e'er they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by. [*Exit* Hoſt.
Lan. I truſt, Lords, we ſhall to night lye together.
Enter Weſtmorland.
Now Couſin, wherefore ſtands our Army ſtill?
Weſt. The Leaders, having Charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.
Lan. They know their Duties.
Enter Haſtings.
Haſt. Our Army is diſpers'd:
Like Youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their Courſe
Eaſt, Weſt, North, South: Or like a School broke up,
Each hurries towards his Home, and ſporting Place.
Weſt. Good Tidings, my Lord *Haſtings*, for the which
I do arreſt thee, Traitor, of High Treaſon:
And you Lord Arch-biſhop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capital Treaſon, I attach you both.
Mow. Is this Proceeding juſt and honourable?
Weſt. Is your Aſſembly ſo?
York. Will you thus break your Faith?
Lan. I pawn'd you none:
I promis'd you Redreſs of theſe ſame Grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine Honour,
I will perform, with a moſt Chriſtian Care.
But for you, Rebels, look to taſte the Due
Meet for Rebellion, and ſuch Acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe Arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our Drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heaven, and not we, have ſafely fought to Day.
Some guard theſe Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treaſons true Bed, and yielder up of Breath. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Falſtaffe *and* Colevile.
Fal. What's your Name, Sir? Of what Conſideration are you? And of what place, I pray?
Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Colevile* of the Dale.
Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your Name, a Knight is your *Degree, and* your Place, the Dale. Colevile ſhall ſtill be

your

your Name, a Traitor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deep enough: So ſhall you ſtill be *Colevile* of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Fal. As good a Man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: Do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? If I do ſwear, they are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy Death, therefore rowze up Fear and Trembling, and do obſervance to my Mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole School of Tongues in this Belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my Name: And I had but a Belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active Fellow in *Europe*: My Womb, my Womb, my Womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter *and* Weſtmorland.

Lan. The Heat is paſt, follow no farther now,
Call in the Powers, good Couſin *Weſtmorland.* [*Exit* Weſt.
Now *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy Tricks of yours will, on my Life,
One time or other, break ſome Gallow's Back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my Lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poor and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt Inch of Poſſibility. I have ſoundred nineſcore and odd Poſts: And here, Travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Colevile* of the Dale, a moſt furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? He ſaw me, and yielded; that I may juſtly, ſay with the hook-nos'd Fellow of *Rome*, I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his Courteſie, than your Deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this days deeds; or, I ſwear, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine own Picture on the top of it, Colevile kiſſing

kiſſing my foot: To the which courſe, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear Sky of Fame, o'er-ſhine you as much as the full Moon doth the Cynders of the Element, which ſhew like Pins Heads to her, believe not the word of the Noble; therefore let me have right, and let Deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy too mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy Name *Colevile?*

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colevile.*

Fal. And a famous true Subject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my Betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves; but thou, like a kind Fellow, gav'ſt thy ſelf away; and I thank thee, for thee.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Lan. Have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and Execution ſtay'd.

Lan. Send *Colevile,* with his Confederates,
To *York,* to preſent Execution.
Blunt, lead him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Exit* Colevile.
And now diſpatch we toward the Court, my Lords;
I hear the King, my Father, is ſore ſick;
Our News ſhall go before us to his Majeſty,
Which, Couſin, you ſhall bear, to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through *Gloceſterſhire*; and when you come to Court, ſtand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falſtaff*; I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you, than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the Wit; 'twere better than your Dukedome. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-*blooded Boy* doth not love me, nor a Man cannot make

him

him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no Wine. There's never any of theſe demure Boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many Fiſh-Meals, that they fall into a kind of Male Green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fools, and Cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold Operation in it; it aſcends me into the Brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy Vapours, which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable Shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood; which before, cold and ſettled, left the Liver white and pale; which is the Badge of Puſillanimity, and Cowardice; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the Parts extreme; it illuminateth the Face, which, as a Beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the Vital Commoners, and inland petty Spirits, muſter me all to their Captain, the Heart; who great, and puſt up with his Retinue, doth any deed of Courage; and this Valour comes of Sherris. So that Skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack, for that ſets it a work; and Learning a meer Hoard of Gold, kept by a Devil, till Sack commences it, and ſets it in Act, and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold Blood he did naturally inherit of his Father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand Sons, the firſt Principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſwear thin Potations, and to addict themſelves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph?*

Bard. The Army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Gloceſterſhire*, and there will I viſit Maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. Henry. Now Lords, if Heav'n doth give ſucceſsful end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are ſanctifi'd.
Our Navy is addreſs'd, our Power collected,
Our Subſtitutes, in abſence, well inveſted,
And every thing lyes level to our wiſh;
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pawſe us, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the Yoak of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphry, my Son of *Glouceſter,* where is the Prince your Brother?

Glo. I think he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at *Windſor.*

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my Lord.

K. Henry. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence,* with him?

Glo. No, my good Lord, he is in preſence here.

Clar. What would my Lord and Father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence,*
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
He loves thee, and thou do'ſt neglect him, *Thomas;*
Thou haſt a better place in his Affection
Than all thy Brothers: Cheriſh it, my Boy,
And Noble Offices thou may'ſt effect
Of Mediation, after I am dead,
Between his Greatneſs, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his Love,
Nor loſe the good advantage of his Grace,
By ſeeming cold or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a Tear for Pity, and a Hand
Open as Day, for melting Charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden
As *Flaws congealed* in the Spring of day.

His

His Temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a Whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt prove a Shelter to thy Friends.
A Hoop of Gold to bind thy Brothers in:
That the united Veſſel of their Blood,
Mingled with Venom of Suggeſtion,
As force, perforce, the Age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or raſh Gun-powder.
Clar. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.
K. Henry. Why art thou not at *Windſor* with him, *Thomas?*
Clar. He is not there to day; he dines in *London*.
K. Henry. And how accompanied? Can'ſt thou tell that?
Clar. With *Poins*, and other his continual Followers.
K. Henry. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt Soil to Weeds:
And He, the Noble Image of my Youth,
Is over-ſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches it ſelf beyond the hour of Death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided Days,
And rotten Times, that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors.
For when his head-ſtrong Riot hath no Curb,
When Rage and hot Blood are his Counſellors,
When Means and laviſh Manners meet together,
Oh, with what Wings ſhall his Affections fly
Tow'rds fronting Peril, and oppos'd decay?
War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his Companions,
Like a ſtrange Tongue; wherein, to gain the Language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known, and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will, in the perfectneſs of time,
Caſt off his Followers; and their Memory
Shall as a *Pattern*, or a Meaſure live,

By which his Grace muſt mete the lives of others,
Turning paſt Evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis ſeldom, when the Bee doth leave her Comb
In the dead Carrion.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Who's here? *Weſtmorland?*

Weſt. Health to my Soveraign, and new happineſs
Added to that, that I am to deliver.
Prince *John*, your Son, doth kiſs your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop, *Scroop*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law;
There is not now a Rebel's Sword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive every where:
The manner how this Action hath been born,
Here, at more leiſure, may your Highneſs read,
With every courſe, in his particular.

K. Henry. O *Weſtmorland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which ever, in the haunch of Winter, ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harecourt.

Look, here's more News.

Hare. From Enemies Heav'n keep your Majeſty;
And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall,
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl of *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolf*,
With a great Power of *Engliſh*, and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sheriff of *York-ſhire* overthrown:
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore ſhould theſe good News
Make me ſick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?
She either gives a Stomach, and no Food,
Such are the Poor, in health; or elſe a Feaſt,
And takes away the Stomach; ſuch are the Rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy News,
And now my Sight fails, and my Brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Majeſty.

Cla. Oh, my Royal Father.
Weſt. My Soveraign Lord, chear up your ſelf, look up.
War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, theſe Fits
Are with his Highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him Air:
He'll ſtraight be well.
Cla. No no, he cannot long hold out; theſe Pangs,
Th' inceſſant care, and labour of his Mind,
Hath wrought the Mure, that ſhould confine it in,
So thin, that Life looks through, and will break out.
Glo. The People fear me; for they do obſerve
Unfather'd Heirs, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seaſons change their manners, as the Year
Had found ſome Months aſleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, Time's doating Chronicles,
Say it did ſo, a little time before
That our Grand-ſire *Edward* ſick'd, and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.
Glo. This Apoplexy will, certain, be his end.
K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other Chamber: ſoftly, 'pray.
Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle Friends,
Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper Muſick to my weary Spirit.
War. Call for the Muſick in the other Room.
K. Henry. Set me the Crown upon my Pillow here.
Cla. His Eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who ſaw the Duke of *Clarence?*
Cla. I am here, Brother, full of heavineſs.
P. Henry. How now? Rain within doors, and none abroad? How doth the King?
Glo. Exceeding ill.
P. Henry. Heard he the good News yet?
Tell it him.
Glo. He alter'd much, upon the hearing it.
P. Henry. If he be ſick with Joy,
He'll recover without Phyſick.

War. Not ſo much noiſe, my Lords,
Sweet Prince, ſpeak low.
The King, your Father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other Room.
War. Wil't pleaſe your Grace to go along with us?
P. Henry. No; I will ſit, and watch here by the King.
Why doth the Crown lye there, upon his Pillow, [*Exeunt all*
Being ſo troubleſome a Bed-fellow? *but* P. Henry.
O poliſh'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'ſt the Ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful Night: Sleep with it now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he whoſe Brow, with homely Biggen bound,
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majeſty!
When thou do'ſt pinch thy Bearer, thou do'ſt ſit
Like a rich Armor, worn in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafety; by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a downy Feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs Down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious Lord! my Father!
This ſleep is ſound indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this Golden Rigol hath divorc'd
So many *Engliſh* Kings. Thy due from me,
Is Tears, and heavy Sorrows of the Blood,
Which Nature, Love, and filial Tenderneſs
Shall, O dear Father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My due, from thee, is this Imperial Crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place, and blood,
Derives it ſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which Heav'n ſhall guard:
And put the World's whole ſtrength
Into one Gyant Arm, it ſhall not force
This Lineal Honour from me. This, from thee,
Will I to mine leave, As 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

K. Henry. Warwick! Glouceſter! Clarence!
Cla. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your Grace?
K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?
Cla. We left the Prince, my Brother, here, my Liege;
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

K. Henry

K. Henry. The Prince of *Wales!* where is he? let me ſee him.
War. The door is open, he is gone this way.
Glo. He came not through the Chamber where we ſtaid.
K. Henry. Where is the Crown? who took it from my Pillow?
War. When we with-drew, my Liege, we left it here.
K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence:
Go ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep, my death? Find him, my Lord of *Warwick*,
Chide him hither; this part of his conjoins
With my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See, Sons, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her Object?
For this, the fooliſh over-careful Fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought,
Their brains with care, their bones with induſtry.
For this, they have engroſſed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchiev'd Gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their Sons with Art, and Martial Exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from every Flower
The virtuous Sweets, our Thighs packt with Wax,
Our Mouths with Honey, we bring it to the Hive;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our pains.
This bitter taſte yield his Engroſsments
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend's ſickneſs hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Room,
Waſhing with kindly Tears his gentle Cheeks,
With ſuch a deep demeanour, in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have waſh'd his Knife
With gentle Eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the Chamber, leave us here alone. [Exit.

P. Henry

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. Henry. Thy wiſh was Father, *Harry*, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Do'ſt thou ſo hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my Honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſs, that will over-whelm thee:
Stay but a little; for my Cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling, with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my Day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtoln that, which after ſome few hours
Were thine, without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my Expectation.
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! can'ſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my Grave thy ſelf,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy ear,
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead;
Let all the Tears, that ſhould bedew my Herſe,
Be drops of Balm, to ſanctifie thy Head:
Only compound me with forgotten duſt;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Worms:
Pluck down my Officers, break my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mock at Form.
Henry the Fifth is Crown'd: Up Vanity,
Down Royal State: All you ſage Couſellors hence:
And to the *Engliſh* Court, aſſemble now
From ev'ry Region, Apes of idleneſs.
Now Neighbour-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Have you a Ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins, the neweſt kinds of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall double gild his trebble guilt.
England ſhall give him Office, Honour, Might:
For the Fifth *Harry*, from curb'd Licence plucks
The muzzle of Reſtraint, and the wild Dog

Shall

Shall fleſh his Tooth in every Innocent.
O my poor Kingdom, ſick with civil Blows,
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Riots,
What wilt thou do, when Riot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneſs again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old Inhabitants.
P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege, [*Kneeling.*
But for my Tears,
The moſt Impediments unto my Speech,
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
E'er you, with Grief, had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown,
And he that wears the Crown immortally,
Long guard it yours; if I affect it more,
Than as your Honour, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this Obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward dutious Spirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my Heart. If I do feign,
O let me, in my preſent wildneſs, die,
And never live, to ſhew th'incredulous World,
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the Crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the Body of my Father,
Therefore, thou beſt of Gold art worſt of Gold.
Other, leſs fine in Carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat the Bearer up.
Thus, my Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it, as with an Enemy,
That had before my Face murder'd my Father,
The Quarrel of a true Inheritor:
But if it did infect my Blood with Joy,
Or ſwell my Thoughts to any ſtrain of Pride,

If any Rebel, or vain Spirit of mine,
Did, with the leaſt Affection of a Welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my Head,
And make me as the pooreſt Vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.
K. Henry. O my Son!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt join the more, thy Father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely, in excuſe of it.
Come hither *Harry*, ſit thou by my Bed,
And hear, I think, the very lateſt Counſel
That ever I ſhall breath. Heav'n knows, my Son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd-ways
I met this Crown; and I my ſelf know well
How troubleſome it ſate upon my Head.
To thee, it ſhall deſcend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the Soil of the Atchievment goes
With me, into the Earth. It ſeem'd in me,
But as an Honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous Hand,
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it, by their Aſſiſtances,
Which daily grew to Quarrel, and to Blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed Peace. All theſe bold Fears,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril, I have anſwered:
For all my Reign hath been but as a Scene
Acting that Argument. And now my Death
Changes the Mode: For what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee, in a more fairer ſort.
So thou the Garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively;
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure, than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green:
And all thy Friends, which thou muſt make thy Friends,
Have but their Stings, and Teeth, newly taken out;
By whoſe fell working, I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe Power, I well might lodge a Fear
To be again diſplac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;

Leſt

Leſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them look
Too near unto my State. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy Courſe to buſie giddy Minds
With Foreign Quarrels; that Action, hence born out,
May waſte the Memory of the former Days.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of Speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O Heaven forgive:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live.
P. Henry. My gracious Liege:
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I, with more, than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the World, will rightfully maintain.
Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter *and* Warwick.
K. Henry. Look, look,
Here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter*:
Lan. Health, Peace and Happineſs
To my Royal Father:
K. Henry. Thou bring'ſt me Happineſs, Son *John*,
But Health, alack, with youthful Wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd Trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly Buſineſs makes a Period.
Where is my Lord of *Warwick*?
P. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*.
K. Henry. Doth any Name particular belong
Unto the Lodging, where I firſt did ſwoon?
War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my noble Lord.
K. Henry. Laud be to Heav'n:
Even there my Life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many Years,
I ſhould not die but in *Jeruſalem*:
Which, vainly, I ſuppos'd the Holy-Land.
But bear me to that Chamber, there I'll lye:
In that *Jeruſalem*, ſhall *Harry* die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, Page, *and* Davy.

Shal. BY Cock and Pye you ſhall not away to Night. What, *Davy*, I ſay.

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, Maſter *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuſe you: You ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: There is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: You ſhall not be excus'd.
Why *Davy*.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me ſee, *Davy*, let me ſee; *William*, Cook, bid him come hither—Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: Thoſe Precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with Wheat?

Shal. With red Wheat, *Davy*. But, for *William*, Cook; are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir.
Here is now the Smith's Note for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt, and paid—Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the Bucket muſt needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *William*'s Wages about the Sack he loſt the other day at *Hinckley* Fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it.
Some Pigeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hens; a joint of Mutton, and any pretty little tiny Kickſhaws, tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the Man of War ſtay all Night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*.
I will uſe him well. A Friend i'th' Court is better than a Penny in Purſe. Uſe his Men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant Knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul Linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy buſineſs, *Davy*.

Davy.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir,
To countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot*, againſt *Clement Perkes* of the Hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*, that *Viſor* is an arrant Knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worſhip that he is a Knave, Sir; but yet, Heaven forbid, Sir, but a Knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his Friends requeſt. An honeſt Man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a Knave is not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter bear out a Knave againſt an honeſt Man, I have but a very little credit with your Worſhip. The Knave is mine honeſt Friend, Sir, therefore, I beſeech your Worſhip, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,
I ſay he ſhall have no Wrong: Look about, *Davy*.
Where are you, Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots.
Give me your Hand, Maſter *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee, with all my Heart, kind Maſter *Bardolph*, and welcome, my tall Fellow: [*To the Page.*
Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Maſter *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolph*, look to our Horſes. If I were ſaw'd into Quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded Hermites Staves, as Maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable Coherence of his Mens Spirits and his: They, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh Juſtices: He, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a Juſtice-like Servingman. Their Spirits are ſo married in Conjunction with the Participation of Society, that they flock together in conſent like ſo many Wild-Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to Maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his Men with the imputation of being near their Maſter. If to his Men, I would curry with Maſter *Shallow*, that no Man could better Command his Servants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing or ignorant Carriage is caught, as Men take Diſeaſes, one of another: Therefore let Men take heed of their Company. I will deviſe Matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual Laughter, the wearing out of ſix Faſhions, which is four Terms, or two Actions, and he ſhall laugh with Intervallum

tervallums. O, it is much that a Lie with a ſlight Oath, and a Jeſt with a ſad Brow, will do with a Fellow that never had the Ache in his Shoulders. O you ſhall ſee him laugh, 'till his Face be like a wet Cloak ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *John.*

Fal. I come, Maſter *Shallow*; I come, Maſter *Shallow.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

War. How now, my Lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: His Cares
Are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature,
And, to our Purpoſes, he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would his Majeſty had call'd me with him.
The Service that I truly did his Life
Hath left me open to all Injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know he doth not, and do arm my ſelf
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot look more hideouſly upon me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſie.

Enter Lord John *of* Lanceſter, Glouceſter *and* Clarence.

War. Here comes the heavy iſſue of dead *Harry*:
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then ſhould hold their Places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to Spirits of vile ſort?

Ch. Juſt. Alas, I fear all will be over-turn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, Couſin *Warwick*, good morrow.

Glo. Clar. Good morrow, Couſin.

Lan. We meet like Men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our Argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy.

Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier.

Glo.

Glo. O, good my Lord, you have loſt a Friend indeed:
And, I dare ſwear, you borrow not that Face
Of ſeeming Sorrow, it is ſure your own.
Lan. Tho' no Man be aſſur'd what Grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt Expectation.
I am the ſorrier, would 'twere otherwiſe.
Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir *John Falſtaff* fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of Quality.
Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' Imperial Conduct of my Soul,
And never ſhall you ſee that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtall'd Remiſſion.
If Troth and upright Innocency fail me,
I'll to the King, my Maſter, that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Juſt. Good morrow, and Heav'n ſave your Majeſty.
P. Henry. This new and gorgeous Garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſie on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your Sadneſs with ſome Fear;
This is the *Engliſh*, not the *Turkiſh* Court:
Not *Amurah* an *Amurah* ſucceeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*. Yet be ſad, good Brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo Royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my Heart. Why then be ſad,
But entertain no more of it, good Brothers,
Than a joint-burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by Heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your Father and your Brother too:
Let me but bear your Love, I'll bear your Cares;
But weep that *Harry*'s dead, and ſo will I.
But *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe Tears
By number, into hours of Happineſs.
Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.
P. Henry. You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt.
You are, I think, aſſur'd I love you not. [*To the Ch. Juſt.*
Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. No! How might a Prince of my great Hopes
So great Indignities you laid upon me? [forget
What! Rate! Rebuke! and roughly ſend to Priſon
Th' immediate Heir of *England*! Was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the Perſon of your Father;
The Image of his Power lay then in me,
And, in th' Adminiſtration of his Law,
Whiles I was buſie for the Common-wealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my Place,
The Majeſty and Power of Law and Juſtice,
The Image of the King, whom I preſented,
And ſtruck me in my very Seat of Judgment:
Whereon, as an Offender to your Father,
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the Deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Son, ſet your Decrees at naught?
To pluck down Juſtice from your awful Bench?
To trip the courſe of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your Perſon?
Nay, more, to ſpurn at your moſt Royal Image,
And mock your workings in a ſecond Body?
Queſtion your Royal Thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the Father, and propoſe a Son:
Hear your own Dignity ſo much prophan'd,
See your moſt dreadful Laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold your ſelf ſo by a Son diſdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your Power ſoft-ſilencing your Son:
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your State,
What I have done that misbecame my Place,
My Perſon, or my Liege's Sovereignty.

P. Henry. You are right Juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wiſh your Honours may increaſe,
'Till you do live to ſee a Son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my Father's words.
Happy am I, that have a Man ſo bold,

That

That dares do Juſtice on my proper Son;
And no leſs happy having ſuch a Son,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
Into the hands of Juſtice. You did commit me;
For which I do commit into your Hand
Th' unſtained Sword that you have us'd to bear,
With this Remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt and impartial Spirit
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my Hand,
You ſhall be as a Father to my Youth.
My Voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine Ear,
And I will ſtoop and humble my Intents
To your well practis'd wiſe Directions.
And Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My Father is gone wild into his Grave,
(For in his Tomb lye my Affections)
And, with his Spirit, ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the Expectations of the World:
To fruſtrate Propheſies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. The tide of Blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity 'till now.
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the Sea;
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Majeſty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us chuſe ſuch Limbs of noble Counſel
That the great Body of our State may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd Nation;
That War or Peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, Father, ſhall have formoſt Hand.
[*To Lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And (Heaven conſigning to my good Intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heaven ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, Page, *and* Davy.

Shal. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine Orchard, where in an Arbor we will eat a laſt Years Pippin of my own graffing, with a Diſh of Carraways, and ſo forth: Come, Couſin *Silence*; and then to Bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John*: Marry, good Air. Spread *Davy*, ſpread *Davy*: Well ſaid, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* ſerves you for good uſes; he is your Servingman, and your Husbandman.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *John*: I have drank too much Sack at Supper. A good Varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: Come, Couſin.

Sil. Ah, Sirrah, quoth-a,

We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good Chear, [Singing.
And praiſe Heaven for the merry Tear;
When Fleſh is cheap and Females dear,
And luſty Lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry Heart, good Maſter *Silence*. I'll drink your health for that anon.

Shal. Good Maſter *Bardolph*: Some wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir, ſit. Maſter *Page*, ſit: Good Maſter *Page*, ſit: Proface. What you want in Meat we'll have in Drink; but you bear, the Heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, Maſter *Bardolph*, and my little Soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my Wife has all,*
For Women are Shrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all;
And welcome, merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Maſter *Silence* had been a Man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once e'er now.

Dav. There is a diſh of Leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy.

Dav.

Dav. Your Worſhip---I'll be with you ſtreight. A Cup of Wine, Sir.

Sil. [Singing.] *A Cup of Wine,*
That's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the Leman mine;
And a merry Heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, Maſter *Silence.*

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the Night.

Fal. Health and long Life to you, Maſter *Silence.*

Sil. Fill the Cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolph,* welcome; if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy Heart. Welcome my little tyny thief, and welcome indeed too: I'll drink to Maſter *Bardolph,* and to all the Cavileroes about *London.*

Dav. I hope to ſee *London,* once e'er I dye.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, *Davy.*

Shal. You'll crack a Quart together? Ha, will you not, Maſter *Bardolph?*

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle Pot.

Shal. I thank thee; the Knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir.

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a King: Lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at Door there, ho: Who knocks?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight,* Samingo. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't? Why then ſay an old Man can do ſomewhat.

Dav. If it pleaſe your Worſhip there's one *Piſtol* come from the Court with News.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come.

Enter Piſtol.

How now, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Sir *John,* ſave you, Sir.

Fal. What Wind blew you hither, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Not the ill Wind which blows none to good, ſweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greateſt Men in the Realm.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but Goodman *Puff* of *Barſon.*

Piſt. Puff? puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant Coward baſe, Sir *John*, I am thy *Piſtol*, and thy Friend; helter skelter have I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and lucky joys, and golden Times, and happy News of price.

Fal. I prithee now deliver them, like a Man of this World.

Piſt. A footra for the World, and Worldings baſe, I ſpeak of *Africa*, and Golden Joys.

Fal. O baſe *Aſſyrian* Knight, what is thy News? Let King *Covitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John.*

Piſt. Shall dunghil Curs confront the *Helicon?* And ſhall good News be baffl'd? Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in Fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt Gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If, Sir, you come with News from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am Sir, under the King, in ſome Authority.

Piſt. Under which King? *Bezonian*, ſpeak, or dye.

Shal. Under King *Harry*,

Piſt. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Piſt. A footra for thine Office. Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King, *Harry* the Fifth's the Man, I ſpeak the truth. When *Piſtol* lies, do this, and fig-me, like The bragging *Spaniard.*

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door, The things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away *Bardolf*, ſaddle my Horſe, Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chuſe what Office thou wilt In the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee With Dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! *I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.*

Piſt.

Piſt. What? I do bring good News.

Fal. Carry Maſter *Silence* to Bed: Maſter *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's Steward. Get on thy Boots, we'll ride all Night. Oh, ſweet *Piſtol*; away *Bardolph*: Come, *Piſtol*, utter more to me; and, withal, deviſe ſomething to do thy ſelf good. Boot, boot, Maſter *Shallow*, I know the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any Man's Horſes: The Laws of *England* are at my Commandment. Happy are they which have been my Friends; and wo unto my Lord Chief Juſtice.

Piſt. Let Vultures vile ſeize on his Lungs alſo:
Where is the Life that late I led, ſay they?
Why here it is, welcome thoſe pleaſant Days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet *and Beadles.*

Hoſteſs. No, thou arrant Knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou haſt drawn my Shoulder out of joynt.

Bead. The Conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping Cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a Man or two, lately, kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: Come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-viſag'd Raſcal, if the Child I now go with do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtrook thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villain.

Hoſt. O that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I would the Fruit of her Womb might miſcarry.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of Cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the Man is dead that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin Man in a Cenſor; I will have you as ſoundly ſwing'd for this, you blue-bottl'd Rogue; you filthy famiſh'd Correctioner, if you be not ſwing'd I'll forſwear half Kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'ercome might. Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you Rogue, come;
Bring me to a Juſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman Death, Goodman Bones.

Hoſt. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come, you thin Thing:
Come, you Raſcal.

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter two Grooms.

1 *Groom.* More Ruſhes, more Ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The Trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the Clock e'er they come from the Coronation. [*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph *and Page.*

Fal. Stand here by me, Maſter *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace: I will lear upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the Countenance that he will give me.

Piſtol. Bleſs thy Lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new Liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor ſhew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs in Affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My Devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with Travel and Sweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all Affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt.* 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble Thoughts is in baſe Durance and contagious Priſon; hall'd thither by moſt mechanical and dirty Hands. Rowze up Revenge from *Ebon* Den, with fell *Alecto*'s Snake, for *Dol*'s in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the Sea; and Trumpet Clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King Henry *the Fifth, his Brothers, and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

Fal. Save thy Grace, King *Hal*, my Royal *Hal*.

Piſt. The Heavens thee guard and keep, moſt Royal Imp of Fame.

Fal. Save thee, my ſweet Boy,

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice ſpeak to that vain Man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your Wits?
Know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I ſpeak to thee, my Heart,

King. I know thee not, old Man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white Hairs become a Fool and Jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of Man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo prophane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my Dream.
Make leſs thy Body, hence, and more thy Grace,
Leave gormandizing. Know, the Grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider than for other Men.
Reply not to me with a Fool-born Jeſt;
Preſume not that I am the thing I was,
For Heaven doth know, ſo ſhall the World perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf,
So will I thoſe that kept me Company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt.
The tutor and the feeder of my Riots;
'Till then I baniſh thee, on pain of Death.
As I have done the reſt of my Miſs-leaders,
Not to come near our Perſon by ten mile.
For competence of Life I will allow you,
That lack of Means enforce you not to Evil:
And, as we hear you do redeem your ſelves,
We will, according to our Strength and Qualities,
Give you Advancement. Be it your Charge, my Lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenure of our Word. Set on.
[*Exit King.*

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: Look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the World. Fear not your Advancement, I will be the Man yet that ſhall make you Great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unleſs you would give me your Doublet and ſtuff me out with Straw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no Colours, go with me to Dinner:
Come Lieutenant *Piſtol*, come *Bardolph*,
I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at Night.

Ch. Juſt. Go carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon.
Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Lancaſter, *and Chief Juſtice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's,
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall be very well provided for;
But are baniſh'd, 'till their Converſations

Appear

Appear more wiſe and modeſt in the World.
Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.
Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, My Lord.
Ch. Juſt. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds, that e'er this year expire, We bear our Civil Swords and Native Fire As far as *France*. I heard a Bird ſo ſing, Whoſe Muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King. Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

First, my Fear; then, my Courteſie; laſt, my Speech. My Fear is your Diſpleaſure; my Courteſie, my Duty; and my Speech, to beg your Pardons. If you look for a good Speech now, you undo me; for what I have to ſay is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I ſhould ſay, will, I doubt, prove mine own Marring. But, to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a better; I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this, which if, like an ill Venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle Creditors, loſe. Here I promiſed you I would be, and here I commit my Body to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and, as moſt Debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my Legs? And yet that were but light Payment, to Dance out of your Debt: But a good Conſcience will make any poſſible Satisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen here have forgotten me; if the Gentlewomen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an Aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you; if you be not too much cloid with fat Meat, our humble Author will continue the Story, with Sir John *in it, and make you merry with fair* Katherine *of* France; *where, for any thing I know,* Falſtaff *ſhall die of a Sweat, unleſs already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For* Oldcaſtle *died a Martyr, and this is not the Man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too; I will bid you good Night, and ſo kneel down before you; but indeed to pray for the Queen.*

THE LIFE OF King *HENRY* V.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*

Duke of Glouceſter,
Duke of Bedford,
Duke of Clarence,
} *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of York,
Duke of Exeter,
} *Unkles to the King.*

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Weſtmorland.

Earl of Warwick.

Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury.

Biſhop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scroop,
Sir Thomas Grey,
} *Conſpirators againſt the King.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham,
Gower,
Fluellen,
Mackmorris,
Jamy,
} *Officers in King* Henry's *Army.*

Nym,
Bardolph,
Piſtol,
Boy,
} *Formerly Servants to* Falſtaff, *now Soldiers in the King's Army.*

Bates,
Court,
Williams,
} *Soldiers.*

Charles

Charles *the Sixth, King of* France.
The Dauphin.
Duke of Burgundy.
Conſtable,
Orleans,
Rambures,
Bourbon,
Grandpree,
} French *Lords.*
Governour of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, *a Herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the King of England.

Iſabel, *Queen of* France.
Catherine, *Daughter to the King of* France.
Alice, *a Lady attending on the Princeſs* Catherine.
Hoſteſs.

Lords, Meſſengers, French *and* Engliſh *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

The SCENE *lyes for Part of the firſt Act in* England, *but during the reſt of the Play wholly in* France.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

O For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt Heav'n of Invention,
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the Warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars, *and at his Heels,*
Leaſht in, like Hounds, ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for Employments. But pardon, Gentles all,
The flat unraiſed Spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſty Field of France? *Or may we cram*
Within this Wooden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Air at Agincourt?
O pardon; ſince a crooked Figure may
Atteſt in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginary Forces work.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whoſe high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our Imperfections with your Thoughts:
Into a thouſand Parts divide one Man,
And make imaginary Puiſſance.
Think, when we talk of Horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud Hoofs i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your Thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er Times;
Turning th' accompliſhment of many Years
Into an Hour-glaſs; for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus *to this Hiſtory;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble Patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our Play.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

King *HENRY* V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Arch-Biſhop of CANTERBURY.

MY Lord, I'll tell you, that ſelf Bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh Year o' th' laſt King's Reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther Queſtion.

Ely. But how, my Lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on: If it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better part of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporal Lands, which Men devout
By Teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's Honour,
Full fifteen Earls, and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:

And

And to relief of Lazars, and weak Age
Of indigent faint Souls, paſt corporal Toil,
A hundred Alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the Coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pound by th' Year. Thus runs the Bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the Cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The King is full of grace, and fair regard.
Ely. And a true Lover of the Holy Church.
Cant. The courſes of his Youth promis'd it not;
The breath no ſooner left his Father's Body,
But that his Wildneſs mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea at that very moment,
Conſideration, like an Angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him,
Leaving his Body as a Paradiſe,
T' invelope and contain Celeſtial Spirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden Scholar made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcowring Faults:
Nor never *Hydra*-headed Wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his Seat, and all at once,
As in this King.
Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.
Cant. Hear him but reaſon in Divinity,
And all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of Commonwealth Affairs;
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his Study:
Liſt his Diſcourſe of War, and you ſhall hear
A fearful Battel rendred you in Muſick.
Turn him to any Cauſe of Policy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his Garter; that when he ſpeaks,
The Air, a Charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in Mens Ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and practick Part of Life
Muſt be the Miſtreſs to his Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,

Since

Since his Addiction was to courſes vain,
His Companies unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow,
His Hours fill'd up with Riots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open Haunts and Popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
And wholſom Berries thrive and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his Contemplation
Under the vail of Wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the Summer Graſs, faſteſt by Night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his Faculty.

Cant. It muſt be ſo; for Miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the Means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? Doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He ſeems indifferent:
Or rather ſwaying more upon our Part,
Than cheriſhing th'exhibiters againſt us:
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our Spiritual Convocation,
And in regard of Cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his Predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this Offer ſeem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The ſeverals and unhidden Paſſages
Of his true Titles to ſome certain Dukedoms,
And generally, to the Crown and Seat of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd Audience; and the Hour I think is come,

To

To give him hearing. Is it four a Clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in to know his Embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a Word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*
Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmorland, *and* Exeter.
K. Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?
Exe. Not here in preſence.
K. Henry. Send for him, good Uncle.
Weſt. Shall we call in the Ambaſſador, my Liege?
K. Henry. Not yet, my Couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That task our Thoughs, concerning us and *France.*
Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.
Cant. God and his Angels guard your ſacred Throne,
And make you long become it.
K. Henry. Sure we thank you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not bar us in our Claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding Soul
With opening Titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in native Colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their Blood, in approbation
Of what your Reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our Perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping Sword of War:
We charge you in the Name of God take heed.
For never two ſuch Kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of Blood, whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one, a Woe, a ſore Complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe Wrong gives edge unto the Swords,
That make ſuch waſte in brief Mortality.
Under this Conjuration, ſpeak my Lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in Heart,

That

That what you ſpeak is in your Conſcience waſht,
As pure as Sin with Baptiſm.
Cant. Then hear me, gracious Soveraign, and you Peers,
That owe your ſelves, your Lives, and Services,
To this Imperial Throne. There is no Bar
To make againſt your Highneſs' Claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne ſuccedant,
No Woman ſhall ſucceed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the *French* unjuſtly gloze
To be the Realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law and female Bar.
Yet their own Authors faithfully affirm,
That the Land *Salike* is in *Germany*,
Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
Where *Charles* the Great having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French*:
Who holding in diſdain the *German* Women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their Life,
Eſtabliſht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike*, as I ſaid, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this Day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Then doth it well appear; the *Salike* Law
Was not deviſed for the Realm of *France*:
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* Land,
Until four hundred one and twenty Years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly ſuppos'd the Founder of this Law,
Who died within the Year of our Redemption,
Four hundred twenty ſix; and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the River *Sala*, in the Year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their Writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerick*,
Did, as Heir general, being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Claim and Title to the Crown of *France*:
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp'd the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, ſole Heir-male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:

To find his Title with ſome ſhews of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himſelf as th' Heir to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
To *Lewis* the Emperor, and *Lewis* the Son
Of *Charles* the Great: Alſo King *Lewis* the Tenth,
Who was ſole Heir to the Uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his Conſcience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till ſatisfy'd,
That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineal of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great
Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
So, that as clear as is the Summer's Sun,
King *Pepin*'s Title, and *Hugh Capet*'s Claim,
King *Lewis* his Satisfaction, all appear
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So do the Kings of *France* upon this Day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this *Salike* Law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the Female,
And rather chuſe to hide them in a Net,
Than amply to make bare their crooked Titles,
Uſurpt from you and your Progenitors. [Claim?

K. Henry. May I with Right and Conſcience make this
Cant. The Sin upon my Head, dread Soveraign:
For in the Book of *Numbers*, it is writ,
When the Man dies, let the Inheritance
Deſcend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody Flag,
Look back into your mighty Anceſtors;
Go, my dread Lord, to your great Grandſire's Tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your great Unkle, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the *French* Ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full Power of *France*:
Whiles his moſt Mighty Father on a Hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lion's Whelp
Forage in Blood of *French* Nobility.
O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain,
With half their Forces, the full Pride of *France*,

And

And let another half ſtand laughing by,
And out of work, and cold for action.
Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant Arm renew their Feats;
You are their Heir, you ſit upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veins; and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-Morn of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterpriſes.
Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you ſhould rouze your ſelf,
As did the former Lions of your Blood. [might;
Weſt. They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means, and
So hath your Highneſs, never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
Whoſe Hearts have left their Bodies here in *England*,
And lye pavillion'd in the Field of *France*.
Cant. O let their Bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With Blood, and Sword, and Fire, to win your Right;
In aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty Sum,
As never did the Clergy, at one time,
Bring in to any of your Anceſtors.
K. Henry. We muſt not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our Proportions, to defend
Againſt the *Scot*, who will make road upon us,
With all advantages.
Cant. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soveraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering Borderers.
K. Henry. We do not mean the courſing Snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*;
Who hath been ſtill a giddy Neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his Forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot*, on his unfurniſht Kingdom,
Came pouring like a Tide into a Breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot aſſays,
Girding with grievous Siege, Towns and Caſtles:

That *England* being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook and trembled at th' ill Neighbourhood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege,
For hear her but exampl'd by her ſelf,
When all her Chivalry hath been in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelf not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of *Scots*; whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s Fame with Priſoner Kings,
And make his Chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the Ouzy bottom of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſs Treaſuries.
Ely. But there's a Saying very old and true,
If that you will France *win, then with* Scotland *firſt begin.*
For once the Eagle, *England*, being in prey,
To her ungarded Neſt, the Weazel, *Scot*,
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Eggs,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To ſpoil and havock more than ſhe can eat.
Exe. It follows then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home:
Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſſity;
Since we have Locks to ſafeguard Neceſſaries,
And pretty Traps to catch the petty Thieves.
While that the armed Hand doth fight abroad,
Th' adviſed Head defends it ſelf at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like Muſick.
Cant. Therefore doth Heav'n divide
The ſtate of Man in divers Functions,
Setting Endeavour in continual Motion:
To which is fixed, as an Aim or Butt,
Obedience; for ſo work the Honey Bees,
Creatures that, by a Rule in Nature, teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants, venture Trade abroad:
Others, like Soldiers armed in their ſtings,

Make

Make boot upon the Summer's Velvet buds:
Which Pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-Royal of their Emperor:
Who buſied in his Majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging Maſon building Roofs of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading up the Honey;
The poor Mechanick Porters, crowding in
Their heavy Burthens at his narrow Gate:
The ſad-ey'd Juſtice, with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to Executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone. I this infer,
That many things having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly:
As many Arrows looſed ſeveral ways
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one Town,
As many freſh Streams meet in one ſalt Sea;
As many Lines cloſe in the Dial's center;
So may a thouſand Actions once a-foot,
And in one purpoſe, and be all well born
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
Divide your happy *England* into four,
Whereof, take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake,
If we with thrice ſuch Powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own Doors from the Dog,
Let us be worried, and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the *Dauphin.*
Now are we all reſolv'd, and by God's help
And yours, the noble Sinews of our Power;
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll ſit,
Ruling in large and ample Empery,
O'er *France*, and all her, almoſt, Kingly Dukedoms,
Or lay theſe Bones in an unworthy Urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them;
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full Mouth
Speak freely of our Acts, or elſe our Grave,
Like *Turkiſh* Mute, ſhall have a Tongueleſs Mouth,
Not worſhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair Couſin *Dauphin*; for we hear,
Your Greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in Charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The *Dauphin*'s Meaning, and our Embaſſie.

K. Henry. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe Grace our Paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our Wretches fetter'd in our Priſons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plaineſs,
Tell us the *Dauphin*'s Mind.

Amb. Thus then in few.
You Highneſs, lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain Dukedoms, in the right
Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the Third.
In anſwer of which Claim, the Prince our Maſter
Says that you Savour too much of your Youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in *France*
That can be with a nimble Galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you, meeter for your Spirit,
This Tun of Treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* ſpeaks.

K. Henry. What Treaſure, Uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. Henry. We are glad the *Dauphin* is ſo pleaſant with us.
His Preſent, and your Pains we thank you for;
When we have match'd our Rackets to theſe Balls,
We will in *France*, by God's Grace, play a ſet
Shall ſtrike his Father's Crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with ſuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With Chaces. And we underſtand him well,
And he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor Seat of *England*,
And therefore living hence, did give our ſelf
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,

That

That men are merrieſt when they are from home:
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my Sail of Greatneſs,
When I do rowſe me in my Throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majeſty,
And plodded like a Man for working days:
But I will riſe there with ſo full a Glory,
That I will dazzle all the Eyes of *France*,
Yea ſtrike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mock of his
Hath turn'd his Balls to Gun-ſtones, and his Soul
Shall ſtand ſore charged, for the waſteful Vengeance
That ſhall fly with them: For many a thouſand Widows
Shall this his Mock mock out of their dear Husbands;
Mock Mothers from their Sons, mock Caſtles down:
And ſome are yet ungotten and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the *Dauphin*'s Scorn.
But this lyes all within the Will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whoſe Name
Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in Peace, and tell the *Dauphin*,
His Jeſt will ſavor but of ſhallow Wit,
When thouſands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe Conduct. Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. This was a merry Meſſage.

K. Henry. We hope to make the Sender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our Expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but *France*,
Save thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore let our Proportions for theſe Wars
Be ſoon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More Feathers to our Wings: For God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his Father's door.
Therefore let every Man now task his thought,
That this fair Action may on foot be brought. [Exeunt

Flour

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of *England* are on fire,
And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thrive the Armourers, and Honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every Man.
They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe,
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings.
With winged heels, as *Engliſh Mercuries.*
For now ſits Expectation in the Air,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts unto the Point,
With Crowns imperial, Crowns and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his Followers.
The *French* advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale Policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purpoſes.
O *England!* Model to thy inward Greatneſs,
Like little Body with a mighty Heart;
What might'ſt thou do, that Honour would thee do,
Were all thy Children kind and natural:
But ſee, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treacherous Crowns, and three corrupted men:
One *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*; and the ſecond,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and the third,
Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the Gilt of *France*, (O Guilt indeed!)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearful *France*,
And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt dye,
If Hell and Treaſon hold their Promiſes,
E'er he take ſhip for *France*; and in *Southampton*,
Linger your patience on, and we'll digeſt
Th'abuſe of diſtance; force a play:
The Sum is pay'd, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet for *London*, and the Scene
Is now tranſported, Gentles, to *Southampton*,
There is the Play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back: Charming the narrow Seas
To give you gentle Paſs; for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our Play.

But

But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our Scene. [*Exit.*

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal *Nim.*

Nim. Good morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph.*

Bard. What, are Ancient *Piſtol* and you Friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine Iron; it is but a ſimple one, but what though? It will toſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another Man's ſword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you Friends, and we'll be all three ſworn Brothers to *France:* Let it be ſo, good Corporal *Nim.*

Nim. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: That is my reſt; that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, Things muſt be as they may; Men may ſleep, and they may have their Throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, knives have edges: It muſt be as it may, though patience be a tired name, yet ſhe will plod, there muſt be Concluſions; well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtol, *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes Ancient *Piſtol* and his Wife; good Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine Hoſt *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Baſe Tyke, call'ſt thou me Hoſt? now by this hand, I ſwear I ſcorn the term; nor ſhall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Quick. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live honeſtly by the prick of their Needles, but it will be thought we keep a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewn now, we ſhall ſee wilful Adultery and Murther committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, Good Coporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Piſh,

Piſt.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, *Iſland* Dog; thou prick-ear'd Cur of *Iſland.*

Quick. Good Corporal *Nim*, ſhew thy Valour, and put up thy Sword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *Solus.*

Piſt. Solus, egregious Dog! O Viper vile; The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous Face, the *ſolus* in thy Teeth, and in thy Throat, and in thy hateful Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe, within thy naſty Mouth. I do retort the *ſolus* in thy Bowels; for I can take, and *Piſtol*'s cock is up, and flaſhing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſon* you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; If you grow foul with me, *Piſtol*, I will ſcour you with my Rapier, as I may in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your Guts a little in good terms, as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Piſt. O Braggard vile, and damned furious Wight,
The Grave doth gape, and doating Death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I ſay: He that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroak, I'le run him up to the hilts, as I am a Soldier.

Piſt. An Oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Piſt. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee again. O hound of *Creet*, think'ſt thou my Spouſe to get? No, to the *Spittle* go, and from the Powdring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Creſſid*'s kind, *Dol Tear-ſheet*, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe. I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the only ſhe; and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoſt *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my Maſter, and your Hoſteſs: He is very ſick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy face between the ſheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you Rogue.

Quick.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good Huſband come preſently. [*Exit Quick.*

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two Friends? We muſt to *France* together; why the Devil ſhould we keep Knives to cut one another's Throats?

Piſt. Let Flouds o'erſwell, and Fiends for Food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight Shillings, I won of you at Betting.

Piſt. Baſe is the Slave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As Manhood ſhall compound; puſh home. [*Draw.*

Bard. By this Sword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'le kill him; by this Sword I will.

Piſt. Sword is an Oath, and Oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, and thou wilt be Friends, be Friends; and thou wilt not, why then be Enemies with me too; prethee put up.

Piſt. A Noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent Pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I give to thee, and Friendſhip ſhall combine, and Brotherhood. I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me, is not this juſt? For I ſhall Sutler be unto the Camp, and Profits will accrue. Give us thy hand.

Nim. I ſhall have my Noble?

Piſt. In caſh, moſt juſtly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. As ever you came of Women, come in quickly to Sir *John:* A poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet Men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. *Nim*, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours and carreers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight, for, Lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmorland.

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe Traitors.

Exe

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if Allegiance in their Boſoms ſate,
Crowned with Faith and conſtant Royalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the Man that was his Bedfellow!
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he ſhould, for a Foreign Purſe, ſo ſell
His Soveraign's life to death and treachery.

[*Sound Trumpets.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, *and* Gray.

K. Henry. Now ſits the Wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kind Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the Powers we bear with us
Will cut their paſſage through the Force of *France*?
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head aſſembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each Man do his beſt.

K. Henry. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſuaded,
We carry not a Heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and Conqueſt to attend on us.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your Majeſty; there's not, I think, a Subject
That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your Government.

Gray. True; thoſe that were your Father's Enemies,
Have ſteept their Gauls in Honey, and do obſerve you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs;
And ſhall forget the Office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.

Scroop. So Service ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toil,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelf with hope,
To do your Grace inceſſant ſervices.

K. Henry. We judge no leſs. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the Man committed yeſterday,

That

That rail'd againſt our Perſon: We conſider,
It was exceſs of Wine that ſet him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him.
Scroop. That's Mercy, but too much Security:
Let him be puniſh'd, Soveraign, leſt Example
Breed, by his ſufferance, more of ſuch a kind.
K. Henry. O let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Gray. Sir, you ſhew great mercy, if you give him Life,
After the taſte of much Correction.
K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavy Oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our Eye
When Capital Crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that Man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our Perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. And now to our *French* Cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one, my Lord,
Your Highneſs bad me ask for it to day.
Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.
Gray. And I, my Royal Soveraign.
K. Henry. Then *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight,
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Read them, and know I, know your worthineſs.
My Lord of *Weſtmorland*, and Uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe Papers, that you loſe
So much Complexion? Look ye how they change!
Their Cheeks are Paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded and chac'd your Blood
Out of appearance?
Camb. I do confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs mercy.
Gray. Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Henry. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own Counſel is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare, for ſhame, to talk of mercy,

For your own Reaſons turn into your Boſoms,
As Dogs upon their Maſters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my Noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* Monſters! My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this Man,
Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here at *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman Creature!
Thou that did'ſt bear the Key of all my Counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my Soul,
That, almoſt, might'ſt have coin'd me into Gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me, for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that Foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of Evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs,
As black and white, my Eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon and Murther, ever kept together,
As two yoak Devils ſworn to either's purpoſe,
Working ſo groſly in a Natural Cauſe,
That admiration did not hoop at them.
But thou, 'gainſt all Proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on Treaſon, and on Murther:
And whatſoever cunning Fiend it was
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voice in Hell for excellence:
And other Devils that ſuggeſt By-Treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up Damnation,
With Patches, Colours, and with Forms, being fetcht
From gliſt'ring Semblances of Piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do Treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole world,

He may return to vaſty *Tartar* back,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A Soul ſo eaſie as that *Engliſhman's*.
Oh, how haſt thou with Jealouſie infected
The ſweetneſs of Affiance! Shew Men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seem they Grave and Learned?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seem they Religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in Diet,
Free from groſs Paſſion, or of Mirth, or Anger,
Conſtant in Spirit, not ſwerving with the Blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt Complement,
Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
And but in purged Judgment truſting neither?
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy Fall hath left a kind of blot,
To make thee full fraught Man, the beſt endued
With ſome ſuſpicion, I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine methinks is like
Another fall of Man. Their Faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law
And God acquit them of their Practices.

Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the Name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the Name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the Name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our Purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my Fault more than my Death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my Body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me the Gold of *France* did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But, God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoyce for,
Beſeeching God and you to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithful Subject more rejoyce
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous Treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er my ſelf,

Prevented from a damned Enterprize:
My Fault, but not my Body, pardon, Sovereign.
K. Henry. God quit you in his Mercy; hear your Sentence:
You have conſpir'd againſt our Royal Perſon,
Join'd with an Enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers
Receiv'd the golden Earneſt of our Death;
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to Servitude,
His Subjects to Oppreſſion and Contempt,
And his whole Kingdom into Deſolation:
Touching our Perſon, ſeek we no Revenge,
But we our Kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe Ruin you three ſought, that to her Laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miſerable Wretches, to your Death;
The taſte whereof God of his Mercy give
You patience to endure, and true Repentance
Of all your dear Offences. Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now, Lords, for *France*, the Enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky War,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
But every Rub is ſmoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear Country-men; let us deliver
Our Puiſſance into the Hand of God,
Putting it ſtreight in expedition.
Chearly to Sea, the ſigns of War advance,
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, *and* Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Prethee Honey, ſweet Husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Piſtol. No, for my manly Heart doth yern. *Bardolph*, be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting Veins: Boy, briſtle thy Courage up; for *Falſtaff* he is dead, and we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him whereſoe'er he is, either in Heaven, or in Hell.

Hoſt. Nay, ſure, he's not in Hell; he's in *Arthur's* Boſom, if ever Man went to *Arthur's* Boſom; he made a finer end,

end, and went away and it had been any Chriſom Child; a parted juſt between Twelve and One, ev'n at the turning o'th' Tyde; for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile upon his Fingers end, I knew there was but one way; for his Noſe was as ſharp as a Pen, and a Table of Green Fields. How now, Sir *John*? quoth I. What Man? be a good Cheer; ſo a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times: Now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not think of God; I hop'd there was no need trouble himſelf with any ſuch Thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Clothes on his Feet: I put my Hand into the Bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a Stone: Then I felt to his Knees, and ſo upward and upward, all was as cold as any Stone.

Nim. They ſay he cried out of Sack.

Hoſt. Ay, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſt. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes, that a did, and ſaid they were Devils Incarnate.

Hoſt. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hoſt. A did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle Women; but then he was rheumatick and talk'd of the Whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s Noſe, and ſaid it was a black Soul burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that Fire: That's all the Riches I got in his Service.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Shouthampton*.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lips: Look to my Chattels, and Moveables; let Senſes rule; the world is, Pitch and pay; truſt none, for Oaths are Straws, Mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the only Dog; my Duck, therefore, *Caveto* be thy Counſellor. Go, clear thy Chriſtals. Yoke-fellows in Arms, let us to *France*, like Horſe-leeches, my Boys, to ſuck, to ſuck, the very Blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholſome Food, they ſay.
Piſt. Touch her ſoft Mouth, and march.
Bard. Farewel, Hoſteſs.
Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.
Piſt. Let Houſwifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.
Hoſt. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the French *King, the Dauphin, the Duke of* Burgundy, *and the Conſtable.*

Fr. King. Thus come the *Engliſh* with full Power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To anſwer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Britain,*
Of *Brabant,* and of *Orleans* ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin,* with all ſwift diſpatch;
To line and new repair our Towns of War
With Men of Courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his approaches makes as fierce
As Waters to the ſucking of a Gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As Fear may teach us, out of late Examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh,*
Upon our Fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted Father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the Foe:
For Peace it ſelf ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdom,
(Tho' War, nor no known Quarrel were in queſtion)
But that Defences, Muſters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled and collected,
As were a War in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France:*
And let us do it with no ſhew of Fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly King'd,
Her Scepter ſo fantaſtically born,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous Youth,
That Fear attends her not.

Con. O Peace, Prince *Dauphin,*
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late Ambaſſadors,

With

With what great State he heard their Embaſſie,
How well ſupply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modeſt in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in conſtant Reſolution:
And you ſhall find his Vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners do with Ordure hide thoſe Roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
But tho' we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of Defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The Enemy more mighty than he ſeems,
So the Proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a Miſer, ſpoil his Coat with ſcanting
A little Cloath.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong;
And Princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us:
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain
That haunted us in our familiar Paths;
Witneſs our too much memorable Shame,
When *Creſſy* Battel fatally was ſtruck,
And all our Princes captiv'd by the Hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of *Wales*:
Whiles that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain ſtanding,
Up in the Air, crown'd with the Golden Sun,
Saw his Heroick Seed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of Nature, and deface
The Patterns that by God and by *French* Fathers
Had twenty Years been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent Audience.
Go, and bring them.
You ſee this Chaſe is hotly followed, Friends.

Dau. Turn Head, and ſtop purſuit; for Coward Dogs
Moſt ſpend their Mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchy you are the Head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a Sin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our Brother of *England*?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you deveſt your ſelf, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, 'longs
To him and to his Heirs; namely, the Crown;
And all wide-ſtretched Honours that pertain,
By Cuſtom and the Ordinance of Times,
Unto the Crown of *France*. That you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkward Claim,
Pick'd from the Worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old Oblivion rak'd,
He ſends you this moſt memorable Line,
In every Branch truly demonſtrative,
Willing you over-look his Pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous Anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign
Your Crown and Kingdom indirectly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the Crown
Even in your Hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce Tempeſt is he coming,
In Thunder and in Earthquake, like a *Jove*:
That if requiring fail, he will compell.
He bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown, and to take mercy
On the poor Souls for whom this hungry War
Opens his vaſty Jaws; and on your Head
Turning the Widow's Tears, the Orphans Crys,
The dead Mens Bloods, the privy Maidens Groans,

For

For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallowed in this Controverſie.
This is his Claim, his Threatning, and my Meſſage;
Unleſs the *Dauphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſly I bring Greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our Brother of *England.*

Dau. For the *Dauphin*,
I ſtand here for him; what to him from *England?*

Exe. Scorn and Defiance, ſlight Regard, Contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my King; and if your Father's Highneſs
Do not, in grant of all Demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you ſent his Majeſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an Anſwer of it,
That Caves and womby Vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your Treſpaſs, and return your Mock
In ſecond Accent of his Ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my Father tender fair return,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but Odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did preſent him with the *Paris* Balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louver* ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſs Court of mighty *Europe*:
And be aſſur'd you'll find a difference,
As we, his Subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the Promiſe of his greener days
And theſe he maſters now; now he weighs Time
Even to the utmoſt Grain, that you ſhall read
In your own Loſſes, if he ſtay in *France.*

Fr. King. To morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.
[*Flouriſh.*

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay,
For he is footed in this Land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair Conditions.
A Night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe
To anſwer *matters of* this Conſequence. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

THus with imagin'd Wing our ſwift Scene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity,
Than that of Thought. Suppoſe that you have ſeen
The well appointed King at *Dover* Peer,
Embark his Royalty; and his brave Fleet,
With ſilken Streamers, the young *Phœbus* fanning;
Play with your Fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship Boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill Whiſtle, which doth Order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden Sails,
Born with th' inviſible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottoms thro' the furrow'd Sea,
Breaſting the lofty Surge. O, do but think
You ſtand upon the Rivage, and behold
A City on th' inconſtant Billows dancing;
For ſo appears this Fleet Majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
Grapple your Minds to ſternage of this Navy,
And leave your *England* as dead Midnight, ſtill,
Guarded with Grandſires, Babies and old Women,
Either paſt, or not arriv'd to pitch and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing Hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice drawn Cavaliers to *France*?
Work, work your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege:
Behold the Ordnance on their Carriages,
With fatal Mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
Suppoſe th' Ambaſſador from the *French* comes back,
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katharine his Daughter, and with her to Dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms.
The Offer likes not; and the nimble Gunner
With Lynſtock now the deviliſh Cannon touches.

[*Alarm, and Chambers go off.*

And

And down goes all beforre him. Still be kind,
And ech out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter, *with Scaling-Ladders as before* Harfleur.

K. Henry. Once more unto the Breach,
Dear Friends, once more;
Or cloſe the Wall up with our *Engliſh* dead:
In Peace there's nothing ſo becomes a Man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of War blows in our Ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the Sinews, ſummon up the Blood,
Diſguiſe fair Nature with hard-favour'd Rage;
Then lend the Eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braſs Cannon, let the Brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled Rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded Baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful Ocean.
Now ſet the Teeth, and ſtretch the Noſtril wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
To his full height. On, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe Blood is fet from Fathers of War-proof;
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from Morn 'till Even fought,
And ſheath'd their Swords for lack of Argument;
Diſhonour not your Mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd Fathers did beget you.
Be Copy now to Men of groſſer Blood,
And teach them how to War; and you, good Yeomen,
Whoſe Limbs were made in *England*, ſhew us here
The mettle of your Paſture: Let us ſwear,
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your Eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like Greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the Start. The Game's a-foot:
Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, *England*, and St. *George*.

[*Alarm, and Chambers go off.*

Enter

Enter Nim, Barpolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the Breach, to the Breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, Corporal, ſtay, the Knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a Caſe of Lives; the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain Song of it.

Piſt. The plain Song is moſt juſt; for humours do abound: Knocks go and come: God's Vaſſals drop and dye; and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth win immortal Fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houſe in *London*, I would give all my Fame for a Pot of Ale, and ſafety.

Piſt. And I; if wiſhes would prevail with me, my purpoſe ſhould not fail with me; but thether would I hye.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth ſing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you Dogs; avant, you Cullions.

Piſt. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of Mould, abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock, bate thy Rage, uſe lenity, ſweet Chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humous; your Honour wins bad humours. [*Exunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three Swaſhers. I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three ſuch Antiques do not amount to a Man; for *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not; for *Piſtol*, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons; for *Nim*, he hath heard, that Men of few Words are the beſt Men, and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his Prayers, leſt a ſhould be thought a Coward; but his few bad words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any Man's head but his own, and that was againſt a Poſt, when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it Purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a Lute-caſe, bore it twelve Leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn Brothers in filching; and in *Calice* they ſtole a *fire-ſhovel. I knew*, by that piece of Service, the Men would carry *Coals. They* would have me as familiar with Mens Pockets,

as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers; which makes much againſt my Manhood, if I would take from another's Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketting up of Wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better Service; their Villany goes againſt my weak Stomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the Mines; the Duke of *Glouceſter* would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the Mines? Tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the Mines; for look you, the Mines are not according to the Diſciplines of War; the Concavities of it is not ſufficient; for look you, th' adverſary, you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you, is digt himſelf four yards under the Countermines; by *Cheſhu*, I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Glouceſter*, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Iriſh* man, a very valiant Gentleman, I'faith.

Flu. It is Captain *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By *Cheſhu* he is an Aſs, as is in the World, I will verifie as much, in his Beard; he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the Wars, look you, of the *Roman* diſciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorrice, *and Captain* Jamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy*, with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunciant Wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheſhu* he will maintain his Argument as well as any Military Man in the World, in the Diſciplines of the priſtine Wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I ſay gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captain *James*.

Gower. How now, Captain *Mackmorrice*, have you quit the Mines? have the Pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By Chriſh, Law, tiſh ill done; the Work iſh give over; the Trompet ſound the Retreat. By my hand I ſwear, and by my Father's Soul, the Work iſh ill done; it iſ

iſh give over; I would have blowed up the Town, ſo Chriſh ſave me, law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my Hand tiſh ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I beſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the War, the *Roman* Wars, in the way of Argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to ſatisfy my Opinion, and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my Mind, as touching the direction of the Military diſcipline, that is the Point.

Jamy. It ſall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſal I marry.

Mack. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: The Day is hot, and the Weather, and the Wars, and the King, and the Duke; it is not time to diſcourſe, the Town is beſeech'd; and the Trumpet calls us to the Breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa'me 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand; and there is Throats to be cut, and Works to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa'me law.

Jamy. By the Mes, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, ayle de gud ſervice, or Ile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and Ile pay't as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Mack. Of my Nation? What iſh my Nation? Iſh a Villain, and a Baſtard, and a Knave, and a Raſcal? What iſh my Nation? Who talks of my Nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, Captain *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability, as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you, being as good a Man as your ſelf both in the diſciplines of Wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particulars.

Mack. I do not know you ſo good a Man as my ſelf, ſo *Chriſh* ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy.

Jamy. A, that's a foul fault. [*A Parley ſounded.*

Gower. The Town ſounds a Parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of War, and there is an end. [*Exeunt*

Enter King Henry, *and all his Train before the Gates.*

K. Henry. How yet reſolves the Governor of the Town?
This is the lateſt Parle we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give your ſelves,
Or like to Men proud of deſtruction,
Defie us to our worſt; for as I am a Soldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt;
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
'Till in her aſhes ſhe lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy ſhall be all ſhut up,
And the fleſh'd Soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, ſhall range
With Conſcience wide as Hell, mowing like Graſs
Your freſh fair Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious War,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Do with his ſmircht complexion all fell feats,
Enlinck to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you your ſelves are cauſe,
If your pure Maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Rein can hold licentious Wickedneſs,
When down the Hill he holds his fierce Career?
We may as bootleſs ſpend our vain Command
Upon th' enraged Soldiers in their Spoil,
As ſend Precepts to the *Leviathan*
To come a-ſhoar. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your Town and of your People,
Whiles yet my Soldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate Wind of Grace
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of heady Murther, Spoil, and Villany.
If not; why in a moment look to ſee
The blind and bloody Soldier, with foul hand

Deſire

Deſire the Locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking Daughters;
Your Fathers taken by the ſilver Beards,
And their moſt reverent Heads daſht to the Walls:
Your naked Infants ſpitted upon Pikes,
While the mad Mothers, with their howls confus'd,
Do break the Clouds; as did the Wives of *Jewry*,
At *Herod*'s bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
Or guilty in defence be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The *Dauphin*, of whom Succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To raiſe ſo great a Siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our Town and Lives to thy ſoft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. Henry. Open your Gates: Come, Unkle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortifie it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French*:
Uſe mercy to them all for us, dear Unkle.
The Winter coming on, and Sickneſs growing
Upon our Soldiers, we will retire to *Calais*.
To night in *Harfleur* we will be your Gueſt,
To morrow for the March we are addreſt.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the Town.*

Enter Katherine *and an old Gentlewoman.*

Kath. *Alice, tu as eſté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien le Language.*

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie de m'enſeigner, il faut que j'apprenne a parler. Comment appellé vous la main en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main, il eſt appellé, de Hand.*

Kath. *De Hand.*

Alice. *Et le doyt.*

Kath. *Le doyt, me foy je oublie le doyt, mais je me ſouviendray le doyt, je penſe qu'ils ont appellé des fingres, ouy de fingres.*

Alice. *La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres, Je penſe que je ſuis le bon eſcolier.*

Kath. *J'ay gaigné deux mots d'Anglois viſtement, comment appellé vous les ongles?*

Alice.

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.*

Kath. *De Nayles eſcoutez: dites moy, ſi je parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles.*

Alice. *C'eſt bien dit Madame, il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois le bras.*

Alice. *De Arme, Madame.*

Kath. *Et le Coude.*

Alice. *D' Elbow.*

Kath. *D'Elbow: Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'aviz apprins dès a preſent.*

Alice. *Il eſt trop difficile Madame, comme je penſe.*

Kath. *Excuſe moy Alice, eſcoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, de Bilbow.*

Alice, *D' elbow, Madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie d'Elbow, comment appellé vous le col?*

Alice. *De Neck, Madame.*

Kath. *De Neck, & le manton?*

Alice. *De Chin.*

Kath. *De Sin, le col, de Neck: le manton, de Sin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verité vous prononciés les mots auſſi droict, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deſia oublié ce que je vous ay enſeigné.*

Kath. *Non, je reciteray a vous promptement d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, Madame.*

Alice. *De Nayles, Madame.*

Kath. *De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf voſtre honneur d'Elbow.*

Kath. *Ainſi dis-je d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin: comment appellé vous les pieds & de robe.*

Alice. *Le Foot Madame, & le Count.*

Kath. *Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu! ce ſont des mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les Dames d'Honneur d'uſer: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! Il faut le Foot, & le Count, neant moins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma leçon enſemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin, de Foot, de Count.*

Alice

Alice. *Excellent, Madame,*
Kath. *C'eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner.* [Exeunt.
Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Britain, *the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*
Fr. K. 'Tis certain he hath paſs'd the River *Some.*
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a Barbarous People.
Dau. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few Sprays of us,
The emptying of our Father's Luxury,
Our Syens, put in Wild and Savage Stock,
Spirt up ſo ſuddenly into the Clouds,
And over-look their Grafters?
Brit. Normans, but Baſtard *Normans, Norman* Baſtards.
Mort de ma vie, if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my Dukedom,
To buy a ſlobbry and a dirty Farm
In that nook-ſhotten Iſle of *Albion.*
Con. Dieu de Batailles! where have they this Mettle?
Is not their Climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with Frowns? Can ſodden Water,
A Drench for Sur-reyn'd Jade, their Barly-broth,
Decoct their cold Blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick Blood ſpirited with Wine,
Seem froſty? O! for the Honour of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Iſicles
Upon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſty People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich Fields:
Poor we may call them, in their Native Lords.
Dau. By Faith and Honour,
Our Madams mock at us, and plainly ſay,
Our Mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their Bodies to the Luſt of *Engliſh* Youth,
To New-ſtore *France* with Baſtard Warriors.
Brit. They bid us to the *Engliſh* Dancing Schools,
And teach *Lavalta*'s high, and ſwift *Curranto*'s,
Saying, our Grace is only in our Heels,
And that we are moſt lofty Run-aways.
Fr. King. Where is *Montjoy*, the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharp Defiance.
Up Princes, and with Spirit of Honour edged, More

More ſharper than your Swords, hie to the Field:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of *France*;
You Duke of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouſſie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great ſhames:
Bar *Harry England*, that ſweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the Blood of *Harfleur*:
Ruſh on his Hoſt, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Vallies, whoſe low Vaſſal Seat
The *Alps* doth ſpit, and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into *Roan*
Bring him our Priſoner.

Con. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his Numbers are ſo few,
His Soldiers ſick, and famiſht in their March:
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our Army,
He'll drop his Heart into the ſink of Fear,
And for Atchievement, offer us his Ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſte on *Mountjoy*,
And let him ſay to *England*, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranſom he will give.
Prince *Dauphin*, you ſhall ſtay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not I, I do beſeech your Majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth Lord Conſtable and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England's* Fall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. How now, Captain *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a Man that I love and honour with my Soul, and my Heart, and my Duty, and my Life, and my Living, and my uttermoſt Power. He is not, God be praiſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge moſt valiantly, with

with excellent Diſcipline. There is an ancient Lieutenant there at the Bridge, I think in my very Conſcience he is as Valiant a Man as *Mark Anthony*, and he is a Man of no Eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him do as gallant Service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Piſtol.*

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the Man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours: The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe God, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. Bardolph, a Soldier firm and ſound of Heart, and of buxom Valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddy Fortune's furious fickle Wheel, that Goddeſs blind, that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs Stone——

Flu. By your Patience, ancient *Piſtol:* Fortune is painted blind, with a Muffler before her Eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a Wheel, to ſignifie to you, which is the Moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutability, and variation; and her Foot, look you, is fixed upon a Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Moral.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s Foe, and frowns on him; for he hath ſtoln a *Pax*, and Hanged muſt a be; Damned Death; let Gallows gape for Dog, let Man go free, and let not Hemp his Wind-pipe ſuffocate; but *Exeter* hath given the Doom of Death for *Pax* of little Price. Therefore go ſpeak, the Duke will hear thy voice; and let not *Bardolph*'s vital Thread be cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speak Captain for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my Brother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his good Pleaſure, and put him to Execution; for *Diſcipline* ought to be uſed.

Piſt.

Piſt. Die, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy Friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The Fig of *Spain.* [*Exit* Piſt.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raſcal, I remember him now; a Bawd, a Cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, a utt'red as prave words at the Pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a Summers Day; but it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Fool, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Wars, to grace himſelf at his return into *London,* under the form of a Soldier; and ſuch Fellows are perfect in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learn you by rote where Services were done; at ſuch and ſuch a Sconce, at ſuch a Breach, at ſuch a Convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what terms the Enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the Phraſe of War, which they trick up with new-tuned Oaths; and what a Beard of the Generals Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Camp, will do among foaming Bottles, and Ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on; but you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the Age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain *Gower*; I do perceive he is not the Man that he would gladly make ſhew to the World he is; if I find a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming, and I muſt ſpeak with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Soldiers.

Flu. God pleſs your Majeſty.

K. Henry. How now *Fluellen,* cam'ſt thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: The Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave Paſſages; marry, th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is Maſter of the Pridge: I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave Man.

K. Henry. What Men have you loſt, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athverſary hath been very great, reaſonable great; marry for my part, I think the Duke hath loſt never a Man, but one that is like to be executed for Robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the Man: His Face is all Bubukles, and Whelks, and Knobs, and flames a Fire, and his Lips blows at his Noſe, and it is like a Coal of Fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red, but his Noſe is executed, and his Fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all ſuch Offenders ſo cut off, and we give expreſs charge, that in our Marches through the Country, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but paid for; none of the *French* upbraided or abuſed in diſdainful Language; for when Lenity and Cruelty play for a Kingdom, the gentler Gameſter is the ſooneſt Winner.

Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my Habit. [thee?

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; what ſhall I know of

Mount. My Maſter's Mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus ſays my King: Say thou to *Harry* of *England*, though we ſeem'd dead, we did but ſleep: Advantage is a better Soldier than Raſhneſs. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at *Harfleur*, but that we thought not good to bruiſe an Injury, 'till it were full ripe. Now we ſpeak upon our Cue, and our Voice is imperial: *England* ſhall repent his Folly, ſee his Weakneſs, and admire our Sufferance. Bid him therefore conſider of his Ranſom, which muſt proportion the Loſſes we have born, the Subjects we have loſt, the Diſgrace we have digeſted; which in weight to re-anſwer, his Pettineſs would bow under. For our Loſſes, his Exchequer is too poor; for th'effuſion of our Blood, the Muſter of his Kingdom too faint a Number; and for our Diſgrace, his own Perſon kneeling at our Feet, but a weak and worthleſs Satisfaction. To this add Defiance; and tell him for concluſion, he hath betray'd his Followers, whoſe Condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my King and Maſter; ſo much my Office.

K. Henry. What is thy Name? I know thy Quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. Henry

K. Henry. Thou do'ſt thy Office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeek him now,
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*,
Without impeachment; for to ſay the ſooth,
Though 'tis no Wiſdom to confeſs ſo much,
Unto an Enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My People are with Sickneſs much enfeebled,
My Numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many *French*;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, Herald,
I thought, upon one pair of *Engliſh* Legs
Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
Hath blown that Vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go therefore tell thy Maſter, here I am;
My Ranſom is this frail and worthleſs Trunk;
My Army, but a weak and ſickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf, and ſuch another Neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy Labour, *Mountjoy*.
Go bid thy Maſter well adviſe himſelf,
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hindred,
We ſhall your tawny Ground with your red Blood
Diſcolour; and ſo *Mountjoy* fare you well.
The ſum of all our Anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a Battel, as we are,
Nor as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your Maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: Thanks to your Highneſs. [*Exit.*

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, Brother, not in theirs;
March to the Bridge, it now draws toward Night,
Beyond the River we'll encamp our ſelves,
And on to morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Conſtable of France, *the Lord* Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, *with others.*

Con. Tut, I have the beſt Armour of the World; would it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour; but let my Horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt Horſe of *Europe.*

Orl.

Orl. Will it never be Morning?

Dau. My Lord of *Orleans*, and my Lord High Conſtable, you talk of Horſe and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dau. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horſe with any that treads but on four Paſterns; ch'ha; he bounds from the Earth, as if his Entrails were hairs; *Le Cheval volant*, the *Pegaſus*, *qu'il a les narines de feu*. When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a Hawk; he trots the Air; the Earth ſings, when he touches it; the baſeſt Horn of his Hoof is more Muſical than the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaſt for *Perſeus*; he is pure Air and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient ſtilneſs while his Rider mounts him; he is indeed a Horſe, and all other Jades you may call Beaſts.

Con. Indeed my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent Horſe.

Dau. It is the Prince of Palfrays, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more, Couſin,

Dau. Nay, the Man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Lark to the lodging of the Lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my Palfray; it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea: Turn the Sands into eloquent Tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all; 'tis a ſubject for a Soveraign to reaſon on, and for a Soveraign's Soveraign to ride on; and for the World, familiar to us, and unknown, to lay a part their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his praiſe and began thus, *Wonder of Nature*——

Orl. I have heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſs.

Orl. Your Miſtreſs bears well.

Dau.

Dau. Me well, which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſs.

Con. Nay, for methought Yeſterday your Miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a *Kerne* of *Ireland*, your *French* Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroſſers.

Con. You have good judgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foul Bogs; I had rather have my Horſe to my Miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lieve have my Miſtreſs a Jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Conſtable, my Miſtreſs wears his own Hair.

Con. I could make as true a Boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſs.

Dol. Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, & la truie lavée au bourbier; thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſs, or any ſuch Proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to Night, are thoſe Stars or Suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Con. Ev'n as your Horſe bears your praiſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a Mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* Faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were Morning, for I would fain be about the Ears of the *Engliſh*.

Ram. Who will go Hazard with me for twenty Priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go your ſelf to hazard, e'er you have them.

Dau. 'Tis Mid-night, I'll go arm my ſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for Morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white Hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her Foot, that ſhe may tread out the Oath.

Orl. He is ſimply the moſt active Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to morrow; he will keep that good Name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf, and he ſaid he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is hidden Virtue in him.

Con. By my Faith, Sir, but it is; never any body ſaw it, but his Lacquey; 'tis a hooded Valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill-will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that Proverb with, *There is Flattery in Friendſhip.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there ſtands your Friend for the Devil; have at the very Eye of that Proverb with, *A Pox of the Devil.*

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much *a Fool's Bolt is ſoon ſhot.*

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the *Engliſh* lye within *fifteen hundred* Paces of your Tents.

Con. Who hath meaſur'd the Ground?

Meſſ.

Meſſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Con. A valiant and moſt expert Gentleman. Would it were day. Alas poor *Harry* of *England*; he longs not for the Dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh Fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd Followers ſo far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the *Engliſh* had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their Heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never wear any ſuch heavy Head-pieces.

Ram. That Iſland of *England* breeds very valiant Creatures; their Maſtiffs are of unmatchable Courage.

Orl. Fooliſh Curs, that run winking into the Mouth of a *Ruſſian* Bear, and have their Heads cruſh'd like rotten Apples; you may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dare to eat his breakfaſt on the Lip of a Lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the Men do ſympathize with the Maſtiffs, in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives; and then give them great Meals of Beef, and Iron and Steel; they will eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orl. Ay, but theſe *Engliſh* are ſhrewdly out of Beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to morrow, they have only Stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. It is now two a Clock; but let me ſee, by ten
We ſhall have each a hundred *Engliſhmen.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

NOW entertain Conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark
Fills the wide Veſſel of the Univerſe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night,
The

The Hum of either Army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fixt Centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret Whiſpers of each others Watch.
Fire anſwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battel ſees the others umber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaſtful Neighs
Piércing the Night's dull Ear; and from the Tents,
The Armourers accompliſhing the Knights,
With buſie Hammers cloſing Rivets up,
Give dreadful Note of Preparation.
The Country Cocks do crow, the Clocks do ſtowl;
And the third Hour of drouſie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and ſecure in Soul,
The confident and over-luſty *French*,
Do the low-rated *Engliſh* play at Dice:
And chide the criple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foul and ugly Witch do's limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned *Engliſh*,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchful Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings Danger: and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank-lean Cheeks, and War-worn Coats,
Preſented them unto the gazing Moon
So many horrid Ghoſts. O now who will behold
The Royal Captain of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
Let him cry, Praiſe and Glory on his Head:
For forth he goes, and viſits all his Hoſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt Smile,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Country-men.
Upon his Royal Face there is no Note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he Dedicate one jot of Colour
Unto the weary and all-watched Night:
But freſhly looks, and over-bears Attaint,
With chearful Semblance, and ſweet Majeſty:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks Comfort from his Looks.
A Largeſs univerſal, like the Sun,
His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold Fear, that mean and gentle all

Behs

Behold, as may Unworthineſs define,
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night.
And ſo our Scene muſt to the Battel fly:
Where, O for pity, we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils
(Right ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
The Name of *Agincourt*. Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries be. [*Exit.*

Enter King Henry, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter.

K. Henry. Glo'ſter, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore ſhould our Courage be.
Good morrow, Brother *Bedford:* God Almighty,
There is ſome Soul of Goodneſs in things Evil,
Would Men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes us early Stirrers,
Which is both Healthful, and good Husbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward Conſciences,
And Preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Moral of the Devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft Pillow for that good white Head
Were better, than a churliſh Turf of *France.*

Erping. Not ſo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.

K. Henry. 'Tis good for Men to love their preſent pain,
Upon Example, ſo the Spirit is eaſed:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though Defunct and Dead before,
Break up their drowſie Grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough, and freſh celerity.
Lend me thy Cloak, Sir *Thomas:* Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Camp:
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my Pavillion.

Glo. We ſhall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Henry. No, my good Knight:
Go with my Brothers to my Lords of England:

I and my Boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other Company.

Erp. The Lord in Heaven bleſs thee, noble *Harry*. [*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. God a mercy, old Heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearfully.

Enter Piſtol.

Piſt. Qui va la?

K. Henry. A Friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou baſe, common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant Pike?

K. Henry. Even ſo: What are you?

Piſt. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Imp of Fame, of Parents good, of Fiſt moſt valiant: I kiſs his dirty Shooe, and from Heart-ſtring I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

K. Henry. Harry le Roy.

Piſt. Le Roy! a *Corniſh* Name: Art thou of *Corniſh* Crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welchman.*

Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen*?

K. Henry. Yes.

Piſt. Tell him I'll knock his Leek about his Pate upon St. *Davy*'s day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your Dagger in your Cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his Friend?

K. Henry. And his Kinſman too.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then.

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen.*

Flu. So, in the Name of Jeſu Chriſt, ſpeak fewer: It is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal World, when the *true and auncient* Prerogatiſes and Laws of the Wars is not *kept: If you* would take the pains but to examine the Wars

of

of *Pompey* the Great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble babble in *Pompey*'s Camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the Ceremonies of the Wars, and the Cares of it, and the Forms of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why, the Enemy is loud, your hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemy is an Aſs and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an Aſs, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, in your own Conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. [*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. Tho' it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much Care and Valour in this *Welchman.*

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates,* is not that the Morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams. We ſee yonder the Beginning of the day, but I think we ſhall never ſee the End of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A Friend.

Will. Under what Captain ſerve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir *John Erpingham.*

Will. A good old Commander, and a moſt kind Gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our Eſtate?

K. Henry. Even as Men wrack'd upon a Sand, that look to be waſh'd off the next Tide.

Bates. He hath not told his Thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he ſhould: For though I ſpeak it to you, I think the King is but a Man, as I am: The Violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the Element ſhews to him, as it doth to me; all his Senſes have but human Conditions. His Ceremonies laid by, in his Nakedneſs he appears but a Man; and tho' his Affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop they ſtoop with the like Wing: Therefore, when he ſees reaſon of Fears, as we do, his Fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as

ours

[illegible] should possess him with any appearance of Fear; [illegible] should disheaten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward Courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a Night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the Neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all Adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my Conscience of the King; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor Mens Lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever, you speak this to feel other Mens Minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's Company; his Cause being just, and his Quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the King's Subjects: If his Cause be wrong, our Obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the Cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all those Legs, and Arms, and Heads chop'd off in a Battel, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a Place*; some Swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some upon their Wives left poor behind them; some upon the Debts they owe; some upon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd there are few die well that die in Battel; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when Blood is their Argument? Now, if these Men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it, whom to disobey, were against all proportion of Subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a Son, that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the Sea, the imputation of his Wickedness, by your Rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him; or, if a Servant, under his Master's Command, transporting a sum of Mony, be assail'd by Robbers, nnd die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the business of the Master the Author of the Ser-

vant's

vant's Damnation; but this is not ſo: The King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his Soldiers, the Father of his Son, nor the Maſter of his Servant; for they purpoſe not their Death, when they purpoſe their Services. Beſides, there is no King, be his Cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the Arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all unſpotted Soldiers: Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; ſome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seals of Perjury; ſome, making the Wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle Boſom of Peace with Pillage and Robbery. Now, if theſe Men have defeated the Law, and out-run Native Puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip Men, they have no Wings to fly from God. War is his Beadle, War is his Vengeance; ſo that here Men are puniſh'd, for before breach of the King's Laws, in now the King's Quarrel; where they feared the Death, they have born Life away, and where they would be ſafe they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their Damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe Impieties, for the which they are now viſited. Every Subject's Duty is the King's, but every Subject's Soul is his own. Therefore ſhould every Soldier in the Wars, as every ſick Man in his Bed, waſh every Moth out of his Conſcience: And dying ſo, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained; and in him that eſcapes, it were not Sin to think that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outlive that day to ſee his Greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every Man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own Head, the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. Henry. I my ſelf heard the King ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearfully; but when our Throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. Henry. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous ſhot out of an Elder-Gun, that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a Monarch; you may as well go about to turn the Sun to Ice, with fanning in his Face with a Peacock's Feather: You'll never truſt his Word after! Come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. Henry. Your Reproof is ſomething too round, I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a Quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There,

Will. This will I alſo wear in my Cap; if ever thou come to me, and ſay, after to morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will give thee a box on the Ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to ſee it I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, tho' I take thee in the King's Company.

Will. Keep thy Word: Fare thee well.

Bates. Be Friends, you *Engliſh* Fools, be Friends; we have *French* Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

K. Henry. Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* Crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their Shoulders; but it is no *Engliſh* Treaſon to cut *French* Crowns, and to morrow the King himſelf will be a Clipper.

Upon the King! let us, our Lives, our Souls,
Our Debts, our careful Wives, our Children, and
Our Sins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all
O hard Condition, twin-born with Greatneſs,
Subject to the breath of every Fool, whoſe Senſe
No more can feel, but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt King's neglect,
That private Men enjoy?
And what have Kings that Privates have not too,

Save

Save Ceremony, ſave general Ceremony?
And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal Griefs than do thy Worſhippers.
What are thy Rents? What are thy comings in?
O Ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What! is thy Soul of Adoration?
Art thou ought elſe but Place, Degree, and Form,
Creating awe and fear in other Men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of Homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd Flattery? O be ſick, great Greatneſs,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou the fiery Feaver will go out
With Titles blown from Adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggars knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtilly with a King's Repoſe,
I am a King that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the Balm, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
The enter-tiſſued Robe of Gold and Pearl,
The farſed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he ſits on; nor the Tide of Pomp,
That beats upon the high ſhoar of this World:
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous Ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in Bed Majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched Slave:
Who, with a Body fill'd, and vacant Mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful Bread,
Never ſees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Riſe to Set,
Sweats in the Eye of *Phœbus*; and all Night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*; next day after dawn,
Doth riſe and help *Hyperion* to his Horſe,
And follows ſo the ever-running Year
With profitable Labour to his Grave:
And, but for Ceremony, ſuch a Wretch,
Winding up days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slave, a Member of the Country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs Brain little wots,
What Watch the King keeps to maintain the Peace;
Whoſe hours the Peaſant beſt advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your Camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old Knight, collect them all together,
At my Tent: I'll be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall do't, my Lord. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. O God of Battels, ſteel my Soldiers Hearts,
Poſſeſs them not with Fear: Take from them now
The ſenſe of reck'ning of the oppoſed Numbers:
Pluck their Hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the Fault
My Father made, in compaſſing the Crown.
I *Richard's* Body have interred new,
And on it have beſtowed more contrite Tears
Than from it iſſued forced drops of Blood.
Five hundred Poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd Hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon Blood:
And I have built two Chauntries,
Where the ſad and ſolemn Prieſts ſing ſtill
For *Richard's* Soul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring Pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. My Liege.

K. Henry. My Brother *Glo'ſter's* Voice?
I know thy Errand, I will go with thee:
The Day, my Friend, and all things ſtay for me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, *and* Beaumont.

Orl. The Sun doth gild our Armour, up, my Lords.

Dau. Monte Cheval: My Horſe, *Valet Lacquay:* Ha!

Orl. Oh brave Spirit!

Dau. *Voyer les Cieux & la terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dau. Cen, Couſin Orleans.

Enter

Enter Conſtable.

Now my Lord Conſtable!

Con. Hark how our Steeds for preſent Service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make Inciſion in their Hides,
That their hot Blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* Eyes,
And d'out them with ſuperfluous Courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horſes Blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural Tears?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Engliſh* are embattell'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To Horſe, you gallant Princes, ſtreight to Horſe.
Do but behold yond poor and ſtarved Band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Souls,
Leaving them but the ſhales and husks of Men.
There is not work enough for all our Hands,
Scarce Blood enough in all their ſickly Veins,
To give each naked Curtle-ax a ſtain,
That our *French* Gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of Sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o'er-turn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exception, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous Lacqueys and our Peaſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarm
About our Squares of Battel, were enow
To purge this Field of ſuch a hilding Foe,
Tho' we upon this Mountain's Baſis by
Took ſtand, for idle Speculation:
But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let us do;
And all is done; then let the Trumpets ſound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the Field,
That *England* ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Gran. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of *France*?
Yond Iſland Carrions, deſperate of their Bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning Field:
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our Air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big *Mars* ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd Hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty Bever peeps,

The Horſemen ſit like fixed Candleſticks,
With Torch-ſtaves in their Hand; and their poor Jades
Lob down their Heads, drooping the Hide and Hips:
The Gum down roping from their pale-dead Eyes,
And in their pale dull Mouths the Jymold Bitt
Lyes foul with chaw'd Graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;
And their Executors, the knaviſh Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit it ſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battel,
In life ſo liveleſs as it ſhews it ſelf.

Con. They have ſaid their Prayers,
And they ſtay for Death.

Dol. Shall we go ſend them Dinners, and freſh Sutes,
And give their faſting Horſes Provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my Guard: On, to the Field;
I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away,
The Sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham *with all the Hoſt*, Salisbury *and* Weſtmorland.

Glo. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their Battel.

Weſt. Of fighting Men they have full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's five to one, beſides they are all freſh.

Sal. God's Arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you Princes all; I'll to my Charge:
If we no more meet 'till we meet in Heaven,
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of *Bedford*,
My dear Lord *Glo'ſter*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
And my kind Kinſman, Warriors all adieu.

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fam'd of the firm truth of Valour.

Exe. Farewel, kind Lord: Fight valiantly to day. [*Exit* Sal.

Bed. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneſs,
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

Weſt. O that we now had here

But

But one ten thouſand of thoſe Men in *England*,
That do no work to day.
K. Henry. What's he that wiſhes ſo?
My Couſin *Weſtmorland*? No, my fair Couſin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our Country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer Men the greater ſhare of Honour.
God's will, I pray thee wiſh not one Man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt:
It yerns me not, if Men my Garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the moſt offending Soul alive.
No, faith, my Coz, wiſh not a Man from *England*:
God's Peace, I would not loſe ſo great an Honour,
As one Man more methinks would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hope I have. O, do not wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it (*Weſtmorland*) through my Hoſt,
That he which hath no Stomach to this Fight,
Let him depart, his Paſſport ſhall be made,
And Crowns for Convoy put into his Purſe:
We would not die in that Man's Company
That fears his Fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the Feaſt of *Criſpian*:
He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe Home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouze him at the Name of *Criſpian*:
He that ſhall ſee this day, and live old Age,
Will yearly on the Vigil feaſt his Neighbours,
And ſay to morrow is Saint *Criſpian*:
Then will he ſtrip his Sleeve, and ſhew his Scars:
Old Men forget; yet all ſhall not be forgot;
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then ſhall our Names,
Familiar in his Mouth as houſhold Words,
Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
Be in their flowing Cups freſhly remembred.
This Story ſhall the good Man teach his Son:
And *Criſpine Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by,

From this Day to the ending of the World,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of Brothers:
For he to day that ſheds his Blood with me,
Shall be my Brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in *England* now a-bed
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. *Criſpian*'s day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, beſtow your ſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their Battels ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things be ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the Man whoſe Mind is backward now.

K. Henry. Thou doſt not wiſh more help from *England*, Coz?

Weſt. God will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this Royal Battel.

K. Henry. Why now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand Men:
Which likes me better than to wiſh us one.
You know your Places: God be with you all.

A Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy Ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured Overthrow:
For certainly thou art ſo near the Gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee thou wilt mind
Thy Followers of Repentance; that their Souls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off theſe Fields; where, Wretches, their poor Bodies
Muſt lye and feſter.

K. Henry. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mount. The Conſtable of *France.*

K. Henry. I pray thee bear my former Anſwer back:
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my Bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor Fellows thus?
The Man that once did ſell the Lion's Skin
While the Beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

And many of our Bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find Native Graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in Braſs of this day's work.
And thoſe that leave their valiant Bones in *France*,
Dying like Men, tho' buried in your Dunghils,
They ſhall be fam'd; for there the Sun ſhall greet them,
And draw their Honours reeking up to Heaven,
Leaving their earthly Parts to choak your Clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a Plague in *France*.
Mark then abounding Valour in our *Engliſh*:
That being dead, like to the Bullets graſing,
Break out into a ſecond courſe of Miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of Mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but Warriors for the working day;
Our Gayneſs and our Guilt are all be-ſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful Field.
There's not a piece of Feather in our Hoſt;
Good Argument, I hope, we will not flye:
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But, by the Maſs, our Hearts are in the trim:
And my poor Soldiers tell me, yet e'er night
They'll be in freſher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o'er the *French* Soldiers Heads,
And turn them out of Service. If they do this,
As if God pleaſe they ſhall, my Ranſom then
Will ſoon be levied.
Herald, ſave thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranſom, gentle Herald,
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my Joints:
Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mon. I ſhall, King *Harry*: And ſo fare thee well.
Thou never ſhalt hear Herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. I fear a thou wilt once more come again for a Ranſom.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, moſt humbly on my Knee I beg
The leading of the Vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave *York*.

Now Soldiers, march away;
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the Day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Excurſions. Enter Piſtol, French *Soldier, and Boy.*

Piſt. Yield, Cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je penſe que vous eſtes le Gentil-home de bone qualité.*

Piſt. Quality calmy cuſture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? diſcuſs.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Piſt. O Signieur Dewe ſhould be a Gentleman: Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark: O Signieur Dewe, thou dieſt on point of Fox, except, O Signeur, thou do give to me egregious Ranſom.

Fr. Sol. *O prennez miſericorde ayez pitie de moy.*

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty Moys; for I will fetch thy rym out at thy Throat, in drops of Crimſon Blood.

Fr. Sol. *Eſt-il impoſſibile d'eſchapper la force de ton bras.*

Piſt. Braſs, Cur? thou damned and luxurious Mountain Goat, offer'ſt me Braſs?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a Ton of Moys? Come hither, Boy, ask me this Slave in *French*, what is his Name.

Boy. *Eſcoute, comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays his Name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. *Fer*! I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: Diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk.*

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his Throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt, car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſée tout a cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Owy, cuppele gorge parmafoy peſant, unleſs thou give me Crowns, brave Crowns, or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my Sword.

Fr. Sol.

Fr. Sol. *O je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner, je ſuis Gentilhome de bonne maiſon, garde ma vie, & Je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.*

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his Life, he is a Gentleman of good Houſe, and for his Ranſom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Piſt. Tell him my fury ſhall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monſieur que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon Jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier: neant moins pour les eſcus que vous l'ay promettez, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté de franchiſe.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je voux donne milles remerciemens, & je me eſtime heureux que je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres eſtimée Signeur d' Angleterre.*

Piſt. Expound unto me, Boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks, and eſteems himſelf happy, that he hath fal'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signeur of *England.*

Piſt. As I ſuck Blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow me.

Boy. Suivez le grand Capitain.

I did never know ſo woful a Voice iſſue from ſo empty a Heart; but the Song is true, the empty Veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. *Bardolf* and *Nim* had ten times more Valour than this roaring Devil i'th' old Play, that every one may pair his Nails with a wooden Dagger, and they are both Hang'd, and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing adventurouſly. I muſt ſtay with the Lackies, with the luggage of our Camp, the *French* might have a good Prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to Guard it but Boys. [*Exit.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, *and* Rambures.

Con. O Diable!

Orl. O Signeur! le jour eſt perdu, toute eſt perdu.

Dau. Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all,
Reproach, and everlaſting ſhame

Sits mocking in our Plumes. [*A ſhort Alarm.*
O meſchante Fortune, do not run away.
Con. Why, all our Ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab our ſelves:
Be theſe the Wretches that we play'd at Dice for?
Orl. Is this the King we ſent to for his Ranſom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us fly in once more back again,
And he that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his Cap in hand,
Like a baſe Pander, hold the Chamber-door,
Whilſt by a baſe Slave, no gentler than my Dog,
His faireſt Daughter is contaminated.
Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, Friend us now,
Let us on heaps go offer up our Lives.
Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,
To ſmother up the *Engliſh* in our Throngs
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The Devil take Order now, I'll to the throng;
Let Life be ſhort, elſe Shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter the King and his Train, with Priſoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant Countrymen,
But all's not done, yet keep the *French* Field.
Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majeſty.
K. Henry. Lives he, good Uncle; thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From Helmet to the Spur all Blood he was.
Exe. In which array, brave Soldier, doth h
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoak-fellow to his Honour-owing wounds)
The Noble Earl of *Suffolk* alſo lyes.
Suffolk firſt dyed, and *York* all hagled over
Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kiſſes the gaſhes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his Face.
He cries aloud: Tarry, my Couſin *Suffolk*,
My Soul ſhall thine keep company to Heaven:
Tarry, ſweet Soul, for mine, then flye a-breaſt:
As in this glorious and well-foughten Field
We kept together in our Chevalry.

Upon

Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up;
He ſmil'd me in the Face, raught me his Hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſays, Dear my Lord,
Commend my Service to my Soveraign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s Neck
He threw his wounded Arm, and kiſt his Lips,
And ſo eſpous'd to Death, with Blood he ſeal'd
A Teſtament of Noble-ending Love:
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd,
But I had not ſo much of Man in me,
And all my Mother came into mine Eyes,
And gave me up to Tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not,
For hearing this I muſt perforce compound
With mixtful Eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarm.*
But hark, what new Alarum is this ſame?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their ſcatter'd Men:
Then every Soldier kill his Priſoners.
Give the word through.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. KIll the poyes and the luggage, 'tis expreſly againſt the Law of Arms, 'tis as arrant a piece of Knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd in your Conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a Boy left alive, and the Cowardly Raſcals that ran away from the Battel ha' done this Slaughter; beſides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's Tent, wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd every Soldier to cut his Priſoner's Throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, Captain *Gower*; what call you the Town's name, where *Alexander* the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous are all one reckonings, ſave the Phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon*, where *Alexander* is born: I tell you Captain, if you look in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant that you ſall find in the compariſons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the Situations, look you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, and there is alſo moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other River, but 'tis all one, 'tis as like as my Fingers to my Fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander's* Life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* Life is come after it indifferent well, for there is Figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his Ales and his Angers, look you, kill his beſt Friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his Friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the Tales out of my Mouth, e'er it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in the Figures, and Compariſons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his Friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cups; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth* beng in his right wits, and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly Doublet: he was full of jeſt, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you, there is good Men born at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry *and* Bourbon *with Priſoners, Lords and Attendants. Flouriſh.*

K. Henry. I was not angry ſince I came to *France*,
Until this inſtant. Take a Trumpet, Herald,

Ride

Ride thou unto the Horſemen on yond Hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the Field; they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old *Aſſyrian* Slings:
Beſides we'll cut the Throats of thoſe we have,
And not a Man of them that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our Mercy. Go and tell them ſo.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glo. His Eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what means their Herald? Know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe Bones of mine for Ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for Ranſom?

Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable Licenſe,
That we may wander o'er this bloody Field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To ſort our Nobles from our common Men;
For many of our Princes, woe the while,
Lye drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary Blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant Limbs
In blood of Princes, and with wounded Steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead Maſters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
To view the Field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead Bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, Herald,
I know not whether the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your Horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the Field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength for it:
What is this Caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt.*

K. Henry. Then call we this the Field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus.*

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous Memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great Unkle *Edward* the Plack Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought moſt prave pattle here in *France*.

K. Henry. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true: If your Majeſties is remembred of it, the *Welchmen* did good ſervice in a Garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* Caps, which your Majeſty know to this hour is an honourable Padge of the ſervice; and I do believe your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the Leek upon St. *Tavie's* day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable Honour:
For I am *Welch*, you know, good Countryman.

Flu. All the Water in *Wye* cannot waſh your Majeſties *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſs, and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his Grace, and his Majeſty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good my Countryman.

Flu. By Jeſhu, I am your Majeſties Countryman, I care not who know it: I will confeſs it to all the Orld, I need not to be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt Man.

K. Henry. God keep me ſo.

Enter Willams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our Parts. Call yonder Fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that Glove in thy Cap?

Will. And't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the Gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An *Engliſhman*.?

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a Raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night; who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th'ear; or if I can ſee my Glove in his Cap, which he ſwore as he was a Soldier he would wear, (if alive) will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this Soldier keep his Oath?

Flu.

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villain elſe, and't pleaſe your Majeſty, in my Conſcience.

K. Henry. It may be, his Enemy is a Gentleman of great Sort, quite from the anſwer of his Degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Jentleman as the Devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your Grace, that he keep his Vow and his Oath: If he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his Reputation is as arrant a Villain and a Jack ſawce, as ever his black ſhoo trod upon God's Ground, and his Earth, in my Conſcience, Law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy Vow, Sirrah, when thou meet'ſt the Fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Will. Under Captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the Wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, Soldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this Favour for me, and ſtick it in thy Cap; when *Alanſon* and my ſelf were down together, I pluck'd this Glove from his Helm; if any Man challenge this, he is a Friend to *Alanſon*, and an Enemy to our Perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, and thou do'ſt me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great Honours, as can be deſir'd in the Hearts of his Subjects: I would fain ſee the Man, that has but two Legs, that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this Glove; that is all; but I would fain ſee it once, and pleaſe God of his Grace that I might ſee.

K. Henry. Know'ſt thou *Gower?*

Flu. He is my dear Friend, and pleaſe you.

K. Henry. Pray thee go ſeek him, and bring him to my Tent?

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Glo'ſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the Heels,
The Glove which I have given him for a Favour
May haply purchaſe him a Box o'th'Ear.
It is the Soldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it my ſelf. Follow, good Couſin *Warwick*:
If that the Soldier ſtrike him, as I judge

By

By this blunt bearing, he will keep his Word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And touch'd with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will return an Injury.
Follow, and ſee there be not harm between them.
Go you with me, Uncle of *Exeter*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's Will, and his Pleaſure, Captain, I beſeech you now, come apace to the King: There is more good toward you peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant Traitor as any's in the Univerſal World, or in *France*, or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir? you Villain.

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain *Gower*, I will give Treaſon his payment into Plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traitor.

Flu. That's a Lie in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's Name apprehend him, he's a Friend of the Duke *Alanſon's*.

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſtes.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious Treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a Summer's Day. Here is his Majeſty.

Enter King Henry *and* Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villain and a Traitor, that, look your Grace, ha's ſtruck the Glove which your Majeſty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanſon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the Fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear *it in his* Cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did; I met this

Man

Man with my Glove in his Cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's Manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſie Knave it is; I hope your Majeſty is pear me Teſtimony and Witneſs, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanſon*, that your Majeſty is give me, in your Conſcience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy Glove, Soldier;
Look, here is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promiſedſt to ſtrike.
And thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. And pleaſe your Majeſty, let his Neck anſwer for it, if there is any Marſhal Law in the World.

K. Henry. How canſt thou make me Satisfaction?

Will. All Offences, my Lord, come from the Heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

K. Henry. It was our ſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Majeſty came not like your ſelf; you appear'd to me but as a common Man; witneſs the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineſs; and what your Highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your Highneſs pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, Uncle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crowns,
And give it to this Fellow. Keep it Fellow,
And wear it for an Honour in thy Cap,
'Till I do challenge it. Give him the Crowns:
And, Captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the Fellow has mettle enough in his Belly; hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Mony.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will ſerve you to mend your Shooes; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your Shooes is not ſo good; 'tis a good Silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Henry. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?
Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd *French.*
K. Henry. What Priſoners of good ſort are taken, Uncle?
Exe. Charles Duke of *Orleans,* Nephew to the King;
John Duke of *Bourbon,* and Lord *Bouchiquald:*
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common Men.
K. Henry. This Note doth tell me of ten thouſand *French*
That in the Field lye ſlain; of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights:
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred Mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
And Gentlemen of Blood and Quality.
The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of *France,*
Jacques of *Chatilion,* Admiral of *France,*
The Maſter of the Croſs-Bows, Lord *Rambures,*
Great Maſter of *France,* the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin,*
John Duke of *Alenſon, Anthonio* Duke of *Brabant,*
The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy,*
And *Edward* Duke of *Barr:* Of luſty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie, Faulconbridge* and *Foyes,*
Beaumont and *Marle, Vaudemont* and *Leſtrale.*
Here was a Royal Fellowſhip of Death.
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?
Edward the Duke of *York,* the Earl of *Suffolk,*
Sir *Richard Ketley, Davy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name; and of all other Men,
But five and twenty.
O God, thy Arm was here:
And not to us, but to thy Arm alone,
Aſcribe we all. When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock, and even play of Battel,
Was ever known ſo great and little Loſs?

On

On one part and on th'other, take it, God,
For it is none's, but thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful.

K. Henry. Come, go we in Proceſſion to the Village:
And be it death proclaimed through our Hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that Praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, and pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

K. Henry. Do we all holy Rights;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclos'd in Clay:
And then to *Calais*, and to *England* then,
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy Men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

VOuchſafe to thoſe that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them; and of ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper Life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Toward *Calais*: Grant him there; and there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mighty Whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way; So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London*.
So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-Heath*:
Where that his Lords deſire him, to have borne
His bruiſed Helmet, and his bended Sword

Before him, through the City; he forbids it;
Being free from Vainneſs, and ſelf-glorious Pride:
Giving full Trophy, Signal, and Oſtent,
Quite from himſelf, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How *London* doth pour out her Citizens,
The Mayor, and all his Brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senators of th'antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* ſwarming at their Heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Caſar* in:
As by a lower, but loving likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empreſs,
As in good time he may, from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peaceful City quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.
As yet the Lamentation of the *French*
Invites the King of *England*'s ſtay at home:
The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
To order Peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc'd,
'Till *Harry*'s back return again to *France*:
There muſt we bring him; and my ſelf have play'd
The *Interim*, by remembring you 'tis paſt.
Then brook Abridgement, and your Eyes advance,
After your Thoughts, ſtraight back again to *France*. [*Exit.*

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your Leek to day? St. *David*'s day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why, and wherefore in all things; I will tell you aſſe my Friend, Captain *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging Knave *Piſtol*, which, you and your ſelf, and all the World know to be no petter than a Fellow, look you now, of no merits; he is come to me, and prings me Pread and Salt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek; it was in a place were I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my Cap 'till I ſee him once again, *and then* I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you aunchient *Piſtol*: You ſcurvy lowſie Knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha! art thou Bedlam? Doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan*, to have me fold up *Parcas* fatal Web? Hence; I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leek.

Flu. I beſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie Knave, at my Deſires, and my Requeſts, and my Petitions, to eat, look you, this Leek, becauſe, look you, you do not love it, nor your Affections, and your Appetites, and your Digeſtions does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you, [*Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcald Knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe *Trojan*, thou ſhalt dye.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcald Knave, when God's will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time, and eat your Victuals; come, there is Sawce for it. You call'd me yeſterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall too; if you can mock a Leek, you can eat a Leek. [*beating him.*

Gow. Enough, Captain, you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay I will make him eat ſome part of my Leek, or I will peat his Pate four days: Pite, I pray you, it is good for your green Wound, and your ploody Coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt, and out of queſtion too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this Leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat, and eat----I ſwear-----

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have ſome more Sawce to your Leek: There is not enough Leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy Cudgel, thou doſt ſee I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, ſcald Knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the Skin is good for your broken Coxcomb: When you take occaſions to ſee Leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, Leeks is good; hold you, there is a Groat to heal your Pate.

Piſt. Me a Groat?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth you ſhall take it, or I have another Leek in my Pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy Groat in earneſt of Revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you ſhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but Cudgels: God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your Pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All Hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave: Will you mock at an ancient Tradition, began upon an honourable Reſpect, and worn as a memorable Trophy of predeceaſed Valour, and dare not avouch in your Deeds any of your Words. I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak *Engliſh* in the native Garb, he could not therefore handle an *Engliſh* Cudgel; you find it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a *Welſh* Correction teach you a good *Engliſh* Condition, fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth Fortune play the Huſwife with me now? News have I that my *Doll* is dead i'th' Spittle, of a malady of *France*, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary Limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, Bawd I'll turn, and ſomething lean to Cut-purſe of quick Hand: To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
And patches will I get unto theſe cudgel'd Scars,
And ſwear I got them in the *Gallia* Wars. [*Exit.*

Enter at one Door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King*, *Queen* Iſabel, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French.

K. Henry. Peace to this Meeting; wherefore we are met:
Unto our Brother *France*, and to our Siſter,
Health and fair time of Day; Joy and good Wiſhes
To our moſt fair and Princely Couſin *Katharine*;
And as a Branch and Member of this Royalty,
By whom this great Aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgundy*,
And Princes French and Peers, Health to you all.

Fr. King.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your Face,
Moſt worthy Brother *England*, fairly met.
So are you Princes *Engliſh*, every one.
Q. Iſa. So happy be the Iſſue, Brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your Eyes;
Your Eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Againſt the *French*, that met them in their bent,
The fatal Balls of murthering Baſilisks:
The venom of ſuch Looks we fairly hope
Have loſt their quality, and that this day
Shall change all Griefs and Quarrels into Love.
K. Henry. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.
Q. Iſa. You *Engliſh* Princes all, I do ſalute you.
Burg. My Duty to you both, on equal Love;
Great Kings of *France* and *England*. That I have labour'd
With all my Wits, my Pains, and ſtrong Endeavours,
To bring your moſt Imperial Majeſties
Unto this Bar and Royal Interview,
Your Mightineſſes on both parts beſt can witneſs.
Since then my Office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That Face to Face, and Royal Eye to Eye,
You have congreeted: Let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this Royal view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurſe of Arts, Plenties, and joyful Births,
Should not, in this beſt Garden of the World,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely Viſage?
Alas, ſhe hath from *France* too long been chac'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heaps,
Corrupting in its own Fertility.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the Heart,
Unpruned dies; her Hedges even pleach'd,
Like Priſoners wildly over-grown with Hair,
Put forth diſorder'd Twigs: Her fallow Leas,
The Darnel, Hemlock, and rank Fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the Culter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch Savagery:
The even Mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled Cowſlip, Burnet, and green Clover,

Wanting

Wanting the Sythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by Idleneſs, and nothing teems,
But hateful Docks, rough Thiſtles, Keckſies, Burs,
Loſing both Beauty and Utility;
And all our Vineyards, Fallows, Meads and Hedges,
Defective in their Natures, grow to wildneſs.
Even ſo our Houſes, and our Selves, and Children,
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of Time,
The Sciences that ſhould become our Country;
But grow like Savages, (as Soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on Blood)
To Swearing, and ſtern Looks, diffus'd Attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former Favour,
You are aſſembled; and my Speech intreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel theſe Inconveniences,
And bleſs us with her former Qualities.

K. Henry. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the Peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th' Imperfections
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that Peace
With full accord to all our juſt Demands,
Whoſe Tenures and particular Effects
You have enſchedul'd briefly in your Hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which, as yet
There is no Anſwer made.

K. Henry. Well then; the Peace, which you before ſo urg'd,
Lyes in his Anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſolary Eye
O'er-glanc'd the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſs our accept and peremptory Anſwer.

K. Henry. Brother, we ſhall. Go, Uncle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King,
And take with you free Power to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our Dignity,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,

And

And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair Siſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. Iſa. Our gracious Brother, I will go with them;
Haply a Woman's Voice may do ſome good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our Couſin *Katharine* here with us,
She is our capital Demand compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our Articles.

Q. Iſa. She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King Henry, Katharine *and a Lady.*

K. Henry. Fair *Katharine*, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a Lady's Ear,
And plead his Love-ſuit to her gentle Heart?

Kath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England.*

K. Henry. O fair *Katharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French* Heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* Tongue. Do you like me, *Kate?*

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is *like me.*

K. Henry. An Angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an Angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il, que je ſuis ſemblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verament (ſauf voſtre Grace) ainſi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I ſaid ſo, dear *Katharine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont plein de tromperies.*

K. Henry. What ſays ſhe, fair One? that Tongues of Men are full of Deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeſs.

K. Henry. The Princeſs is the better *Engliſh-woman*; i'faith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy Underſtanding, I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh*, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt find me ſuch a plain King, that thou would'ſt think, I had ſold my Farm to buy my Crown. I know no ways to mince it in Love, but directly to ſay, I love you; then if you urge me farther, than to ſay, Do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit: Give me your anſwer i'faith do, and clap Hands, and a Bargain; how ſay you, Lady?

Kat'

Kath. Sauf voſtre honneur, me underſtand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, *Kate,* why you undid me; for the one, I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a Lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my Back; under the correction of Bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horſe for her Favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and ſit like a Jack-an-Apes, never off. But before God, *Kate,* I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my Eloquence, nor I have no cunning in Proteſtation; only downright Oaths, which I never uſed till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canſt love a Fellow of this Temper, *Kate,* whoſe Face is not worth Sun-burning; that never looks in his Glaſs, for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine Eye be thy Cook. I ſpeak thee plain Soldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord. No: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, dear *Kate,* take a Fellow of plain and uncoined Conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: For theſe Fellows of infinite Tongue, that can Rhime themſelves into Ladies Favours, they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What? a Speaker is but a Prater, a Rhime is but a Ballad; a good Leg will fall, a ſtraight Back will ſtoop, a black Beard will turn white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a fair Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow; but a good Heart, *Kate,* is the Sun and the Moon, or rather the Sun, and not the Moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would'ſt have ſuch a one, take me; and take me, take a Soldier; take a Soldier; take a King: And what ſay'ſt thou then my Love? ſpeak my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de enemy of *France?*

K. Henry. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the Enemy of *France, Kate;* but in loving me, you ſhould love the Friend of *France;* for I love *France* ſo well, that *I will not* part with a Village of it: I will have it all mine; *and, Kate,* when *France* is mine, and I am yours; then yours *is France,* and you are mine.

Kath.

Kath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. Henry. No, *Kate?* I will tell tell thee in *French*, which I am ſure will hang upon my Tongue, like a new Married Wife about her Husband's Neck, hardly to be ſhook off: *Je quand ſur le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous aves le poſſeſſion de moy,* (Let me ſee, what then? Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed) *Donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate,* to conquer the Kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more *French:* I ſhall never move thee in *French,* unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il eſt melieur quel' Anglois le quel je parle.*

K. Henry. No faith is't not, *Kate;* but thy ſpeaking of my Tongue, and I thine, moſt truly falſly, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate,* doſt thou underſtand thus much of *Engliſh?* Can'ſt thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate?* I'll ask them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night, when you come into your Cloſet, you'll queſtion this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate,* you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate,* mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate,* as I have ſaving Faith within me tells me, thou ſhalt; I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good Soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint *Dennis* and St. *George,* compound a Boy, half *French,* half *Engliſh,* that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople,* and take the *Turk* by the Beard. Shall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de-Luce.

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe; do but now promiſe, *Kate,* you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a Boy; and for my *Engliſh* moiety, take the word of a King, and a Batchelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Katharine du monde mon tres chere & divine deeſſe.*

Kath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe Frenche enough to deceive de moſt ſage Damoiſel dat is *en France.*

K. Henry. Now fie upon my falſe *French*; by mine Honour, in *true Engliſh, I love* thee, *Kate*; by which Honour I dare no

not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou do'ſt; notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my Viſage. Now beſhrew my Father's Ambition, he was thinking of Civil Wars, when he got me, therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to woo Ladies, I fright them; but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beauty, can do no more ſpoil upon my Face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Katharine*, will you have me? Put off theſe Maiden Bluſhes, avouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Looks of an Empreſs, take me by the Hand, and ſay, *Harry of England*, I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine Ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, though I ſpeak it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of Good-fellows. Come, your Anſwer in broken Muſick; for thy Voice is Muſick, and thy *Engliſh* broken: Therefore Queen of all, *Katharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere*.

K. Henry. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiſs your Hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. *Laiſſez mon Seigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez, may foy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant le main d' une voſtre, Seigneur, indignie ſerviteur, excuſez moy. Je vous ſupplie mon treſ-puiſſant Seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiſs your Lips, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoiſels pour eſtre baiſé devant leur nopceſ il n'e't pas le Cuſtume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam, my Interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat is not to be de faſhion *pour le* Ladies of *France*; I cannot tell what is *baiſſe* en *Engliſh*.

K. Henry. To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty entendre bettre que moy.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Is it not a fashion for the Maids in *France* to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. Ony verayment.

K. Henry. O *Kate*, nice Customs curt'sie to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak List of a Country's fashion; we are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that follows our Places, stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your Country, in denying me a kiss; therefore patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her*] You have Witch-craft in your Lips, *Kate*; there is more Eloqrence in a Sugar touch of them, than in the Tongues of the *French* Council; and they should sooner persuade *Harry* of *England*, than a general Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French *Power, and the* English *Lords.*

Burg. God save your Majesty, my Royal Cousin, teach you our Princess *English?*

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *English.*

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Henry. Our Tongue is rough, Coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the Voice nor the Heart of Flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my Mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likenss, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind Boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my Lord, a hard Condition for a Maid to consign to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink and yield as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for Maids well Summer'd, and warm kept, are like Flies at Bartholomew-tyde, blind, though

though they have their Eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry. This Moral ties me over to Time, and a hot Summer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flie, your Couſin, in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is ſo; and you may, ſome of you, thank Love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* City for one fair *French* Maid, that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectively; the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all girdled with Maiden Walls, that War hath never entred.

K. Henry. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. Henry. I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talk of may wait on her; ſo the Maid that ſtood in the Way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my Will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of Reaſon.

K. Henry. Is't ſo, my Lords of *England?*

Weſt. The King hath granted every Article:
His Daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed Natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France* having occaſion to write for matter of Grant, ſhall name your Highneſs in this form, and with this addition, in *French: Noſtre tres cher filz Henry Roy, d' Angleterre Heretier de* France; and thus in *Latin: Præclariſſimus Filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, Brother, ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in Love and dear Alliance,
Let that one Article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair Son, and from her Blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me, that the contending Kingdoms
Of *France* and *England*, whoſe very ſhoars look pale,
With envy of each others happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear Conjunction
Plant Neighbourhood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet Boſoms; that never War advance

His

His bleeding Sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen.

K. Henry. Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her, as my Soveraign Queen. [*Flouriſh.*

Q. Iſa. God, the beſt maker of all Marriages,
Combine your Hearts in one, your Realms in one,
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdoms ſuch a Spouſal,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealouſie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleſſed Marriage,
Thruſt in between the Paſſion of theſe Kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſh* men,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen.

All. Amen.

K. Henry. Prepare we for our Marriage; on which day,
My Lord of *Burgundy* well take your Oath,
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our Leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oaths well kept and proſp'rous be. [*Exeunt.*

Sonnet. Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,
In little room confining Mighty Men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their Glory.
Small time, but in that ſmall, moſt greatly lived,
This Star of *England*. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieved,
And of it left his Son Imperial Lord.
Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our State hath ſhown; and for her ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

THE

First Part

OF

King *HENRY* VI.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Duke of Gloucester, *Unkle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *Unkle to the King, and Regent of* France.
Cardinal Beaufort, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and Unkle likewiſe to the King.*
Duke of Exeter.
Duke of Somerſet.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his Son.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards Duke of* York.
Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Lord Mayor of London.
Vernon, *of the* White Roſe, *or* York *Faction.*
Baſſet, *of the* Red Roſe, *or* Lancaſter *Faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and Titular King of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alenſon.
Baſtard of Orleans.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *Daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to King* Henry.
Joan la Pucelle, *a Maid pretending to be inſpir'd from Heaven, and ſetting up for the Championeſs of* France.
Counteſs of Auvergne.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants, both on the Engliſh *and* French.

The SCENE *is partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

The

The First PART of King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France; *the Duke of* Glouceſter, *Protector; the Duke of* Exeter, *and the Earl of* Warwick, *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and the Duke of* Somerſet.

BEDFORD.

UNG be the Heavens with black, yield Day to Night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandiſh your Cryſtal Treſſes in the Sky,
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have conſented unto *Harry*'s Death:
King *Henry* the Fifth, too Famous to live long,
England ne'er loſt a King of ſo much Worth.

Glo. *England* ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deſerving to Command.
His brandiſh'd Sword did blind Men with his Beams,
His Arms ſpread wider than a Dragon's Wings;

His ſparkling Eyes, repleat with awful Fire,
More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
Than mid-day Sun fierce bent againſt their Faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his Deeds exceed all Speech:
He ne'er lift up his Hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in Black, why mourn we not in Blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden Coffin we attend;
And Death's diſhonourable Victory,
We with our ſtately preſence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Car.
What? ſhall we curſe the Planets of Miſhap,
That plotted thus our Glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtile-witted *French*,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verſe have thus contriv'd his End?

Win. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful Judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his ſight.
The Battels of the Lord of Hoſts he fought;
The Churches Prayers made him ſo proſperous.

Glo. The Church? Where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thread of Life had not ſo ſoon decay'd.
None do you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a School-boy you may over-aw

Win. *Glo'ſter*, what e'er we like, thou art Protector,
And looke'ſt to command the Prince and Realm,
Thy Wife is proud, ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or Religious Church-men may.

Glo. Name not Religion, for thou lov'ſt the Fleſh,
And ne'er throughout the Year to Church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy Foes.

Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe Jars, and reſt your Minds in peace
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wait on us;
Inſtead of Gold, we'll offer up our Arms,
Since Arms avail not, now that *Henry*'s dead.
Poſterity await for wretched Years,
When at their Mothers moiſt Eyes Babes ſhall ſuck,
Our Iſle be made a nouriſh of ſalt Tears,
And none but Women left to wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth, thy Ghoſt I invocate;
Proſper this Realm, keep it from Civil Broils,
Combat with adverſe Planets in the Heavens;
A far more glorious Star thy Soul will make,
Than *Julius Cæſar*, or bright——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Honourable Lords, health to you all;
Sad Tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of Loſs, of Slaughter, and Diſcomfiture;
Guyenne, *Champaign*, *Rheims*, *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guyſors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite loſt.

Bed. What ſay'ſt thou, Man, before dead *Henry*'s Coarſe?
Speak ſoftly, or the loſs of thoſe great Towns
Will make him burſt his Lead, and riſe from Death.

Glo. Is *Paris* loſt, and is *Roan* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to Life again,
Theſe News would cauſe him once more yield the Ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? What Treachery was us'd?

Meſſ. No Treachery, but want of Men and Mony.
Amongſt the Soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain ſeveral Factions;
And whilſt a Field ſhould be diſpatch'd and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring Wars with little Coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth Wings:
A third Man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair Words, Peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *Engliſh* Nobility,
Let not Sloth dim your Honours, new begot;
Crop'd are the Flower-de-Luces in your Arms
Of *England*'s Coat, one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our Tears wanting to this Funeral,
Theſe Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
Give me my ſteeled Coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with theſe diſgraceful wailing Robes;
Wounds will I lend the *French*, inſtead of Eyes,
To weep their intermiſſive Miſeries.

Enter to them another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſſ.* Lords, view theſe Letters, full of bad Miſchance.
France is revolted from the *Engliſh* quite,

Except ſome petty Towns of no import.
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*;
The Baſtard of *Orleans* with him is join'd:
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth his Part,
The Duke of *Alenſon* flieth on his ſide. [*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither ſhall we fly from this Reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our Enemies Throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Glo'ſter, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs?
An Army have I muſter'd in my Thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter a third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſ.* My Gracious Lords, to add to your Laments
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s Hearſe,
I muſt inform you of a diſmal Fight
Betwixt the ſtout Lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't ſo?

3 *Meſſ.* O no; wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown,
The Circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *Auguſt* laſt, this dreadful Lord,
Retiring from the Siege of *Orleans*,
Having ſcarce full ſix thouſand in his Troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the *French*
Was round encompaſſed, and ſet upon;
No leiſure had he to enrank his Men.
He wanted Pikes to ſet before his Archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the Ground confuſedly,
To keep the Horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the Fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot*, above human Thought,
Enacted Wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he ſent to Hell, and none durſt ſtand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he ſlew.
The *French* exclaim'd, the Devil was in Arms,
All the whole Army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His Soldiers ſpying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*! a *Talbot*! cry'd out amain.
And ruſh'd into the Bowels of the Battel.
Here, had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up.

If Sir *John Falſtaff* had not play'd the Coward,
He being in the Vaward, plac'd behind
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroak.
Hence grew the general Wrack and Maſſacre;
Enclos'd were they with their Enemies.
A baſe *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's Grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a Spear into the Back,
Whom all *France*, with their Chief aſſembled Strength,
Durſt not preſume to look once in the Face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* ſlain then? I will ſlay my ſelf,
For living idly here in pomp and eaſe,
Whilſt ſuch a worthy Leader, wanting Aid,
Unto his daſtard Foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Meſſ.* O no, he lives, but is took Priſoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*;
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took likewiſe.

Bed. His Ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crown ſhall be the Ranſom of my Friend:
Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my Maſters, to my Task will I,
Bonefires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. *George*'s Feaſt withal.
Ten thouſand Soldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody Deeds ſhall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Meſſ.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is beſieg'd,
The *Engliſh* Army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth Supply,
And hardly keeps his Men from Mutiny,
Since they ſo few, watch ſuch a multitude.

Exe. Remember, Lords, your Oaths to *Henry* ſworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in Obedience to your Yoak.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my Preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.

Glo. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haſte I can,
To view the Artillery and Munition,
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
[*Exit* Gloucester.

Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his ſpecial Governor,
And for his ſafety there I'll beſt deviſe. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office,
The King from *Eltam* I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of publick Weal. [*Exit.*

Enter Charles, Alenſon, *and* Reignier, *marching with a Drum and Soldiers.*

Char. *Mars* his true moving, even as in the Heavens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he ſhine upon the *Engliſh* ſide:
Now we are Victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What Towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleaſure here we lye, near *Orleans*:
Otherwhiles, the famiſh'd *Engliſh*, like pale Ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one Hour in a Month.

Alen. They want their Porredge, and their fat Bull-Beeves,
Either they muſt be dieted like Mules,
And have their Provender ty'd to their Mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned Mice.
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his Gall,
Nor Men, nor Mony hath he to make War.

Char. Sound, ſound Alarum, we will ruſh on them,
Now for the Honour of the forlorn *French*:
Him I forgive my Death that killeth me;
When he ſees me go back on foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarm, they are beaten back by the* Engliſh, *with great Loſs.*

Enter Charles, Alenſon, *and* Reignier.

Char. Who ever ſaw the like? What Men have I?
Dogs, Cowards, Daſtards: I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my Enemies.

Reig. *Salisbury* is a deſperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his Life:
Two other Lords, like Lions wanting Food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen.

Alen. *Froyſard*, a Countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,
During the time *Edward* the third did Reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Sampſons* and *Goliaſſes*
It ſendeth forth to Skirmiſh; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd Raſcals, who would e'er ſuppoſe
They had ſuch Courage and Audacity?

Char. Let's leave this Town,
For they are hair-brain'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll tear down, than forſake the Siege.

Reig. I think by ſome odd Gimmals or Device
Their Arms are ſet, like Clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne'er could they hold out ſo as they do:
By my conſent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleans.

Baſt. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have News for him.

Dau. Baſtard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.

Baſt. Methinks your Looks are ſad, your Chear appal'd.
Hath the late Overthrow wrought this Offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for Succour is at Hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Viſion ſent to her from Heaven,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious Siege,
And drive the *Engliſh* forth the bounds of *France*:
The Spirit of deep Propheſie ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome*:
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? Believe my Words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in; but firſt, to try her Skill,
Reignier ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Queſtion her proudly, let thy Looks be ſtern,
By this means ſhall we ſound what Skill ſhe hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair Maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wondrous Feats?

Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind,

I know thee well, though never ſeen before,
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.
Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a Shepherd's Daughter,
My Wit untrain'd in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible Eſtate.
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender Lambs,
And to Suns parching heat diſplay'd my Cheeks,
God's Mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a Viſion full of Majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe Vocation,
And free my Country from Calamity:
Her Aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd Succeſs.
In compleat Glory ſhe reveal'd her ſelf;
And whereas I was black and ſwart before;
With thoſe clear Rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That Beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Ask me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated:
My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my Sex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dau. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy Valour make,
In ſingle Combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy Words are true,
Otherwiſe I renounce all Confidence.
Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd Sword,
Deck'd with fine Flower-de-Luces on each ſide,
The which at *Tourain* in St. *Katharine*'s Church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old Iron, I choſe forth.
Dau. Then come a God's Name, I fear no Woman.
Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly no Man.
Here they Fight, and Joan de Pucelle *overcomes.*
Dau. Stay, ſtay thy Hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
And fighteſt with the Sword of *Debora.*
Pucel. Chriſt's Mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Dau

Dan. Who e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire,
My Heart and Hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd,
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy Name be ſo,
Let me thy Servant, and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin ſueth to thee thus.
Pucel. I muſt not yield to any rights of Love,
For my Profeſſion's ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a Recompence.
Dan. Mean time look gracious on thy proſtrate Thrall.
Reig. My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtleſs he ſhrives this Woman to her Smock,
Elſe ne'er could he ſo long protract his Speech.
Reig. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor Men do know:
Theſe Women are ſhrewd tempters with their Tongues.
Reig. My Lord, where are you? What deviſe you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans*, or no?
Pucel. Why no, I ſay; diſtruſtful Recreants,
Fight 'till the laſt gaſp; for I'll be your guard.
Dan. What ſhe ſays I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Pucel. Aſſign'd I am to be the *Engliſh* Scourge.
This Night the Siege aſſuredly I'll raiſe:
Expect Saint *Martin*'s Summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have entred thus into theſe Wars.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water;
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge it ſelf,
'Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought.
With *Henry*'s death, the *Engliſh* Circle ends,
Diſperſed are the Glories it included:
Now am I like that proud inſulting Ship,
Which *Cæſar* and his Fortune bore at once.
Dan. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inſpir'd then.
Helen, the Mother of great *Conſtantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip*'s Daughters were like thee.
Bright Star of *Venus*, fall'n down on the Earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the Siege.

Reig

Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our Honours,
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.
Dau. Preſently we'll try: Come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I truſt, if ſhe prove falſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, *with his Serving-Men.*

Glo. I am to ſurvey the *Tower* this day:
Since *Henry*'s Death, I fear there is Conveyance:
Where be theſe Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Glouceſter* that calls.
1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocks ſo imperiouſly?
1 *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of *Glo'ſter.*
2 *Ward.* Who e'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Man.* Villians, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him, ſo we anſwer him,
We do not otherwiſe than we are will'd.
Glo. Who willed you? or whoſe Will ſtands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realm, but I.
Break up the Gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil Grooms?

Glouceſter's *Men ruſh at the* Tower *Gates, and* Woodvile *the Lieutenant ſpeaks within.*

Wood. What noiſe is this? What Traitors have we here?
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe Voice I hear?
Open the Gates, here's *Glo'ſter* that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinal of *Wincheſter* forbids;
From him I have expreſs Commandment,
That thou nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter*, that haughty Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Sovereign ne'er could brook?
Thou art no Friend to God or to the King:
Open the Gate, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Serv. Open the Gates to the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower *Gates,* Wincheſter *and his Men in Tawny Coats.*

Win. How now ambitious Umpire, what means this?
Glo. Piel'd Prieſt, doſt thou command me to be ſhut *out?*
Win. I do, thou moſt uſurping Proditor,

And

And not Protector of the King or, Realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifeſt Conſpirator,
Thou that contrived'ſt to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'ſt Whores Indulgencies to Sin,
I'll canvas thee in thy broad Cardinal's Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy Inſolence.
Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damaſcus*, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Child's bearing Cloth,
I'll uſe, to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy Face.
Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my Face?
Draw Men, for all this privileged Place,
Blue Coats to Tawny Coats. Prieſt, beware thy Beard,
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my Feet I'll ſtamp thy Cardinal's Hat:
In ſpight of Pope, or Dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Glo'ſter, thou wilt anſwer this before the Pope.
Glo. Wincheſter Gooſe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out Tawny Coats, out Scarlet Hypocrite.
Here Glouceſter's *Men beat out the Cardinal's, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of* London, *and his Officers.*
Mayor. Fie, Lords, that you being ſupream Magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the Peace.
Glo. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my Wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the *Tower* to his uſe.
Win. Here's *Glo'ſter* too, a Foe to Citizens,
One that ſtill motions War, and never Peace,
O'er-charging your free Purſes with large Fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow Religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the Realm;
And would have Armour here out of the *Tower*,
To Crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.
Glo. I will not anſwer thee with Words, but Blows.
[Here they skirmiſh again.
Mayor

Mayor. Nought reſts for me in this tumultuous Strife,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come, Officer, as loud as e'er thou can'ſt; cry;
All manner of Men aſſembled here in Arms this Day, againſt God's Peace and the King's, we Charge and Command you, in his Highneſs Name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling Places, and not to wear, handle, or uſe any Sword, Weapons, or Dagger henceforward, upon pain of Death.
Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no Breaker of the Law:
But we ſhall meet, and break our Minds at large.
Win. Glo'ſter, we'll meet to thy dear Coſt be ſure;
Thy Heart-blood I will have for this day's Work.
Mayor. I'll call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the Devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewel: Thou doſt but what thou may'ſt.
Win. Abominable *Glo'ſter*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to have it e'er be long. [*Exeunt.*
Mayor. See the Coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, that Nobles ſhould ſuch Stomachs bear,
I my ſelf fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Maſter-Gunner of Orleans, *and his Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirra, thou know'ſt how *Orleans* is beſieg'd,
And how the *Engliſh* have the Suburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know, and oft have ſhot at them,
How e'er unfortunate I miſs'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Maſter-Gunner am I of this Town,
Something I muſt do to procure me Grace:
The Prince's eſpials have informed me,
How the *Engliſh*, in the Suburbs cloſe intrench'd,
Went through a ſecret Grate of Iron Bars,
In yonder Tower, to over-peer the City,
And thence diſcover, how with moſt Advantage
They may vex us with Shot or with Aſſault.
To intercept this Inconvenience,
A piece of Ordnance 'gainſt it I have plac'd,
And fully even theſe three Days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them. Now, Boy, do thou watch,
For I can ſtay no longer.
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
I'll never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.
Enter Salisbury *and* Talbot *on the Turrets, with others.*
Sal. Talbot, my Life, my Joy, again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Priſoner?
Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe I prethee on this Turret's top.
Tal. The Earl of *Bedford* had a Priſoner,
Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſomed.
But with a baſer Man of Arms by far,
Once in Contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining, ſcorn'd, and craved Death,
Rather than I would be ſo pil'd eſteem'd;
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I deſir'd.
But O, the treacherous *Falſtaff* wounds my Heart,
Whom with my bare Fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my Power.
Sal. Yet tell'ſt thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With ſcoffs and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick Spectacle to all:
Here, ſaid they, is the Terror of the *French*,
The Scare-crow that affrights our Children ſo.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my Nails digg'd Stones out of the Ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my Shame.
My griſly Countenance made others fly,
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden Death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great fear of my Name 'mongſt them was ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd I could rend Bars of Steel,
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen Shot I had;
That walk'd about me every Minute while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my Bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the Heart.
Enter Boy with a Linſtock.
Sal. I grieve to hear what Torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in *Orleans*:

Here.

Here, through this Grate, I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortifie:
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me have your expreſs Opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our Batt'ry next?
Gar. I think at the North Gate, for there ſtand Lords.
Glan. And I here, at the Bulwark of the Bridge.
Tal. For ought I ſee, this City muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light Skirmiſhes enfeebled.
[*Here they ſhoot, and* Salisbury *falls down.*
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched Sinners.
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful Man.
Tal. What chance is this that ſuddenly hath croſt us?
Speak, *Salisbury*; at leaſt, if thou canſt, ſpeak:
How far'ſt thou, Mirror of all Martial Men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheeks ſide ſtruck off?
Accurſed Tower, accurſed fatal Hand
That hath contriv'd this woful Tragedy.
In thirteen Battels, *Salisbury* o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he firſt train'd to the Wars.
Whilſt any Trump did ſound, or Drum ſtruck up,
His Sword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the Field.
Yet liv'ſt thou, *Salisbury*? though thy Speech doth fail,
One Eye thou haſt to look to Heaven for Grace.
The Sun with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heaven be thou Gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants Mercy at thy Hands.
Bear hence this Body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, haſt thou any Life?
Speak unto *Talbot*, nay, look up to him.
Salibury, chear thy Spirit with this Comfort,
Thou ſhalt not die whiles——
He beckons with his Hand, and ſmiles on me:
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet I will, and, *Nero* like, will
Play on the Lute, beholding the Towns burn:
Wretched ſhall *France* be only in my Name.
[*Here an Alarm, and it Thunders and Lightens.*
What ſtir is this? What Tumult's in the Heavens?

Whence

Whence cometh this Alarum, and the Noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin*, with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy Propheteſs, now riſen up,
Is come with a great Power, to raiſe the Siege.

[*Here* Salisbury *lifteth himſelf up, and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan,
It irks his Heart he cannot be reveng'd,
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Puſſel*, Dolphin or Dog-fiſh,
Your Hearts I'll ſtamp out with my Horſes heels.
Convey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then we'll try, what theſe daſtard *Frenchmen* dare.

Alarum. [*Exit.*

Here an Alarum again; and Talbot *purſueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: Then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Engliſhmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my Strength, my Valour, and my Force?
Our *Engliſh* Troops retire, I cannot ſtay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chaſeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here ſhe comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or Devil's Dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch.
And ſtraightway give thy Soul to him thou ſerv'ſt.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that muſt diſgrace thee.

[*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer Hell ſo to prevail?
My Breaſt I'll burſt with Straining of my Courage,
And from my Shoulders crack my Arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded Strumpet.

[*They fight again.*

Pucel. *Talbot* farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I muſt go Victual *Orleans* forthwith,

A ſhort Alarum: Then Enter the Town with Soldiers.

O'er-take me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, chear up thy hunger-ſtarved Men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his Teſtament,
This Day is ours, as many more ſhall be. [*Exit* Pucelle.

Tal. My Thoughts are whirled like a Potter's Wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A Witch by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our Troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So Bees with ſmoak, and Doves with noiſom ſtench,
Are from their Hives and Houſes driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceneſs, *Engliſh* Dogs,
Now like the Whelps, we crying run away.
[*A ſhort Alarum.*
Hark Countrymen, either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lions out of *England*'s Coat.
Renounce your Soil, give Sheep in Lions ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo treacherous from the Wolf,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued Slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another Skirmiſh.*
It will not be, retire into your Trenches:
You all conſented unto *Salisbury*'s Death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his Revenge.
Pucelle is entred into *Orleans*,
In ſpight of us, or ought that we could do.
O would I were to die with *Salisbury*,
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit* Talbot.
[*Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.*
Enter on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alenſon, *and Soldiers.*
Pucel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Reſcu'd is *Orleans* from the *Engliſh* Wolves:
Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.
Dau. Divineſt Creature, bright *Aſtrea*'s Daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this Succeſs!
Thy Promiſes are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, Triumph in thy glorious Propheteſs,
Recover'd is the Town of *Orleans*;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our State.
Reig. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Town?
Dauphin, command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open Streets.
To celebrate the Joy that God hath given us. *Alen.*

Alen. All *France* will be repleat with Mirth and Joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the Men.
Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which, I will divide my Crown with her,
And all the Prieſts and Fryers in my Realm,
Shall in Proceſſion ſing her endleſs Praiſe.
A ſtatelier Pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s or *Memphis* ever was.
In memory of her when ſhe is dead,
Her Aſhes, in an Urn more gracious
Than the Rich-jewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Tranſported ſhall be, at high Feſtivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* ſhall be *France*'s Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this Golden day of Victory.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

Ser. SIrs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any Noiſe or Soldier you perceive
Near to the Wall, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Cent. Serjeant, you ſhall. Thus are poor Servitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet Beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in Darkneſs, Rain, and Cold.
Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with ſcaling Ladders. Their Drums beating a Dead March.*
Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach, the Regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy*, are Friends to us:
This happy Night, the *Frenchmen* are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by Art, and baleful Sorcery.

Bed. Coward of *France*, how much he wrongs his Fame,
Deſpairing of his own Arms fortitude,
To join with Witches, and the help of Hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucel*, whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A Maid, they ſay.
Bed. A Maid? And be ſo Martial?
Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not Maſculine e'er long:
If underneath the Standard of the *French*
She carry Armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with Spirits,
God is our Fortreſs, in whoſe Conquering Name
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty Bulwarks.
Bed. Aſcend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: Better far I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his Grave.
Now *Salisbury* for thee and for the right
Of *Engliſh Henry*, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
Cent. Arm, Arm, the Enemy doth make aſſault.
[*Cry, S.* George! *A* Talbot!
The French *leap o'er the Walls in their ſhirts. Enter ſeveral ways, Baſtard,* Alenſon, Reignier, *half ready, and half unready.*
Alen. How now, my Lords? what all unready ſo?
Baſt. Unready? I and glad we ſcape ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our Beds,
Hearing Alarams at our Chamber doors.
Alen. Of all Exploits ſince firſt I follow'd Arms,
Ne'er heard I of a Warlike Enterprize
More venturous, or deſperate than this.
Baſt. I think this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell,
Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens ſure favour him.
Alen. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he ſped.
Enter Charles *and* Joan.
Baſt. Tut, holy *Joan* was his defenſive Guard.

Char.

Car. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful Dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loſs might be ten times ſo much?
Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his Friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or Waking, muſt I ſtill prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident Soldiers, had your Watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fain.
Char. Duke of *Alenſon*, this was your default,
That being Captain of the Watch to Night,
Did look no better to that weighty Charge.
Alen. Had all our Quarter been as ſafely kept,
As that, whereof I had the Government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.
Baſt. Mine was ſecure.
Reig. And ſo was mine, my Lord.
Char. And for my ſelf, moſt part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine own Precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?
Puz. Queſtion, my Lord, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure they found ſome place,
But weakly Guarded, where the Breach was made:
And now there reſts no other ſhift, but this
To gather our Soldiers, ſcatter'd and diſperſt,
And lay new Plat-forms to endamage them. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter a Soldier, crying, a Talbot! *a* Talbot! *they fly, leaving their Cloaths behind.*

Sol. I'll be ſo bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a Sword,
For I have loaden me with many Spoils,
Uſing no other Weapon but his Name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy.

Bed. The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy Mantle over-vail'd the Earth.
Here ſound Retreat, and ceaſe our hot Purſuit. [*Retreat.*
Tal. Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the Market-place,

The middle Centre of this curſed Town.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soul,
For every drop of Blood was drawn from him,
There hath at leaſt five *Frenchmen* dy'd to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within the chiefeſt Temple I'll erect
A Tomb, wherein his Corps ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the Sack of *Orleans*,
The treacherous manner of his mournful Death,
And what a terrour he had been to *France*.
But, Lords, in all our bloody Maſſacre,
I muſe we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come Champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*,
Nor any of his falſe Confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rouz'd on the ſudden from their drowſie Beds,
They did amongſt the Troops of armed Men,
Leap o'er the Walls for refuge in the Field.

Bur. My ſelf, as far as I could well diſcern,
For Smoak, and duſty Vapours of the Night,
Am ſure I ſcar'd the Dauphin and his Trull,
When Arm in Arm they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle Doves,
That could not live aſunder Day or Night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the Power we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hail, my Lords; which of this Princely Train
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realm of *France?*

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeak with him?

Meſſ. The virtuous Lady, Counteſs of *Auvergne*,
With modeſty admiring thy Renown,
By me intreats, great Lord, thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor Caſtle where ſhe lyes;
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the Man,
Whoſe Glory fills the World with loud report.

Bur. Is it even ſo? Nay, then I ſee our Wars
Will turn unto a peaceful Comick Sport,

When

When Ladies crave to be encountred with.
You may not, my Lord, deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.
Tal. Ne'er truſt me then; for when a World of Men
Could not prevail with all their Oratory,
Yet hath a Woman's kindneſs over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.
Will not your Honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly 'tis more than manners will:
And I have heard it ſaid, Unbidden Gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this Lady's courteſie.
Come hither, Captain, you perceive my mind. [*Whiſpers.*
Capt. I do, my Lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Counteſs of Auvergne.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done ſo, bring the Keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The Plot is laid, if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus* Death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his Atchievements of no leſs account:
Fain would mine Eyes be witneſs with my Ears,
To give their Cenſure of theſe rare Reports.

Enter Meſſenger and Talbot.

Meſſ. Madam, according as your Ladyſhip deſir'd,
By Meſſage crav'd, ſo is the Lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome; what? is this the Man?
Meſſ. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the Scourge of *France*?
Is this the *Talbot*, ſo much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers ſtill their Babes?
I ſee Report is fabulous and falſe.
I thought I ſhould have ſeen ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong knit Limbs.
Alas! this is a Child, a ſilly Dwarf;
It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should ſtrike ſuch terror to his Enemies.

Tal

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladyſhip is not at leiſure,
I'll ſort ſome other time to viſit you.
Count. What means he now?
Go ask him, whither he goes?
Meſſ. Stay, my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
I go to certifie her, *Talbot*'s here.

Enter Porter with Keys.

Count. If thou be he; then art thou Priſoner.
Tal. Priſoner? to whom?
Count. To me, Blood-thirſty Lord:
And for that cauſe I train'd thee to my Houſe.
Long time thy Shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the Subſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chain theſe Legs and Arms of thine,
That haſt by Tyranny theſe many Years
Waſted our Country, ſlain our Citizens,
And ſent our Sons and Husbands Captivate.
Tal. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laugheſt thou Wretch?
Thy Mirth ſhall turn to Moan.
Tal. I laugh to ſee your Ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think, that you have ought but *Talbot*'s Shadow,
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.
Count. Why? art thou not the Man?
Tal. I am indeed.
Count. Then have I Subſtance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but Shadow of my ſelf;
You are deceiv'd, my Subſtance is not here;
For what you ſee is but the ſmalleſt part,
And leaſt proportion of Humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole Frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your Roof were not ſufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his Horn, Drums ſtrike up, a Peal of Ordinance: Enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, Madam? are you now perſuaded,
That *Talbot* is but Shadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his Subſtance, Sinews, Arms, and Strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Necks,
Razeth your Cities, and ſubverts your Towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.

Coun. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe;
I find thou art no leſs than Fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gathered by thy Shape.
Let my Preſumption not provoke thy Wrath,
For I am ſorry, that with Reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair Lady, nor miſconſtrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his Body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But only with your Patience, that we may
Taſte of your Wine, and ſee what Cates you have,
For Soldiers Stomachs always ſerve them well.

Coun. With all my Heart, and think me honoured,
To feaſt ſo great a Warrior in my Houſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and others.*

Plan. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this ſilence?
Dare no Man anſwer in a Caſe of Truth?

Suf. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th'Error?

Suf. Faith I have been a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my Will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick*, then between us.

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper Mouth,
Between two Blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two Horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two Girls, which hath the merryeſt Eye,

I have perhaps ſome ſhallow Spirit of judgment:
But in theſe nice ſharp Quillets of the Law,
Good-faith, I am no wiſer than a Daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any pur-blind Eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide, it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind Man's Eye.
Plan. Since you are Tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants proclaim your Thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,
And ſtands upon the Honour of his Birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Briar pluck a white Roſe with me.
Som. Le him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintain the Party of the Truth,
Pluck a red Roſe from off this Thorn with me.
War. I love no Colours; and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating Flattery,
I pluck this white Roſe with *Plantaganet.*
Suf. I pluck this red Roſe with young *Somerſet,*
And ſay withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt Roſes are crop'd from the Tree,
Shall yield the other in the right Opinion.
Som. Good Maſter *Vernon,* it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth, and plainneſs of the Caſe,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Bloſſom here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your Finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt bleeding, you do paint the white Roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Ver. If I, my Lord, for my Opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide ſtill where I am.
Som. Well, well, come on, who elſe?

Lawyer.

Lawyer. Unleſs my Study and my Books be falſe,
The Argument you held, was wrong in you; [*To* Somerſet.
In ſign whereof, I pluck a white Roſe too.
Plan. Now *Somerſet*, where is your Argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating that,
Shall dye your white Roſe in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time your Cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes,
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, *Plantaganet.*
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that my Cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roſes,
And yet thy Tongue will not confeſs thy Error.
Plan. Hath not thy Roſe a Canker, *Somerſet*?
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a Thorn, *Plantaganet*?
Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'll find Friends to wear my bleeding Roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantaganet* dare not be ſeen.
Plan. Now by this Maiden Bloſſom in my Hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion, peeviſh Boy.
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, *Plantaganet.*
Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will, and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy Throat,
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool*,
We grace the Yeoman, by converſing with him.
War. Now by God's will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third Son to the third *Edward* King of *England*:
Spring Creſtleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a Root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's Priviledge,
Or durſt not for his craven Heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of Ground in Chriſtendom.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For Treaſon executed in our late King's Days?
And by his Treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from antient Gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy Blood,
And 'till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Plan

Plan. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for Treaſon, but not Traitor;
And that I'll prove on better Men than *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my Will.
For your Partaker *Pool*, and you your ſelf,
I'll note you in my Book of Memory,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:
Look to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill;
And know us by theſe Colours, for thy Foes:
For theſe, my Friends in ſpight of thee ſhall wear.
Plan. And by my Soul, this pale and angry Roſe,
As Cognizance of my Blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my Faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewel, until I meet thee next. [*Exi*
Som. Have with thee, *Pool:* Farewel, ambitious *R*
chard. [*Exi*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object againſt your Houſe,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter:*
And if thou be not then creat'd *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,
Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this Roſe.
And here I propheſie; this Brawl to day,
Grown to this Faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall ſend between the red Roſe and the white,
A thouſand Souls to death and deadly Night.
Plan. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare ſay,
This Quarrel will drink Blood another day. [*Exeun*

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a Chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind Keepers of my weak decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelf.
Even like a Man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbs with long Impriſonment:
And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuivants of Death,
Neſtor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer.*
Theſe Eyes, like Lamps, whoſe waſting Oil is ſpent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weak Shoulders, over-born with burthening Grief,
And pithleſs Arms, like to a withered Vine,
That droops his ſapleſs Branches to the Ground,
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is num,
(Unable to ſupport this Lump of Clay)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a Grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. Richard Plantaganet, my Lord, will come;
We ſent unto the Temple, to his Chamber,
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come,

Mor. Enough; my Soul then ſhall be ſatisfied.
Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to Reign,
Before whoſe Glory I was great in Arms,
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;
And even ſince then, hath *Richard* been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of Honour and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpairs,
Juſt Death, kind Umpire of Mens Miſeries,
With ſweet Enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence:
I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt.

Enter Richard Plantaganet.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantaganet, my Friend, is he come?

Plan. I, noble Uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your Nephew, late diſpiſed *Richard,* comes.

Mor. Direct mine Arms, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Boſom ſpend my later gaſp.
Oh tell me when my Lips do touch his Cheeks,

The

That I may kindly give one fainting Kiſs:
And now declare, ſweet Stem from *York*'s great Stock,
Why did'ſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?
Plan. Firſt, lean thine aged Back againſt mine Arm,
And in that caſe I'll tell thee my Diſeaſe.
This day in Argument upon a Caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Amongſt which terms, he us'd his laviſh Tongue,
And did upbraid me with my Father's Death;
Which obloquie ſet Bars before my Tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good Uncle, for my Father's ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantaganet*,
And for Alliance ſake, declare the Cauſe.
My Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, loſt his Head.
Mor. This Cauſe, fair Nephew, that impriſon'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring Youth,
Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pine,
Was curſed Inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Plan. Diſcover more at large, what Cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſs.
Mor. I will; if that my fading Breath permit,
And Death approach not, e'er my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Couſin *Richard*, *Edward*'s Son,
The firſt begotten, and the lawful Heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that Deſcent.
During whoſe Reign, the *Piercies* of the North,
Finding his Uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne.
The Reaſon mov'd theſe warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that, young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no Heir begotten of his Body,
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third Son
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas he,
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that Heroick Line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to Plant the rightful Heir,

I loſt my Liberty, and they their Lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth,
Succeeding his Father *Bullingbroke*, did Reign;
Thy Father, Earl of *Cambridge*, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;
Again, in pity of my hard diſtreſs,
Levied an Army, weening to redeem,
And have inſtall'd me in the Diadem:
But as the reſt, ſo fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.

Plan. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the laſt.

Mor. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my Heir; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious Care.

Plan. Thy grave Admoniſhments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my Father's Execution
Was nothing leſs than bloody Tyranny.

Mor. With ſilence, Nephew, be thou politick:
Strong fixed is the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And like a Mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Uncle is removing hence,
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſetled place.

Plan. O Uncle, would ſome part of my young Years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your Age.

Mor. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaughterer doth,
Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good,
Only give order for my Funeral.
And ſo farewel, and fair be all thy hopes;
And proſperous be thy Life in Peace and War. [*Dies.*

Plan. And Peace, no War, befall thy parting Soul.
In Priſon haſt thou ſpent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite over-paſt thy days.
Well, I will lock his Counſel in my Breaſt,
And what I do imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers convey him hence, and I my ſelf
Will ſee his Burial better than his Life.

Here

Here dies the dusky Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak'd with Ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe Wrongs, thoſe bitter Injuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not, but with Honour to redreſs.
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament,
Either to be reſtored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and* Richard Plantaganet. Glouceſter *offers to put up a Bill:* Wincheſter *ſnatches it, and tears it.*

Win. COm'ſt thou with deep premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, ſtudiouſly deviſ'd?
Humphry of *Glo'ſter*, if thou canſt accuſe,
Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, ſuddenly,
As I with ſudden, and extemporal Speech,
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object. [ence,
Glo. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my patiOr thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
Think not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the Method of my Pen.
No, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious Wickedneſs,
Thy leud, peſtiferous, and diſſentious pranks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious Uſurer,
Froward by Nature, Enemy to Peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A Man of thy Profeſſion, and Degree.
And for thy Treachery, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a Trap to take my Life,
As well at *London Bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
Beſide, I fear me, if thy Thoughts were ſifted,
The King, thy Soveraign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling Heart.

Win.

Win. *Glo'ſter*, I do defie thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were Covetous, Ambitious, or Perverſe,
As he will have me; how am I ſo poor?
Or how haps it, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe my ſelf? But keep my wonted Calling.
And for Diſſention, who preferreth Peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he,
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his Breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe Accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good——
Glo. As good?
Thou Baſtard of my Grandfather.
Win. Ay, Lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's Throne?
Glo. Am not I Protector, ſawcy Prieſt?
Win. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Glo. Yes, as an Out-law in a Caſtle keeps,
And uſeth it, to patronage his Theft.
Win. Unreverend *Gloceſter*.
Glo. Thou art Reverend,
Touching thy ſpiritual Function, not thy Life.
Win. *Rome* ſhall remedy this.
War. Roam thither then.
My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.
Som. Ay, ſee the Biſhop be not over-born:
Methinks my Lord ſhould be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is touch'd ſo near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. *Plantaganet* I ſee muſt hold his Tongue,
Leſt it be ſaid, ſpeak, Sirrah, when you ſhould,
Muſt your bold Verdict enter talk with Lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at *Wincheſter*.

K. Henry. Uncles of *Glo'ſter* and of *Wincheſter*,
The ſpecial Watchmen of our *Engliſh* Weal,
I would prevail, if Prayers might prevail,
To join your Hearts in Love and Amity.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown,
That two ſuch Noble Peers as ye ſhould jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender Years can tell,
Civil Diſſention is a viperous Worm,
That gnaws the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
[*A noiſe within*; Down with the Tawny Coats.
K. Henry. What Tumult is this?
War. An Uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Biſhop's Men.
[*A noiſe again*, Stones, Stones.
Enter Mayor.
Mayor. Oh, my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the City of *London*, pity us:
The Biſhop, and the Duke of *Glo'ſter's* Men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peble Stones;
And banding themſelves in contrary Parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's Pate,
That many have their giddy Brains knock'd out:
Our Windows are broke down in every Street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to ſhut our Shops.
Enter in ſkirmiſh with bloody Pates.
K. Henry. We charge you on Allegiance to our ſelves,
To hold your ſlaughtering Hands, and keep the Peace:
Pray, Uncle *Glo'ſter*, mitigate this Strife.
1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, we'll fall to it with our Teeth.
2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
[*Skirmiſh again.*
Glo. You of my houſhold leave this peeviſh broil,
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.
3 *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a Man
Juſt, and upright; and for your Royal Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majeſty:
And e'er that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kind a Father of the Common Weal,
To be diſgraced by an Ink-horn Mate,

We,

We, and our Wives and Children, all will fight,
And have our Bodies ſlaughter'd by thy Foes.
1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our Nails
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*
Glo. Stay, ſtay, I ſay,
And if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear a while.
K. Henry. Oh how this diſcord doth afflict my Soul!
Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My Sighs and Tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a Peace,
If Holy Church-men take delight in Broils?
War. Yield, my Lord Protector, yield *Wincheſter*;
Except you mean with obſtinate Repulſe
To ſlay your Sovereign, and deſtroy the Realm.
You ſee what Miſchief, and what Murther too,
Hath been enacted through your Enmity:
Then be at Peace, except ye thirſt for Blood.
Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoop,
Or I would ſee his Heart out, e'er the Prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented Fury,
As by his ſmoothed Brows it doth appear:
Why look you ſtill ſo Stern and Tragical?
Glo. Here, *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.
K. Henry. Fie, Uncle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Malice was a great and grievous Sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach?
But prove a chief Offender in the ſame.
War. Sweet King; the Biſhop hath a kindly gird:
For Shame, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, relent;
What, ſhall a Child inſtruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ſter*, I will yield to thee,
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.
Glo. Ay, but I fear me with a hollow Heart.
See here, my Friends and loving Countrymen,
This Token ſerveth for a Flag of Truce,
Betwixt our ſelves, and all our Followers:

So help me God, as I diſſemble not.
Win. So help me God, as I intend it not.
K. Henry. Oh, loving Uncle, kind Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
How joyful am I made by this Contract!
Away, my Maſters, trouble us no more,
But join in Friendſhip, as your Lords have done.
1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the Surgeon's.
2 *Serv.* And ſo will I.
3 *Serv.* And I will ſee what Phyſick the Tavern affords.
[*Exeunt.*
War. Accept this Scrowl, moſt gracious Sovereign,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We do exhibit to your Majeſty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*; for, ſweet Prince,
And if your Grace mark every Circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do *Richard* right,
Eſpecially for thoſe Occaſions
At *Eltham* Place I told your Majeſty.
K. Henry. And thoſe Occaſions, Uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood.
War. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood,
So ſhall his Father's Wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Wincheſter*.
K. Henry. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the Houſe of *York*,
From whence you ſpring, by lineal Deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble Servant vows Obedience,
And humble Service 'till the point of Death.
K. Henry. Stoop then, and ſet your Knee againſt my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that Duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant Sword of *York*.
Riſe, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And riſe created Princely Duke of *York*.
Rich. And ſo thrive *Richard*, as thy Foes may fall,
And as my Duty ſprings, ſo periſh they
That grudge one Thought againſt your Majeſty.
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*.
Som. Periſh, baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*. [*Aſide.*

Glo.

Glo. Now will it beſt avail your Majeſty,
To croſs the Seas, and to be crown'd in *France*:
The preſence of a King engenders Love,
Amongſt his Subjects and his loyal Friends,
As it diſanimates his Enemies.
K. Henry. When *Glo'ſter* ſays the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly Counſel cuts off many Foes.
Glo. Your Ships already are in readineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue;
This late Diſſention grown betwixt the Peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd Love,
And will at laſt break out into a Flame,
As feſter'd Members rot but by degrees,
Till Bones, and Fleſh, and Sinews fall away;
So will this baſe and envious Diſcord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy
Which in the time of *Henry* nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the Mouth of every ſucking Babe,
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* ſhould win all,
And *Henry* born at *Windſor* ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plain, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His days may finiſh e'er that hapleſs time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *diſguis'd, and four Soldiers with Sacks upon their Backs.*

Pucel. Theſe are the City Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,
Through which our Policy muſt make a Breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your Words,
Talk like the vulgar ſort of Market-men,
That come to gather Mony for their Corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we ſhall,
And that we find the ſlothful Watch but weak,
I'll by a Sign give notice to our Friends,
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.
Sol. Our Sacks ſhall be a means to ſack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over *Roan*,
Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks. Watch.

Watch. *Qui va là?*
Pucel. *Paisans pauvres gens de France.*
Poor Market Folks that come to sell their Corn.
Watch. Enter, go in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucel. Now *Roan*, I'll shake thy Bulwarks to the Ground.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alenson.

Dau. St. *Dennis* bless this happy Stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan.*
Bast. Here entred *Pucelle* and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie,
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shews that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakness) which she entred.
Enter Joan la Pucelle *on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.*
Pucel. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her Countrymen,
But burning fatal to the *Talbonites.*
Bast. See, Noble *Charles*, the Beacon of our Friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.
Dau. Now shines it like a Comet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous Ends,
Enter, and cry, The Dauphin, presently,
And then do execution on the Watch.
[*An Alarm,* Talbot *in an Excursion.*
Tal. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy Tears,
If *Talbot* but survive thy Treachery.
Pucelle that Witch, that damned Sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish Mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the Pride of *France* [*Exit.*

An Alarm: Excursions, Bedford *brought in sick in a Chair.*
Enter Talbot *and* Burgundy *without; within* Joan la Pucelle, *Dauphin, Bastard and* Reignier *on the Walls.*
Pucel. Good morrow, Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I think the Duke of *Burgundy* will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnel; do you like the taste?
Burg. Scoff on, vile Fiend, and shameful Courtizan,
I trust e'er long to choak thee with thine own,

And

And make thee curſe the Harveſt of that Corn.
Dau. Your Grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. Oh let not Words, but Deeds revenge this Treaſon.
Pucel. What will you do, good gray Beard?
Break a Launce, and run a Tilt at Death
Within a Chair.
Tal. Foul Fiend of *France*, and Hag of all deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtful Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardiſe a Man half dead?
Damſel, I'll have a Bout with you again,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with his Shame.
Pucel. Are you ſo hot, Sir: Yet *Pucelle* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* do but Thunder, Rain will follow.
[*They whiſper together in Counſel.*
God ſpeed the Parliament; who ſhall be the Speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the Field?
Pucel. Belike your Lordſhip takes us then for Fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alenſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like Soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Seignior, no.
Tal. Seignior, hang: Baſe Muleteers of *France*,
Like Peaſant Foot-boys do they keep the Walls,
And dare not take up Arms, like Gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains away, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodneſs by his Looks.
God be wi' you, my Lord; we came, Sir, but to tell you,
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the Walls.*
Tal. And there we will be too, e'er it be long,
Or elſe Reproach be *Talbot*'s greateſt Fame.
Vow *Burgundy*, by Honour of thy Houſe,
Prick'd on by publick Wrongs ſuſtain'd in *France*,
Either to get the Town again, or dye.
And I, as ſure as *Engliſh Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror,
As ſure as in this late betrayed Town,
Great *Cœurdelion*'s Heart was buried;
So ſure I ſwear to get the Town or die.

Burg. My Vows are equal partners with thy Vows,
Tal. But e'er we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: Come, my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for Sickneſs, and for crazy Age.
Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here I will ſit, before the Walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your Weal or Wo.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence: For once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his Litter ſick,
Came to the Field, and vanquiſhed his Foes.
Methinks I ſhould revive the Soldiers Hearts,
Becauſe I ever found them as my ſelf.
Tal. Undaunted Spirit in a dying Breaſt,
Then be it ſo: Heavens keep old *Bedford* ſafe,
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting Enemy. [*Exit.*

An Alarm: Excurſions: Enter Sir John Falſtaff, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Falſtaff*, in ſuch haſte?
Fal. Whither away? to ſave my ſelf by flight,
We are like to have the Overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord *Talbot*?
Fal. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the World to ſave my Life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill Fortune follow thee. [*Exit.*

Retreat: Excurſions. Pucelle, Alenſon, *and Dauphin fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet Soul, depart when Heaven pleaſe,
For I have ſeen our Enemies overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh Man?
They that of late were daring with their Scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*

An Alarm. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the reſt.*

Tal. Loſt, and recovered in a day again,
This is a double Honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet Heavens have Glory for this Victory.
Burg. Warlike and Martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inſhrines thee in his Heart, and there erects

Thy

Thy Noble Deeds, as Valour's Monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think her old Familiar is aſleep.
Now where's the Baſtard's braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
What, all amort? *Roan* hangs her Head for Grief,
That ſuch a valiant Company are fled.
Now we will take ſome Order in the Town,
Placing therein ſome expert Officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What will's Lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgundy*.
Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,
But ſee his Exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.
A braver Soldier never couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did never ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt dye,
For that's the end of Human Miſery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, Alenſon, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Diſmay not, Princes, at this Accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is ſo recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock ſweep along his Tail,
We'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Train,
If Dauphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.
Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence.
One ſudden Foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.
Baſt. Search out thy Wit for ſecret Policies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alen. We'll ſet thy Statue in ſome Holy Place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet Virgin, for our good.
Pucel. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Joan* deviſe:
By fair Perſuaſions, mixt with ſugar'd Words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Dau.

Dau. Ay, marry, Sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry*'s Warriors;
Nor ſhall that Nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.

Alen. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have Title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your Honours ſhall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
[*Drum beats afar off.*
Hark, by the ſound of Drum you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto *Paris* ward.
[*Here beat an* Engliſh *March.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours ſpread,
And all the Troops of *Engliſh* after him. [French *March.*
Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets ſound a Parley.*

Enter the Duke of Burgundy *marching.*

Dau. A Parley with the Duke of *Burgundy.*

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the *Burgundy?*

Pucel. The Princely *Charles* of *France*, thy Countryman.

Burg. What ſay'ſt thou, *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy Words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid ſpeak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy Country, look on fertile *France*,
And ſee the Cities and the Towns defac'd,
By waſting Ruin of the cruel Foe,
As looks the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth cloſe his tender-dying Eyes;
See, ſee the pining Malady of *France*:
Behold the Wounds, the moſt unnatural Wounds,
Which thou thy ſelf haſt given her woful Breaſt.
Oh, turn the edged Sword another way,
Strike thoſe that hurt, and hurt not thoſe that help:
One drop of Blood drawn from thy Country's Boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of common Gore;

Return

Return thee therefore with a flood of Tears,
And waſh away thy Country's ſtained Spots.

Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her Words,
Or Nature makes me ſuddenly relent.

Pucel. Beſides, all *French* and *France* exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and Lawful Progeny.
Whom join'ſt thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not truſt thee but for Profits ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in *France*,
And faſhion'd thee that Inſtrument of Ill,
Who then but *Engliſh Henry* will be Lord,
And thou be thruſt out like a Fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy Foe?
And was he not in *England* Priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemy,
They ſet him free, without his Ranſom paid,
In ſpight of *Burgundy* and all his Friends.
See then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy Countrymen,
And join'ſt with them will be thy Slaughter-men.
Come, come, return, return thou wandring Lord
Charles and the reſt will take thee in their Arms.

Burg. I am vanquiſhed. Theſe haughty Words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring Cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yield upon my Knees.
Forgive me Country, and ſweet Countrymen;
And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My Forces, and my Power of Men are yours.
So farewel *Talbot*, I'll no longer truſt thee.

Pucel. Done like a *Frenchman*: Turn, and turn again.

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke, thy Friendſhip makes us freſh.

Baſt. And doth beget new Courage in our Breaſts.

Alen. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a Coronet of Gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our Powers,
And ſeek how we may prejudice the Foe. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Exeter: *To them* Talbot *with his Soldiers.*

Tal. My gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this Realm,
I have a while given Truce unto my Wars,
To do my Duty to my Sovereign.
In ſign whereof, this Arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience, fifty Fortreſſes,
Twelve Cities, and ſeven walled Towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred Priſoners of Eſteem;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highneſs Feet:
And with ſubmiſſive Loyalty of Heart
Aſcribes the Glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd Lord *Talbot*, Uncle *Glo'ſter*,
That hath ſo long been Reſident in *France?*

Glo. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my Father ſaid,
A ſtouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long ſince we have reſolved of your Truth,
Your faithful Service, and your toil in War;
Yet never have you taſted our Reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with ſo much as Thanks,
Becauſe 'till now we never ſaw your Face;
Therefore ſtand up, and for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our Coronotion take your place. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were ſo hot at Sea,
Diſgracing of theſe Colours that I wear,
In honour of my Noble Lord of *York*,
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former Words thou ſpak'ſt?

Baſ. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſawcy Tongue,
Againſt the Duke of *Somerſet*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Baſ. Why, what is he? As good a Man as York,

Ver.

Ver. Hark ye; not ſo: In witneſs take you that. [*Strikes him.*
Baſ. Villain, thou knoweſt the Law of Arms is ſuch
That whoſo draws a Sword, 'tis preſent Death,
Or elſe this Blow ſhould broach thy deareſt Blood.
But I'll unto his Majeſty, and crave,
I may have liberty to venge this Wrong,
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy Coſt.
Ver. Well, Miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you,
And after meet you, ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, *and* Exeter, *Governor of* Paris.

Glo. LOrd Biſhop, ſet the Crown upon his Head.
Win. God ſave King *Henry*, of that Name the Sixth.
Glo. Now Governor of *Paris* take your Oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none Friends, but ſuch as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his State.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver'd to my Hands,
Writ to your Grace, from the Duke of *Burgundy*.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee:
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter from thy Craven's Leg,
Which I have done; becauſe, unworthily,
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high Degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt;
This Daſtard, at the Battel of *Poictiers*,
When, but in all, I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty Squire, did run away.
In which Aſſault we loſt twelve hundred Men.

My

My ſelf, and divers Gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken Priſoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or, whether that ſuch Cowards ought to wear
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To ſay the truth, this Fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common Man;
Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.

Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd, my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble Birth;
Valiant, and Virtuous, full of haughty Courage,
Such as were grown to Credit by the Wars:
Not fearing Death, nor ſhrinking for Diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt Extreams.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred Name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt Honourable Order,
And ſhould, if I were worthy to be Judge,
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-born Swain,
That doth preſume to boaſt of Gentle Blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy Countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a Knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee on pain of Death. [*Exit* Falſtaff.
And now, my Lord Protector, view the Letter,
Sent from our Uncle, Duke of *Burgundy*.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtyle?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King.* [*Reading.*
Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churliſh Superſcription
Pretend ſome Alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon eſpecial Cauſe,* [Reads.
Mov'd with Compaſſion of my Country's Wrack,
Together with the pitiful Complaints
Of ſuch as your Oppreſſion feeds upon,
Forſaken your pernicious Faction,
And joyn'd with Charles, *the rightful King of* France.
O monſtrous Treachery! Can this be ſo?
That in Alliance, Amity, and Oaths,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my Uncle *Burgundy* revolt?

Glo. He doth, my Lord, and is become my Foe.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Is that the worſt this Letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worſt, and all, my Lord, he writes.
K. Henry. Why then, Lord *Talbot* there ſhall talk with him,
And give him Chaſtiſement for this Abuſe.
How ſay you, my Lord, are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But that I am prevented,
I ſhould have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Henry. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtreight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his Treaſon,
And what Offence it is to flout his Friends.
Tal. I go, my Lord, in Heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold Confuſion of your Foes. [*Exit* Talbot.

Enter Vernon *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Grant me the Combat, gracious Sovereign.
Baſ. And me, my Lord, grant me the Combat too.
York. This is my Servant, hear him Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine, ſweet *Henry*, favour him.
K. Henry. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to ſpeak.
Say, Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you Combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.
Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
K. Henry. What is that wrong whereon you both complain?
Firſt let me know, and then I'll anſwer you.
Baſ. Croſſing the Sea, from *England* into *France*,
This Fellow here with ſharp and carping Tongue,
Upbraided me about the Roſe I wear;
Saying, the ſanguine Colour of the Leaves
Did repreſent my Maſter's bluſhing Cheeks:
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the Truth,
About a certain queſtion in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious Terms.
In Confutation of which rude Reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's Worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of Law of Arms.
Ver. And that is my Petition, Noble Lord;
For though he ſeem, with forged quaint Conceit,
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my Lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he firſt took Exceptions at this Badge,

Pronouncing

Pronouncing that the paleneſs of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my Maſter's Heart.
York. Will not this Malice, *Somerſet*, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it. [Men!
K. Henry. Good Lord! What madneſs rules in Brain-ſick
When for ſo ſlight and frivolous a Cauſe,
Such factious Emulations ſhall ariſe!
Good Couſins both of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet your ſelves, and be at peace.
York. Let this Diſſention firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your Highneſs ſhall command a Peace.
Som. The Quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our ſelves let us decide it then.
York. There is my Pledge, accept it, *Somerſet.*
Ver. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.
Baſ. Confirm it ſo, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirm it ſo? Confounded be your Strife,
And periſh ye with your audacious Prate;
Preſumptuous Vaſſals, are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous Outrage,
To trouble and diſturb the King and Us?
And you, my Lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverſe Objections:
Much leſs to take occaſion from their Mouths,
To raiſe a Mutiny amongſt your ſelves:
Let me perſuade you take a better courſe.
Exe. It grieves his Highneſs:
Good my Lords, be Friends.
K. Henry. Come hither you that would be Combatants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our Favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the Cauſe.
And you, my Lords, remember where you are,
In *France*, amongſt a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceive diſſention in our Looks,
And that within our ſelves we diſagree;
How will their grudging Stomachs be provok'd
To wilful Diſobedience and Rebellion?
Beſide, what Infamy will there ariſe,
When Foreign Princes ſhall be certified,

That

That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry*'s Peers, and chief Nobility,
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the Realm of *France*?
O think upon the Conqueſt of my Father,
My tender Years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle, that was bought with Blood.
Let me be Umpire in this doubtful Strife:
I ſee no Reaſon, if I wear this Roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more encline to *Somerſet* than *York*:
Both are my Kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Becauſe, forſooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your Diſcretions better can perſuade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Couſin of *York*, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of *France*:
And good my Lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your Troops of Horſemen, with his Bands of Foot;
And like true Subjects, Sons of your Progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry Choler on your Enemies.
Our ſelf, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*; where I hope e'er long
To be preſented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alenſon*, and that traiterous rout. [*Exeunt.*

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My Lord of *York*, I promiſe you the King
Prettily, methought, did play the Orator.

York. And ſo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the Badge of *Somerſet*.

War. Tuſh, that was but his fancy, blame him not,
I dare preſume, ſweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wiſh he did.---But let it reſt,
Other Affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſs thy Voice:
For if the paſſions of thy Heart burſt out,

I fear we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging Broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd:
But howſoe'er, no ſimple Man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of Nobility,
This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Favourites,
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens Hands;
But more, when Envy breeds unkind Diviſion:
Then comes the Ruin, there begins Confuſion. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot *with Trumpets and Drum before* Bourdeaux.

Tal. Go to the Gates of *Bourdeaux*, Trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General aloft.

Engliſh John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in Arms to *Harry* King of *England*,
And thus he would: Open your City Gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Soveraign yours,
And do him Homage as Obedient Subjects,
And I'll withdraw me, and my Bloody Power.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd Peace,
And tempt the fury of my three Attendants,
Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment even with the Earth
Shall lay your ſtately, and Air-braving Towers,
If you forſake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearful Owl of Death,
Our Nations terrour, and their bloody Scourge.
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On us thou canſt not enter but by Death:
For I proteſt we are well fortified,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin well appointed,
Stands with the Snares of War to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are Squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
Ten thouſand *French* have ta'en the Sacrament,
And no way canſt thou turn thee for Redreſs,
But Death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the Face:
To rive their dangerous Artillery

Upon

Upon no Chriſtian Soul, but *Engliſh Talbot:*
Lo there thou ſtand'ſt a breathing valiant Man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd Spirit:
This is the lateſt Glory of thy Praiſe,
That I thy Enemy dew thee withal;
For e'er the Glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of his ſandy Hour,
Theſe Eyes that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum a-far off.*
Hark, hark, the Dauphin's Drum, a warning Bell,
Sings heavy Muſick to thy timorous Soul,
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out. [*Exit.*

Tal. He fables not, I hear the Enemy:
Out ſome light Horſemen, and peruſe their Wings.
O negligent and heedleſs Diſcipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a Pale?
A little Herd of *England*'s timorous Deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* Curs.
If we be *Engliſh* Deer, be then in Blood,
Not Raſcal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and deſperate Stags,
Turn on the bloody Hounds, with Heads of Steel,
And make the Cowards ſtand aloof at Bay:
Sell every Man his Life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear Deer of us, my Friends.
God and St. *George*, *Talbot* and *England*'s Right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Meſſenger that meets York. *Enter* York *with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

York. Are not the ſpeedy Scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty Army of the Dauphin?

Meſſ. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his Power
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier Troops, than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux.*

York. A plague upon that Villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed Supply
Of Horſemen that were levied for the Siege.

Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my Aid,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villain,
And cannot help the Noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewel Wars in *France*.

Enter a ſecond Meſſenger.

2 *Meſſ.* Thou Princely Leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the Earth of *France*,
Spur to the Reſcue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girded with a waſte of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim Deſtruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke, to *Bourdeaux*, *York*,
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s Honour.

York. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud Heart
Doth ſtop my Cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place,
So ſhould we ſave a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we dye, while remiſs Traitors ſleep.

Meſſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd Lord.

York. He dyes, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles: We loſe, they daily get:
All long of this vile Traitor *Somerſet*.

Meſſ. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s Soul,
And on his Son, young *John*, who two hours ſince,
I met in Travel towards his warlike Father;
This ſeven years did not *Talbot* ſee his Son,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! What Joy ſhall Noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young Son welcome to his Grave!
Away, Vexation almoſt ſtops my Breath,
That ſundry Friends greet in the hour of Death.
Lucy farewel, no more my Fortune can,
But curſe the Cauſe, I cannot aid the Man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poictiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Meſſ. Thus while the Vulture of Sedition,
Feeds in the Boſom of ſuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs,
The Conqueſts of our ſcarce cold Conqueror,
That ever-living Man of Memory,

Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each others croſs,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Somerſet *with his Army.*

Som. It is too late, I cannot ſend them now:
This Expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too raſhly plotted. All our general force
Might with a Sally of the very Town
Be buckled with; the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former Honour
By this unheedful, deſperate, wild Adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and dye in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me,
Set from our o'er-matcht Forces forth for aid.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither werſt thou ſent?

Lucy. Whither my Lord? from Bought and Sold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adverſity,
Cries out for Noble *York* and *Somerſet*,
To beat aſſailing Death from his weak Legions;
And whiles the Honourable Captain there
Drops bloody Sweat from his War-wearied Limbs,
And in advantage lingring looks for Reſcue,
You, his falſe Hopes, the truſt of *England*'s Honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs Emulation:
Let not your private Diſcord keep away
The levied Succours that ſhall lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble Gentleman,
Yields up his Life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Baſtard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alenſon, *Reignier*, compaſs him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.

Som. *York* ſet him on, *York* ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as faſt upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied Hoſt,
Collected for this Expedition.

Som. *York* lies: He might have ſent, and had the Horſe:
I owe him little Duty, and leſs Love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:

Never to *England* ſhall he bear his Life,
But dies betray'd to Fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come, go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtraight:
Within ſix hours, they will be at his aid.
Lucy. Too late comes Reſcue, if he's ta'en, or ſlain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.
Lucy. His Fame lives in the World, his Shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Talbot *and his Son.*

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did ſend for thee,
To tutor thee in Stratagems of War,
That *Talbot*'s Name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs Age, and weak unable Limbs,
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chair.
But O malignant and ill-boading Stars,
Now art thou come unto a Feaſt of Death,
A terrible and unavoided danger,
Therefore, dear Boy, mount on thy ſwifteſt Horſe,
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my Name *Talbot*? and am I your Son?
And ſhall I fly? O! if you love my Mother,
Diſhonour not her Honourable Name,
To make a Baſtard and a Slave of me.
The World will ſay, he is not *Talbot*'s Blood,
That baſely fled, when Noble *Talbot* ſtood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my Death, if I be ſlain.
John. He that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to dye.
John. Then let me ſtay, and, Father, do you fly;
Your loſs is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my Death, the *French* can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the Honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will ſwear:
But if I bow, they'll ſay it was for Fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If the firſt hour I ſhrink and run away.

Here

Here on my Knee I beg Mortality,
Rather than Life, preſerv'd with Infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy Mother's hopes lye in one Tomb?
John. Ay, rather then I'll ſhame my Mother's Womb.
Tal. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the Foe.
Tal. Part of thy Father may be ſav'd in thee.
John. No part of him but will be ſhame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadſt Renown, nor canſt not loſe it.
John. Yes, your renowned Name; ſhall flight abuſe it?
Tal. Thy Father's charge ſhall clear thee from the ſtain.
John. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If Death be ſo apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my Followers here to fight and die?
My Age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.
John. And ſhall my Youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſevered from your ſide,
Than can your ſelf your ſelf in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not; if my Father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair Son,
Born to eclipſe thy Life this afternoon:
Come, ſide by ſide, together live and die,
And Soul with Soul from *France* to Heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum: Excurſions, wherein Talbot's *Son is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *reſcues him.*

Tal. St. *George*, and Victory, fight Soldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France*'s Sword.
Where is *John Talbot?* Pauſe, and take thy Breath,
I gave thee Life, and reſcu'd thee from Death.
John. O twice my Father, twice I am thy Son:
The Life thou gav'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done.
Till with thy warlike Sword, deſpight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'ſt new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's Creſt thy Sword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy Father's Heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac'd Victory. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthful Spleen, and Warlike Rage,
Beat down *Alenſon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the Pride of *Gallia* reſcued thee.

The ireful Baſtard *Orleans*, that drew Blood
From thee, my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoon encountered,
And interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his Baſtard Blood, and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe
And miſs-begotten Blood, I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure Blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
Here purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy Father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John?* How do'ſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battel, Boy, and fly?
Now thou art ſeal'd the Son of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my Death when I am dead,
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall Boat.
If I to day die not with *Frenchmens* Rage,
To morrow I ſhall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain, and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dies, our Houſehold's Name,
My Death's Revenge, thy Youth, and *England*'s Fame,
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The Sword of *Orleans* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe Words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that advantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſave a paltry Life, and ſlay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The Coward Horſe that bears me, fall and die;
And like me to the Peaſant Boys of *France*,
To be Shame's Scorn, and Subject of Miſchance.
Surely, by all the Glory you have won,
And if I fly, I am not *Talbot*'s Son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot*'s Foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Sire of *Creet*,
Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is ſweet;

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Father's ſide,
And commendable prov'd let's die in Pride. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot *led.*

Tal. Where is my other Life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *John?*
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with Captivity,
Young *Talbot*'s Valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandiſhed over me,
And like a hungry Lion did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and ſtern Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruin, and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd Fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſtering Battel of the *French:*
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over-mounting Spirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus*, my Bloſſom in his Pride.

Enter John Talbot, *born.*

Serv. O, my dear Lord! lo where your Son is born.
Tal. Thou antick Death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon from thy inſulting Tyranny,
Coupled in Bonds of Perpetuity,
Two *Talbot*'s winged through the lither Sky,
In thy deſpight ſhall ſcape Mortality.
O thou, whoſe wounds become hard favoured death,
Speak to thy Father, e'er thou yield thy breath.
Brave Death by ſpeaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy Foe.
Poor Boy, he ſmiles, methinks, as who ſhould ſay,
Had Death been *French*, then Death had died to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Father's Arms,
My Spirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
Soldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old Arms are young *John Talbot*'s Grave. [*Dies.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Charles, Alenſon, Burgundy, *Baſtard, and* Pucelle.

Char. HAD *York* and *Somerſet* brought Reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody Day of this.
Baſt. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s raging wood,
Did fleſh his puny ſword in *Frenchmen*'s blood.
Pucel. Once I encountred him, and thus I ſai
Thou Maiden Youth, be vanquiſht by a Maid.
But with a proud Majeſtical high ſcorn
He anſwer'd thus: Young *Talbot* was not born
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtleſs he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhearſed in the Arms
Of the moſt bloody Nurſer of his harms.
Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder,
Whoſe life was *England*'s Glory, *Gallia*'s Wonder.
Char. Oh no, forbear: For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's Tent.
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the Day.
Char. On what ſubmiſſive Meſſage art thou ſent?
Lucy. Submiſſion, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word:
We *Engliſh* Warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what Priſoners thou haſt ta'en,
And to ſurvey the Bodies of the Dead.
Char. For Priſoners ask'ſt thou? Hell our Priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?
Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the Field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created for his rare ſucceſs in Arms,
Great Earl of *Waſhford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel of Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeild*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of St. George,

Worthy

Worthy St. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marſhal to our King *Henry* the ſixth,
Of all his Wars within the Realm of *France*.
Pucel. Here's a ſilly ſtately ſtyle indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty Kingdoms hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a Style as this.
Him that thou magnifi'ſt with all theſe Titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lyes here at our feet.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* ſlain, the *Frenchmens* only Scourge,
Your Kingdom's terrour, and black *Nemeſis*?
Oh were mine Eye-balls into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your Faces.
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realm of *France*.
Were but his Picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their Bodies that I may bear them hence,
And give them Burial, as beſeems their worth.
Pucel. I think this upſtart is old *Talbot*'s Ghoſt,
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding Spirit:
For Gods ſake, let him have him; to keep them here,
They would but ſtink, and putrifie the air.
Char. Go take their Bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence; but from their aſhes ſhall be rear'd
A Phœnix that ſhall make all *France* afear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what thou wilt.
And now to *Paris* in this Conquering vein,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s ſlain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac*?
Glo. I have, my Lord, and their Intent is this,
They humbly ſue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly Peace concluded of,
Between the Realms of *England* and of *France*.
K. Henry. How doth your Grace affect this Motion?

Glo.

Glo. Well, my good Lord, and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian Blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſs on every ſide.
K. Henry. Ay marry, Uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch Immanity and bloody Strife
Should reign among Profeſſors of one Faith.
Glo. Beſide, my Lord, the ſooner to effect,
And ſurer bind his knot of Amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near knit to *Charles*,
A Man of great Authority in *France*,
Proffers his only Daughter to your Grace
In Marriage, with a large and ſumptuous Dowry.
K. Henry. Marriage, Uncle! alas! my Years are young:
And fitter is my Study, and my Books
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour:
Yet call th' Ambaſſadors, and as you pleaſe,
So let them have their Anſwers every one;
I ſhall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's Glory, and my Country's Weal.

Enter Wincheſter, *and three Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. What, is my Lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's Degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did ſometime Propheſie.
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his Cap coequal with the Crown.
K. Henry. My Lords Ambaſſadors, your ſeveral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on,
Your Purpoſe is both good and reaſonable;
And therefore are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw Conditions of a friendly Peace,
Which by my Lord of *Wincheſter* we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to *France*.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Maſter,
I have inform'd his Highneſs ſo at large,
As liking of the Lady's virtuous Gifts,
Her Beauty, and the value of her Dower,
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be *England*'s Queen.
K. Henry. In argument and proof of which Contract,
Bear her this Jewel, pledge of my Affection.

And

And ſo, my Lord Protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Dover*, where inſhipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the Sea. [*Exeunt.*

Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of Mony which I promiſed
Should be delivered to his Holineſs
For clothing me in theſe grave Ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your Lordſhips leiſure.

Win. Now *Wincheſter* will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt Peer.
Humphry of *Glo'ſter*, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That neither in Birth, or for Authority,
The Biſhop will be over-born by thee;
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy Knee,
Or ſack this Country with a Mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alenſon, *Baſtard*, Reignier, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. This News, my Lords, may cheer our drooping Spirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout *Pariſians* do revolt,
And return again unto the warlike *French*.

Alen. Then march to *Paris*, Royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Power in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongſt them, if they turn to us,
Elſe Ruin combat with their Palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Succeſs unto our valiant General,
And happineſs to his Accomplices.

Dau. What tidings ſend our Scouts? I prethee ſpeak.

Scout. The *Engliſh* Army, that divided was
Into two Parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you Battel preſently.

Dau. Somewhat too ſudden, Sirs, the warning is,
But we will preſently provide for them.

Burg. I truſt the Ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel.

Pucel. Of all baſe Paſſions, Fear is moſt accurſt.
Command the Conqueſt, *Charles*, it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the World repine.
Dau. Then on, my Lords, and *France* be fortunate. [*Exeunt.*
Alarm: Excurſions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.
Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help ye charming Spells and Periapts,
And ye choice Spirits that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future Accidents. [*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are Subſtitutes
Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this Enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This ſpeedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful Regions under Earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the Field.
[*They walk and ſpeak not.*
Oh hold me not with ſilence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my Blood,
I'll lop a Member off, and give it you
In earneſt of a further Benefit:
So you do condeſcend to help me now.
[*They hang their Heads.*
No hope to have Redreſs? My Body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their Heads.*
Cannot my Body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my Soul; my Body, Soul, and all,
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.
[*They depart.*
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* muſt vail her lofty plumed Creſt,
And let her Head fall into *England*'s Lap.
My ancient Incantations are too weak,
And Hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now *France* thy Glory droopeth to the Duſt. [*Exit.*
[*Excurſions.* Pucelle *and* York *fight Hand in Hand.*
Pucelle *is taken.* The French fly.

York.

York. Damſel of *France*, I think I have you faſt,
Unchain your Spirits now with ſpelling Charms,
And try if they can gain your Liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the Devil's Grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her Brows,
As if, with *Circe*, ſhe would change my ſhape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou can'ſt not be.
York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper Man,
No Shape but his can pleaſe your dainty Eye.
Pucel. A plaguing miſchief light on *Charles* and thee,
And may ye both be ſuddenly ſurpris'd
By bloody Hands, in ſleeping on your Beds.
York. Fell banning Hag, Inchantreſs, hold thy Tongue.
Pucel. I prethee give me leave to curſe a while.
York. Curſe, Miſcreant, when thou comeſt to the Stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter Suffolk *with* Margaret *in his Hand.*
Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my Priſoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh faireſt Beauty, do not fear, nor fly:
For I will touch thee but with reverend Hands,
I kiſs theſe Fingers for eternal Peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
Who art thou, ſay? that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my Name, and Daughter to a King,
The King of *Naples*, whoſoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Nature's Miracle,
Thou art alotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the Swan her downy Cignets ſave,
Keeping them Priſoners underneath her Wings:
Yet if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as *Suffolk*'s Friend. [*She is going.*
Oh ſtay! I have no power to let her paſs,
My Hand would free her, but my Heart ſays no.
As plays the Sun upon the glaſſy Streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited Beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous Beauty to mine Eyes:
Fain would I woe her, yet I dare not ſpeak:
I'll call for Pen and Ink, and write my Mind:
Fy, *De la Pole*, diſable not thy ſelf;

Hall

Haſt not a Tongue? Is ſhe not here thy Priſoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Woman's ſight?
Ay, Beauty's Princely Majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the Tongue, and makes the Senſes rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy Name be ſo,
What Ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
For I perceive I am thy Priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell ſhe will deny thy ſuit,
Before thou make a trial of her Love?
Mar. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? What Ranſon muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a Woman, therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of Ranſom, yea or no?
Suf. Fond Man, remember that thou haſt a Wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; ſure the Man is mad.
Suf. And yet a Diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why, for my King: Tuſh, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of Wood: It is ſome Carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfied,
And Peace eſtabliſhed between theſe Realms;
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet he is poor,
And our Nobility will ſcorn the Match.
Mar. Hear ye, Captain? are you not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be inthrall'd, he ſeems a Knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps I ſhall be reſcu'd by the *French*,
And then I need not crave his courteſie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh; Women have been captivate e'er now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?

Mar.

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle Princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your Bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in Bondage, is more vile,
Than is a Slave in baſe ſervility:
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy *England*'s Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry*'s Queen,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy Hand,
And ſet a precious Crown upon thy Head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to my——
Mar. What?
Suf. His Love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s Wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a Dame to be his Wife,
And have no Portion in the choice my ſelf.
How ſay you, Madam, are you ſo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captains and our Colours forth,
And, Madam, at your Father's Caſtle Walls,
We'll crave a Parley to confer with him.
Sound. Enter Reignier *on the Walls.*
See *Reignier*, ſee, thy Daughter Priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a Soldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleneſs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord,
Conſent, and for thy Honour give conſent,
Thy Daughter ſhall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto:
And this her eaſie held Impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy Daughter Princely Liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.

Reig. Upon thy Princely Warrant, I deſcend;
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.
Trumpets ſound. Enter Reignier.
Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honour pleaſes.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy for ſo ſweet a Child,
Fit to be made Companion with a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace unto my ſuit?
Reig. Since thou doſt daign to woo her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of ſuch a Lord:
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the Country *Main* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of War,
My Daughter ſhall be *Henry*'s, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her Ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two Countries, I will undertake,
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry*'s Royal Name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for ſign of plighted Faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee Kingly thanks,
Becauſe it is in Traffick of a King.
And yet methinks I could be well content
To be mine own Attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll over then to *England* with this News,
And make this Marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewel *Reignier*, ſet this Diamond ſafe
In Golden Palaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewel my Lord, good wiſhes, praiſe, and prayers,
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet Madam; but hark you, *Margaret*,
No Princely Commendations to my King?
Mar. Such Commendations as become a Maid,
A Virgin and his Servant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again,
No loving Token to his Majeſty?

Mar.

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unſpotted Heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelf——I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh Tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wer't thou for my ſelf——but *Suffolk* ſtay,
Thou mayeſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs, and ugly Treaſons lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wondrous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her Virtues that ſurmount,
Made natural Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeat their ſemblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry*'s Feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exeunt.*

Enter York, Warwick, *a Shepherd, and* Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that Sorcereſs condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, *Joan*, this kills thy Father's Heart out-right;
Have I ſought every Country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs cruel Death!
Ah *Joan*, ſweet Daughter, I will die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler Blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out——My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo,
I did beget her all the Pariſh knows:
Her Mother liveth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt Fruit of my Batch'lor-ſhip.
War. Graceleſs, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her Death concludes.
Shep. Fie *Joan*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knows thou art a Collop of my Fleſh,
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a Tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*,
Pucel. Peaſant, avant. You have ſuborn'd this Man
Of purpoſe to obſcure my noble Birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Prieſt,
The morn that I was wedded to her Mother.
Kneel down and take my Bleſſing, good my Girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? Now curſed be the time

Of thy Nativity; I would the Milk
Thy Mother gave thee, when thou ſuck'dſt her Breaſt,
Had been a little Ratsbane for thy ſake:
Or elſe, when thou didſt keep thy Lambs afield,
I wiſh ſome ravenous Wolf had eaten thee.
Doſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burn her, burn her, hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away, for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the World with vitious qualities.

Pucel. Firſt, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swain,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings,
Virtuous and Holy, choſen from above,
By inſpiration of Celeſtial Grace,
To work exceeding Miracles on Earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your Luſts,
Stain'd with the guiltleſs Blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand Vices,
Becauſe you want the grace that others have,
You judge it ſtreight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs Wonders, but by help of Devils.
No, miſconceived *Joan* of *Arc* hath been
A Virgin from her tender Infancy,
Chaſte, and immaculate in very thought,
Whoſe Maiden-blood thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance at the Gates of Heav'n.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to Execution.

War. And heark ye, Sirs; becauſe ſhe is a Maid,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place Barrels of Pitch upon the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortned.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting Hearts?
Then *Joan* diſcover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy privilege.
I am with Child, ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruit within my Womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent Death.

Plan. Now Heav'n forfend! the holy Maid with Child?

War. The greateſt Miracle that e'er you wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?

York.

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to, we will have no Baſtards live,
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt Father it.
Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my Child is none of his,
It was *Alenſon* that enjoy'd my Love.
York. *Alenſon*, that notorious Matchevile!
It dies, and if it had a thouſand Lives.
Pucel. O give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.
War. A married Man! that's moſt intolerable.
York. Why here's a Girl; I think ſhe knows not well
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſign ſhe had been liberal and free.
York. And yet forſooth ſhe is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.
Uſe no intreaty, for it is in vain.
Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious Sun reflex his Beams
Upon the Country where you make abode;
But darkneſs, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inviron you, 'till Miſchief and Deſpair
Drive you to break your Necks, or hang your ſelves. [*Exit.*

Enter Cardinal.

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to Aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed Miniſter of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King,
For know, my Lords, the States of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a general Peace,
Betwixt our Nation and th' aſpiring *French*;
And here at hand, the Dauphin and his Train
Approacheth, to confer about ſome matters.
York. Is all our travel turn'd to this Effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peers,
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their Bodies for their Countries Benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate Peace?

Have we not loſt moſt part of all the Towns,
By Treaſon, Falſhood, and by Treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh *Warwick*, *Warwick*, I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the Realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a Peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere Covenants,
As little ſhall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alenſon, *Baſtard, and* Reignier.

Char. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce ſhall be proclaim'd in *France*,
We come to be informed by your ſelves,
What the Conditions of that League muſt be.

York. Speak, *Wincheſter*; for boiling Choler chokes
The hollow paſſage of my poiſon'd Voice,
By ſight of theſe our baleful Enemies.

Win. Charles, and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives conſent,
Of meer compaſſion, and of lenity,
To eaſe your Country of diſtreſsful War,
And ſuffer you to breath in fruitful Peace,
You ſhall become true Liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him Tribute, and ſubmit thy ſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And ſtill enjoy thy regal Dignity.

Alen. Muſt he be then a ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in Subſtance and Authority,
Retain but privilege of a private Man?
This Proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.

Char. 'Tis known already, that I am poſſeſt
Of more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful King.
Shall I for lucre of the reſt un-vanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that Prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambaſſador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.

York. Inſulting *Charles*, haſt thou by ſecret means

Uſe

Us'd interceſſion to obtain a League,
And now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon Compariſon?
Either accept the Title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant Wars.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well, in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We ſhall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your Subjects from ſuch maſſacre
And ruthleſs ſlaughters as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in Hoſtility.
And therefore take this contract of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your pleaſure ſerves.
[*Aſide to the* Dauphin.

War. How ſay'ſt thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition ſtand?

Char. It ſhall:
Only reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our Towns of Garriſon.

York. Then ſwear Allegiance to his Majeſty,
As thou art Knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crown of *England*,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England*.
So, now diſmiſs your Army when you pleaſe:
Hang up your Enſigns, let your Drums be ſtill,
For here we entertain a ſolemn Peace. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Suffolk *in conference with King* Henry, Glouceſter *and* Exeter.

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare deſcription, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her Virtues graced with external Gifts,
Do breed Loves ſettled Paſſions in my Heart,
And like as rigour with tempeſtuous Guſts
Provokes the mightieſt Hulk againſt the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renown,
Either to ſuffer Shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Love.

Suf. Tuſh, my good Lord, this ſuperficial Tale
Is but a Preface to her worthy Praiſe:
The chief Perfections of that lovely Dame,
Had I ſufficient Skill to utter them,
Would make a Volume of inticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit.
And which is more, ſhe is not ſo Divine,
So full repleat with choice of all Delights,
But with as humble lowlineſs of Mind,
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her Lord.

K. Henry. And otherwiſe, will *Henry* ne'er preſume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give conſent,
That *Margaret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.

Glo. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter Sin.
You know, my Lord, your Highneſs is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of eſteem.
How ſhall we then diſpence with that Contract,
And not deface your Honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawful Oaths,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſts
By reaſon of his Adverſary's odds.
A poor Earl's Daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is *Magaret* more than that?
Her Father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious Titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jeruſalem*,
And of ſuch great Authority in *France*,
That his Alliance will confirm our Peace,
And keep the *Frenchmen* in Allegiance.

Glo. And ſo the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Becauſe he is near Kinſman unto *Charles*.

Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant liberal Dower,
Where *Reignier* ſooner will receive than give.

Suf. A Dower, my Lords! Diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To chuſe for Wealth, and not for perfect Love.

Henry

Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to ſeek a Queen to make him rich,
So worthleſs Peaſants bargain for their Wives,
As Market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horſe.
But Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by Attorney-ſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial Bed.
And therefore, Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe Reaſons bindeth us,
In our Opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd;
For what is Wedlock forced, but a Hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a Pattern of celeſtial Peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is Daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs Feature, joined with her Birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant Courage, and undaunted Spirit,
More than in Women commonly is ſeen,
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King:
For *Henry*, Son unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolve,
As is fair *Margaret*, he be link'd in Love.
Then yield my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of *Suffolk*; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any Paſſion of inflaming Love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my Breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore Shipping; poſt, my Lord, to *France*,
Agree to any Covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the Seas to *England*, and be Crown'd,
King *Henry's* faithful and anointed Queen.

For

For your Expences and ſufficient Charge,
Among the People gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay, for 'till you do return,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you, good Uncle, baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſudden Execution of my Will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my Grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But proſper better than the *Trojan* did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realm. [*Exit.*

THE
Second Part
OF
King *HENRY* VI,

With the Death of the

Good Duke *Humphry*.

Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Humphry *Duke of* Glouceſter, } *Unkles to the King.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Bp. of* Wincheſter, }
Duke of York, *pretending to the Crown.*
Duke of Buckingham, }
Duke of Somerſet, } *Of the King's Party.*
Duke of Suffolk, }
Earl of Salisbury, } *Of the* York *Faction.*
Earl of Warwick, }
Lord Clifford, *of the King's Party.*
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, *Governor of the* Tower.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, *his Brother.*
Alexander Iden, *a* Kentiſh *Gentleman.*
Young Clifford, *Son to the Lord* Clifford.
Edward Plantagenet, } *Sons to the Duke of* York.
Richard Plantagenet, }
Vaux. *A Sea Captain, and* Walter Whitmore—— *Pirates.*
Hume *and* Southwel—— 2 *Prieſts.*
Bullingbrook, *an Aſtrologer.*
A Spirit attending on Jordan *the Witch.*
Thomas Horner, *an Armorer.*
Peter, *his Man.*
Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, *an Impoſtor.*
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick *the Butcher,*
Smith *the Weaver, and ſeveral Others* —— *Rebels.*

Margaret, *Queen to King* Henry VI. *ſecretly in Love with the Duke of* Suffolk.
Dame Elianor, *Wife to the Duke of* Glouceſter.
Mother Jordan, *a Witch employ'd by the Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.
Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, with Guards, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE *is laid very diſperſedly in ſeveral Parts of* England.

The Second PART of King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Flouriſh of Trumpets: Then Hautboys. Enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, *and* Beaufort *on the one ſide. The Queen*, Suffolk, York, Somerſet, *and* Buckingham *on the other.*

SUFFOLK.

AS by your high Imperial Majeſty,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princeſs *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient City, *Tours*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil*,
The Dukes of *Orleans*, *Calabar*, *Bretaigne*, *Alenſon*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, and twenty reverend Biſhops,
I have perform'd my Task, and was eſpous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended Knee,
In ſight of *England* and her Lordly Peers,
Deliver up my Title in the Queen
[*Preſenting the Queen to the King.*
To your moſt gracious Hand, that are the Subſtance

Of

Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt gift that ever Marqueſs gave,
The faireſt Queen that ever King receiv'd.
K. Henry. *Suffolk* ariſe. Welcome, Queen *Margaret*,
I can expreſs no kinder ſign of Love
Than this kind Kiſs. O Lord, that lends me Life,
Lend me a Heart repleat with thankfulneſs:
For thou haſt given me, in this beauteous Face,
A world of Earthly Bleſſings to my Soul,
If ſympathy of Love unite our Thoughts.
Q. Mar. Great King of *England*, and my gracious Lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By Day, by Night, waking, and in my Dreams,
In courtly Company, or at my Beads,
With you mine Alder liefeſt Sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With ruder terms, ſuch as my Wit affords,
And over-joy of Heart doth miniſter.
K. Henry. Her ſight did raviſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with Wiſdom's Majeſty,
Make me from wondring, fall to weeping Joys,
Such is the fulneſs of my Heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice, welcome my Love.
All kneel. Long live Queen *Margaret*, *England*'s happineſs.
Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*
Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted Peace,
Between our Sovereign, and the *French* King *Charles*,
For eighteen Months concluded by conſent.
Glo. Reads. Imprimis, *It is agreed between the* French *King*, Charles, *and* William de la Pole, *Marqueſs of* Suffolk, *Ambaſſador of* England, *That the ſaid* Henry *ſhall eſpouſe the Lady* Margaret, *Daughter unto* Reignier, *King of* Naples, Sicilia, *and* Jeruſalem, *and Crown her Queen of* England, *e'er the thirteenth of* May *next enſuing.*
Item, *That the Dutchy of* Anjou, *and the County of* Main, *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her Father.*
K. Henry. Uncle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord,
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me to the Heart,
And dimn'd mine Eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry.

K. *Henry.* Uncle of *Wincheſter*, I pray read on.

Win. Item, *It is further agreed between them, That the Dutchies of* Anjou *and* Main *ſhall be releaſed and delivered over to the King her Father, and ſhe ſent over of the King of* England's *own proper Coſt and Charge, without having any Dowry.*

K. Henry. They pleaſe us well. Lord Marqueſs, kneeldown;
We here create thee the firſt Duke of *Suffolk*,
And girt thee with the Sword. Couſin of *York*,
We here diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th' parts of *France*, 'till term of eighteen Months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, Uncle *Wincheſter*,
Glouceſter, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerſet*,
Salisbury and *Warwick*,
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In Entertainment to my Princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King*, *Queen*, *and* Suffolk.

Manent the reſt.

Glo. Brave Peers of *England*, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humphry* muſt unload his Grief:
Your Grief, the common Grief all the Land.
What? did my Brother *Henry* ſpend his Youth,
His Valour, Coin, and People in the Wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open Field,
In Winters cold, and Summer's parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true Inheritance?
And did my Brother *Bedford* toil his Wits
To keep by policy what *Henry* got:
Have you your ſelves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *York*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep Scars in *France* and *Normandy*:
Or hath mine Uncle *Bedford*, and my ſelf,
With all the learned Council of the Realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the Council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe;
And was his Highneſs in his Infancy,
Crowned in *Paris* in deſpight of Foes?
And ſhall theſe Labours, and theſe Honours die?

Shall

Shall *Henry*'s Conqueſt, *Bedford*'s Vigilance,
Your Deeds of War, and all our Counſel die!
O Peers of *England*, ſhameful is this League,
Fatal this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your Names from Books of memory,
Raſing the Characters of your Renown,
Defacing Monuments of conquer'd *France*,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this paſſionate Diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch Circumſtance?
For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.

Glo. Ay, Uncle, we will keep it if we can:
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.
Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the roſt,
Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Main*,
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whoſe large Style
Agrees not with the leanneſs of his Purſe.

Sal. Now by the death of him who dy'd for all,
Theſe Counties were the Keys of *Normandy*:
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant Son?

War. For grief that they are paſt recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My Sword ſhall ſhed hot Blood, mine Eyes no Tears.
Anjou and *Main*! My ſelf did win them both:
Thoſe Provinces theſe Arms of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that were got with Wounds
Delivered up again with peaceful Words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For *Suffolk*'s Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the Honour of this Warlike Iſle:
France ſhould have torn and rent my very Heart,
Before I would have yielded to this League.
I never read but *England*'s Kings have had
Large ſums of Gold, and Dowries with their Wives!
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper Jeſt, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* ſhould demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Coſt and Charges in tranſporting her:
She ſhould have ſtaid in *France*, and ſtarv'd in *France*
Before ——

Car.

Car. My Lord of *Glo'ſter*, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.
Glo. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, I know your Mind.
'Tis not my Speeches that you do miſlike;
But 'tis my Preſence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud Prelate; in thy Face
I ſee thy fury: If I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient Bickerings.
Lordings farewel, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſi'd, *France* will be loſt e'er long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis known to you he is mine Enemy;
Nay more, an Enemy unto you all,
And no great Friend, I fear me, to the King.
Conſider, Lords, he is the next of Blood,
And Heir apparent to the *Engliſh* Crown:
Had *Henry* got an Empire by his Marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdoms of the Weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it:
Look to it, Lords, let not his ſmoothing Words
Bewitch your Hearts, be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common People favour him,
Calling him *Humphry, the good Duke of* Glo'ſter,
Clapping their Hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jeſu maintain your Royal Excellence,
With *God preſerve the good Duke* Humphry.
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.
Buck. Why ſhould he then protect our Sovereign?
He being of age to govern of himſelf.
Couſin of *Somerſet*, join you with me.
And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoiſe Duke *Humphry* from his Seat.
Car. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay,
I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* preſently. [*Exit.*
Som. Couſin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry*'s Pride
And greatneſs of his Place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
His Inſolence is more intolerable
Than all the Princes in the Land beſide;
If *Glo'ſter* be diſplac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, *Somerſet*, will be Protector,
Deſpight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.
[*Exit* Buckingham *and* Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their own Preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the Realm.
I never ſaw but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
Did bear him like a noble Gentleman:
Oft have I ſeen the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Soldier than a Man o'th' Church,
As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruffian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weal.
Warwick my Son, the Comfort of my Age,
Thy Deeds, thy Plainneſs, and thy Houſe-keeping,
Have won the greateſt favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but Good Duke *Humphry*.
And Brother *York*, thy Acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to Civil Diſcipline;
Thy late Exploits done in the Heart of *France*
When thou wert Regent for our Sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the People:
Join we together for the publick Good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſs
The Pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal,
With *Somerſet*'s and *Buckingham*'s Ambition,
And as we may cheriſh Duke *Humphry*'s Deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

York. And ſo ſays *York*,
For he hath greateſt cauſe.

Sal. Then let's make haſte away,
And look unto the main.

War. Unto the main?
Oh Father, *Main* is loſt,
That *Main*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
Main-chance Father you meant, but I meant *Main*,
Which I will win from *France*, or elſe be ſlain.
[*Exit* Warwick *and* Salisbury. *Manet* York.

York.

York. *Anjou* and *Main* are given to the *French*,
Paris is loſt, the State of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedoms for a Duke's fair Daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penny-worths of their Pillage,
And purchaſe Friends, and give to Courtezans,
Still revelling like Lords 'till all be gone.
While as the ſilly Owner of the Goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs Hands,
And ſhakes his Head, and trembling ſtands aloof,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is born away,
Ready to ſtarve, and dare not touch his own.
So *York* muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his Tongue,
While his own Lands are bargain'd for, and ſold:
Methinks the Realms of *England*, *France* and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my Fleſh and Blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the Prince's Heart of *Calidon*:
Anjou and *Main* both given unto the *French*!
Cold News for me: For I had hope of *France*,
Even as I have of fertile *England*'s Soil.
A day will come, when *York* ſhall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the *Nevills* parts,
And make a ſhew of Love to proud Duke *Humphry*,
And when I ſpy advantage claim the Crown;
For that's the golden Mark I ſeek to hit:
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* uſurp my Right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childiſh Fiſt,
Nor wear the Diadem upon his Head,
Whoſe Church-like Humour fits not for a Crown.
Then *York* be ſtill a while, 'till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleep,
To pry into the Secrets of the State,
'Till *Henry* ſurfeiting in joys of Love,
With his new Bride, and *England*'s dear bought Queen,
And *Humphry* with the Peers be fall'n at Jars.
Then will I raiſe aloft the Milk-white Roſe,

With whoſe ſweet ſmell the Air ſhall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard bear the Arms of *York*,
To grapple with the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And force perforce I'll make him yield the Crown,
Whoſe Bookiſh Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.
[*Exit* York.

Enter Duke Humphry, *and his Wife* Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the Head at *Ceres* plenteous Load?
Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his Brows,
As frowning at the Favours of the World?
Why are thine Eyes fixt to the ſullen Earth,
Gazing at that which ſeems to dim thy Sight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henry*'s Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honours of the World?
If ſo, gaze on, and grovel on thy Face,
Until thy Head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy Hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too ſhort? I'll lengthen it with mine.
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our Heads to Heaven,
And never more abaſe our Sight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance upon the Ground.

Glo. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt love thy Lord,
Baniſh the Canker of ambitious Thoughts:
And may that Thought, when I imagine Ill
Againſt my King and Nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this Mortal World.
My troublous Dreams this Night do make me ſad.

Elean. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With ſweet Rehearſal of my Morning's Dream.

Glo. Methought this Staff, mine Office-badge in Court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
But as I think, it was by th' Cardinal,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the Heads of *Edmond*, Duke of *Somerſet*,
And *William de la Pole*, firſt Duke of *Suffolk*.
This was the Dream, what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an Argument,
That he that breaks a Stick of *Glo'ſter*'s Grove,
Shall loſe his Head for his Preſumption.

But

But liſt to me, my *Humphry*, my ſweet Duke:
Methought I ſate in Seat of Majeſty,
In the Cathedral Church of *Weſtminſter*,
And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were crown'd,
Where *Henry* and *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my Head did ſet the Diadem.

Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then muſt I chide outright:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-natur'd *Eleanor*,
Art thou not ſecond Woman in the Realm?
And the Protector's Wife, belov'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly Pleaſure at command,
Above the reach or compaſs of thy Thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering Treachery,
To tumble down thy Husband and thy ſelf,
From top of Honour, to Diſgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my Lord, are you ſo Cholerick
With *Eleanor*, for telling but her Dream?
Next time, I'll keep my Dreams unto my ſelf,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highneſs pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. *Albans*,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to Hawk.

Glo. I go: Come *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us? [*Ex.* Glo.

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow preſently.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While *Glo'ſter* bears this baſe and humble Mind.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of Blood,
I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling Blocks,
And ſmooth my way upon their headleſs Necks.
And being a Woman, I will not be ſlack
To play my part in Fortune's Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay fear not, Man,
We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jeſus preſerve your Royal Majeſty.

Elean. What ſay'ſt thou? Majeſty: I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the Grace of God, and *Hume*'s Advice,
Your Grace's Title ſhall be multiply'd.

Elean. What ſay'ſt thou, Man? Haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margery Jordan*, the cunning Witch;
With *Roger Bullingbrook*, the Conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promiſed, to ſhew your Highneſs
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under Ground,
That ſhall make anſwer to ſuch Queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the Queſtions:
When from St. *Albans* we do make return;
We'll ſee thoſe things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this Reward, make merry Man
With thy Confederates in this weighty Cauſe.

[*Exit* Eleanor.

Hume. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Dutcheſs's Gold:
Marry and ſhall; but how now, Sir *John Hume*?
Seal up your Lips, and give no Words, but Mum;
The buſineſs asketh ſilent ſecrecy.
Dame *Eleanor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a Devil.
Yet have I Gold flies from another Coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
Yet I do find it ſo: For, to be plain,
They (knowing Dame *Eleanor*'s aſpiring Humour)
Have hired me to undermine the Dutcheſs,
And buz theſe Conjurations in her Brain.
They ſay, a crafty Knave does need no Broker;
Yet am I *Suffolk*'s, and the Cardinal's Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty Knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands; and thus I fear at laſt,
Hume's Knavery will be the Dutcheſs's Wrack,
And her Attainture will be *Humphry*'s Fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall have Gold for all. [*Exit.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorer's Man being one.

1 *Pet.* My Maſters, let's ſtand cloſe, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good Man, *Jeſu* bleſs him.

Enter

Enter Suffolk, *and Queen.*

1 *Pet.* Here a comes methinks, and the Queen with him: I'll be the firſt ſure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now, Fellow; would'ſt any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me, I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. Mar. To my Lord Protector? are your Supplications to his Lordſhip? let me ſee them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinal's Man, for keeping my Houſe, and Lands, and Wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy Wife too? That's ſome wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here? [*Reads.*] *Againſt the Duke of* Suffolk, *for incloſing the Commons of* Melford. How now, Sir Knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor Petitioner of our whole Townſhip.

3 *Pet.* Againſt my Maſter, *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the Duke of *York* was rightful Heir to the Crown.

Q. Mar. What ſay'ſt thou? did the Duke of *York* ſay, he was rightful Heir to the Crown?

3 *Pet.* That my Miſtreſs was? No, forſooth; my Maſter ſaid, that he was; and that the King was an Uſurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this Fellow in, and ſend for his Maſter with a Purſuvant preſently; we'll hear more of your Matter before the King. [*Exit* Serv.

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's Grace,
Begin your Suits anew, and ſue to him.

Tears the Supplications.

Away, baſe Cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Q. Mar. My Lord of *Suffolk*, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the faſhion of the Court of *England*?
Is this the Government of *Britain*'s Iſle?
And this the Royalty of *Albion*'s King?
What, ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupil ſtill,

Under the ſurly *Glo'ſter*'s Governance?
Am I a Queen in Title and in Style,
And muſt be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee, *Pool*, when in the City *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a Tilt in Honour of my Love,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies Hearts of *France*;
I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee,
In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion:
But all his Mind is bent to Holineſs,
To number *Ave Maries* on his Beads:
His Champions are the Prophets and Apoſtles,
His Weapons Holy Saws of ſacred Writ,
His Study is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the College of the Cardinals
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
And ſet the Triple Crown upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineſs.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cauſe
Your Highneſs came to *England*, ſo will I
In *England* work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beſide the haughty Protector, have we *Beauford*,
The imperious Churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*; and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can do more in *England* than the King.

Suf. And he of theſe that can do moſt of all,
Cannot do more in *England*, than the *Nevils*;
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all theſe Lords do vex me half ſo much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife:
She ſweeps it through the Court with troops of Ladies,
More like an Empreſs, than Duke *Humphry*'s Wife.
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen;
She bears a Duke's Revenues on her Back,
And in her Heart ſhe ſcorns our Poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-born Callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her Minions t'other day,
The very train of her worſt wearing Gown
Was better worth than all my Father's Lands,
'Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suf.

Suf. Madam, my ſelf have lin'd a buſh for her,
And plac'd a Quire of ſuch enticing Birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to their Lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her reſt; and, Madam, lift to me,
For I am bold to counſel you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet muſt we join with him, and with the Lords,
'Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in diſgrace.
As for the Duke of *York*, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit;
So one by one we'll weed them all at laſt,
And you your ſelf ſhall ſteer the happy Helm.

Enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, *Cardinal*, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, *and the Dutcheſs.*

K. Henry. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *York*, all's one to me.

York. If *York* have ill demean'd himſelf in *France*,
Then let him be deny'd the Regentſhip.

Som. If *Somerſet* be unworthy of the place,
Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *York* is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy Betters ſpeak.

War. The Cardinal's not my Better in the Field.

Buck. All in this preſence are thy Betters, *Warwick*.

War. *Warwick* may live to be the beſt of all.

Sal. Peace, Son; and ſhew ſome reaſon, *Buckingham*,
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this?

Q. Mar. Becauſe the King forſooth will have it ſo.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himſelf
To give this Cenſure: Theſe are no Woman's Matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,
And at his pleaſure will reſign my Place.

Suf. Reſign it then, and leave thine Inſolence.
Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?
The Commonwealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm

Have been as Bond-men to thy Sovereignty.
Car. The Commons haſt thou rack'd, the Clergy's Bags
Are lank and lean with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wife's Attire
Have coſt a maſs of publick Treaſure.
Buck. Thy cruelty in Execution
Upon Offenders hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Q. Mar. Thy ſale of Offices and Towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
[*Exit* Glo.
Give me my Fan; what, Minion, can ye not?
[*She gives the Dutcheſs a box on the Ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?
Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
Could I come near your Beauty with my Nails,
I could ſet my Ten Commandments in your Face.
K. Henry. Sweet Aunt, be quiet, 'twas againſt her Will.
Elean. Againſt her Will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moſt Maſter wears no Breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Eleanor* unreveng'd.
[*Exit* Eleanor.
Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow *Eleanor*,
And liſten after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her Fume can need no ſpurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her Deſtruction.
[*Exit* Buckingham.

Enter Humphry.

Glo. Now, Lords, my Choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of Commonwealth Affairs.
As for your ſpightful falſe Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercy deal ſo with my Soul,
As I in Duty love my King and Country.
But to the Matter that we have in hand:
I ſay, my Sovereign, *York* is meeteſt Man
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.

Suf.

Suf. Before we make Election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome Reaſon, of no little force,
That *York* is moſt unmeet of any Man.

York. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet:
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of *Somerſet* will keep me here,
Without Diſcharge, Mony, or Furniture,
'Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's Hands.
Laſt time I danc'd attendance on his Will,
'Till *Paris* was beſieg'd, famiſh'd and loſt.

War. That I can witneſs, and a fouler Fact
Did never Traitor in the Land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-ſtrong *Warwick*.

War. Image of Pride, why ſhould I hold my Peace?

Enter Horner *the Armorer, and his Man* Peter.

Suf. Becauſe here is a Man accus'd of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of *York* excuſe himſelf.

York. Doth any one accuſe *York* for a Traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolk*? tell me, what are theſe?

Suf. Pleaſe it your Majeſty, this is the Man
That doth accuſe his Maſter of High Treaſon:
His Words were theſe; That *Richard*, Duke of *York*,
Was rightful Heir unto the *Engliſh* Crown,
And that your Majeſty was an Uſurper.

K. Henry. Say, Man, were theſe thy Words?

Arm. And't ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty, I never ſaid nor thought any ſuch Matter; God is my witneſs, I am falſly accus'd by the Villain.

Peter. By theſe ten Bones, my Lords, he did ſpeak them to me in the Garret one Night, as we were ſcow'ring my Lord of *York*'s Armour.

York. Baſe Dunghil Villain, and Mechanical,
I'll have thy Head for this thy Traitor's Speech:
I do beſeech your Royal Majeſty,
Let him have all the rigor of the Law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I ſpake the Words: my accuſer is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his Fault the other Day, he did vow upon his Knees he would be even with me. I have good witneſs of this; therefore I beſeech your Majeſty, do not caſt away an honeſt Man for a Villain's Accuſation.

K. Henry

K. Henry. Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in Law?

Glo. This doom, my Lord, if I may Judge:
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o'er the *French*,
Becauſe in *York* this breeds ſuſpicion;
And let theſe have a Day appointed them
For ſingle Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witneſs of his Servant's Malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humphry*'s doom.

Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majeſty.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's ſake pity my Caſe; the ſpight of my Maſter prevaileth againſt me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I ſhall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my Heart.

Glo. Sirrah, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to Priſon; and the day of Combat, ſhall be the laſt of the next Month. Come *Somerſet*, we'll ſee them ſent away. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. *Enter Mother* Jordan, Hume, Southwel, *and* Bullingbrook.

Hume. Come, my Maſters, the Dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your Promiſes.

Bulling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: Will her Ladyſhip behold and hear our Exorciſms?

Hume. Ay, what elſe? Fear you not her Courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible Spirit; but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſie below; and ſo, I pray you, go in God's Name, and leave us. [*Exit* Hume. Mother *Jordan*, be proſtrate, and grovel on the Earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor *above.*

Elean. Well ſaid, my Maſters, and welcome to all: To this geer, the ſooner the better.

Bulling. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deep Night, dark Night, the ſilent of the Night,
The time of Night when *Troy* was ſet on Fire,
The times when Screech-owls cry, and Ban-dogs howl;
When Spirits walk, and Ghoſts break up their Graves;
That time fits beſt the work we have in hand.

Madam,

Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe
We will make faſt within a hallow'd Verge.

[*Here they do the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,* Bullingbrook, *or* Southwel *reads,* Conjuro te, *&c. It Thunders and Lightens terribly; then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. Adſum.

M. Jord. Aſmath, by the eternal God,
Whoſe Name and Power thou trembleſt at,
Anſwer that I ask: For 'till thou ſpeak,
Thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt. That I had ſaid, and done!

Bulling. Firſt of the King: What ſhall of him become.

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe:
But him out-live, and die a violent Death.

[*As the Spirit ſpeaks they write the anſwer.*

Bulling. What Fates await the Duke of *Suffolk?*

Spirit. By Water ſhall he die, and take his End.

Bulling. What ſhall befall the Duke of *Somerſet?*

Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles.
Safer ſhall he be upon ſandy Plains,
Than there where lofty Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Deſcend to Darkneſs, and the burning Lake:
Falſe Fiend avoid. [*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit deſcends.*

Enter the Duke of York, *and the Duke of* Buckingham, *with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay Hands upon theſe Traitors and their traſh:
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an Inch.
What, Madam, are you there? The King and Common-weal
Are deep indebted for this piece of Pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.

Elean. Not half ſo bad as thine to *England's* King,
Injurious Duke, that threatn'ſt where's no cauſe.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all: What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clap'd up cloſe,
And kept aſunder: You, Madam, ſhall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.
We'll ſee your Trinkets here forth-coming all.
Away. [*Exeunt Guard with* Jordan, Southwel, &c.

York

York. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks you watch'd her well;
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon.
Now, pray my Lord, let's see the Devil's Writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The Duke yet lives, that Henry *shall depose;*
But him out-live, and die a violent Death.
Why, this is Just, *Aio te Æacidem Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk?*
By Water shall he die, and take his End.
What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset?*
Let him shun Castles,
Safer shall he be upon sandy Plains,
Than there where lofty Castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The King is now in progress towards St. *Albans,*
With him the Husband of this lovely Lady:
Thither go these News,
As fast as Horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of *York.*
To be the Post, in hope of his Reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*
To sup with me to morrow Night. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry, *Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and* Suffolk, *with Faulkners hollowing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me Lords, for flying at the Brook,
I saw no better Sport these seven years day;
Yet by your leave, the Wind was very high,
And ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.
K. Henry. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his Creatures works,
Yea Man and Birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, and it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well;

They

They know their Maſter loves to be aloft,
And bears his Thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.
Glo. My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble Mind,
That mounts no higher than a Bird can ſoar.
Car. I thought as much, he would be above the Clouds.
Glo. Ay, my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to Heaven?
K. Henry. The Treaſury of everlaſting Joy.
Car. Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes and Thoughts
Beat on a Crown, the Treaſure of thy Heart,
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with King and Commonweal.
Glo. What, Cardinal!
Is your Prieſthood grown ſo peremptory?
Tantæne animis Cœleſtibus iræ? Churchmen ſo hot?
Good Uncle, hide ſuch Malice:
With ſuch Holineſs can you do it?
Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a Quarrel, and ſo bad a Peer.
Glo. As who, my Lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lord Protectorſhip.
Glo. Why, *Suffolk*, *England* knows thine Inſolence.
Q. Mar. And thy Ambition, *Glo'ſter.*
K. Henry. I prethee peace, good Queen,
And whet not on theſe too too furious Peers,
For bleſſed are the Peace-makers on Earth.
Car. Let me be bleſſed for the Peace I make,
Againſt this proud Protector, with my Sword.
Glo. Faith, Holy Uncle, would 'twere come to that. } *Aſide.*
Car. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for that matter,
In thine own Perſon anſwer thy Abuſe.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'ſt not peep:
And if thou dar'ſt, this Evening,
On the Eaſt ſide of the Grove.
K. Henry. How now, my Lords?
Car. Believe me, Couſin *Glo'ſter*,
Had not your Man put up the Fowl ſo ſuddenly,
We had had more ſport——
Come with thy two Hand-Sword. [*Aſide to Glo.*

Glo.

Glo. True, Uncle, are ye advis'd?——
The Eaſt ſide of the Grove?
Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aſide.*
K. Henry. Why how now, Uncle *Glo'ſter*?
Glo. Talking of Hawking, nothing elſe, my Lord.——
Now by God's Mother, Prieſt,
I'll ſhave your Crown for this,
Or all my fence ſhall fail. [*Aſide.*
Car. Aſide.] *Medice cura teipſum*, Protector ſee too't well,
K. Henry. The Winds grow high, [protect your ſelf.
So do your Stomachs, Lords.
How irkſome is this Muſick to my Heart?
When ſuch Strings jar, what hope of Harmony?
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this ſtrife.
Enter One, crying A Miracle.
Glo. What means this Noiſe?
Fellow, what Miracle do'ſt thou proclaim?
One. A Miracle, a Miracle.
Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.
One. Forſooth, a blind Man at St. *Alban's* Shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his ſight,
A Man that ne'er ſaw in his life before.
K. Henry. Now God be prais'd, that to believing Souls
Gives Light in Darkneſs, Comfort in Deſpair.
Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, *and his Brethren, bearing* Simpcox *between two in a Chair,* Simpcox's *Wife following.*
Car. Here come the Townſmen on proceſſion,
To preſent your Highneſs with the Man.
K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his ſight his Sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my Maſters, bring him near the King,
His Highneſs pleaſure is to talk with him.
K. Henry. Good-fellow, tell us here the Circumſtance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?
Simp. Born blind, and't pleaſe your Grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed was he.
Suf. What Woman is this?
Wife. His Wife, and't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Glo. Hadſt thou been his Mother, thou couldſt have better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At *Berwick* in the North, and't like your Grace.

K. Henry. Poor Soul,
God's goodneſs hath been great to thee:
Let never Day nor Night unhallowed paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, Good-fellow,
Cam'ſt thou here by Chance, or of Devotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knows of pure Devotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my ſleep, by good Saint *Alban:*
Who ſaid; *Simon,* come, come offer at my Shrine,
And I will help thee.

Wife. Moſt true, forſooth;
And many a time and oft my ſelf have heard a Voice,
To call him ſo.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me.

Suf. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

Simp. A fall off a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Maſter.

Glo. How long haſt thou been blind?

Simp. O born ſo, Maſter.

Glo. What, and would'ſt climb a Tree?

Simp. But that in my Life, when I was a Youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Maſs, thou lov'dſt Plums well, that wouldſt venture ſo.

Simp. Alas, good Maſter, my Wife deſired ſome Damſons, and made me climb, with danger of my Life.

Glo. A ſubtile Knave, but yet it ſhall not ſerve:
Let me ſee thine Eyes, wink now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou ſeeſt not well.

Simp. Yes, Maſter, clear as day, I thank God and Saint *Alban.*

Glo. Say'ſt thou me ſo; what Colour is this Cloak of?

Simp. Red, Maſter, red as Blood.

Glo. Why that's well ſaid: What colour is my Gown of?

Simp. Black, forſooth, coal-black, as Jet.

K. Henry. Why then, thou know'ſt what colour Jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, Jet he did never ſee.

Glo. But Cloaks and Gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his Life.

Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Maſter, I know not.

Glo. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No indeed, Maſter.

Glo. What's thine own Name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, and if it pleaſe you, Maſter.

Glo. Then *Saunder,* ſit there,
The lyingſt Knave in Chriſtendom.
If thou hadſt been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well have known all our Names,
As thus to know the ſeveral Colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh Colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not think that Cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this Cripple to his Legs again?

Simp. O Maſter, that you could?

Glo. My Maſters of Saint *Albans,*
Have you not Beadles in your Town,
And things call'd Whips?

Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.

Glo. Then ſend for one preſently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Glo. Now fetch me a Stool hither by and by.
Now Sirrah, if you mean to ſave your ſelf from Whipping, leap me over this Stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whips.

Glo. Well Sir, we muſt have you find your Legs.
Sirrah Beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that ſame Stool.

Bead.

Bead. I will, my Lord,
Come on Sirrah, off with your Doublet, quickly.
Simp. Alas, Maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.
[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.*
K. Henry. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and beareſt ſo long!
Queen. It made me laugh, to ſee the Villain run.
Glo. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.
Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let him be whipt through every Market Town,
'Till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.
[*Exit Beadle.*
Car. Duke *Humphry* has done a Miracle to day.
Suf. True, made the Lame to leap, and fly away.
Glo. But you have done more Miracles than I;
You made in a Day, my Lord, whole Towns to fly.
Enter Buckingham.
K. Henry. What Tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham*?
Buck. Such as my Heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty Perſons, lewdly bent,
Under the Countenance and Confederacy
Of Lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Have practis'd dangerouſly againſt your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Raiſing up wicked Spirits from under Ground,
Demanding of King *Henry*'s Life and Death,
And other of your Highneſs Privy-Council,
As more at large your Grace ſhall underſtand.
Car. And ſo, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at *London*.
This News, I think, hath turn'd your Weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aſide to* Glo'ſter.
Glo. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my Heart:
Sorrow and Grief have vanquiſh'd all my Powers;
And vanquiſh'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meaneſt Groom.

It fails not yet, but flouriſheth in thee,
And in thy Sons, fair Slips of ſuch a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private Plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightful Soveraign
With honour of his Birth-right to the Crown.

Both. Long live our Soveraign *Richard*, *England*'s King.

York. We thank you, Lords:
But I am not your King, 'till I be crown'd;
And that my Sword be ſtain'd
With Heart-blood of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with Advice and ſilent Secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in theſe dangerous Days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk*'s Inſolence,
At *Beauford*'s Pride, at *Somerſet*'s Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
'Till they have ſnar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:
'Tis that they ſeek; and they, in ſeeking that,
Shall find their Deaths, if *York* can propheſie.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your Mind at full.

War. My Heart aſſures me, that the Earl of *Warwick* Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

York. And *Nevil*, this I do aſſure my ſelf,
Richard ſhall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greateſt Man in *England*, but the King. [*Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, *and State, with Guard, to baniſh the Dutcheſs.*

K. Henry. Stand forth, Dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Glo'ſter*'s Wife:
In ſight of God, and us, your Guilt is great,
Receive the ſentence of the Law for ſin,
Such as by God's Book are adjudg'd to death,
You four from hence to Priſon, back again
From thence, unto the place of Execution;
The Witch in *Smithfield* ſhall be burn'd to Aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the Gallows.
You Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Deſpoyled of your Honour in your Life,

Shall

Shall after three Days open Penance done,
Live in your Country here, in Baniſhment,
With Sir *John Stanley*, in the *Iſle of Man*.

Elean. Welcome is Baniſhment, welcome were my Death.

Glo. Eleanor, the Law thou ſeeſt hath judged thee;
I cannot juſtifie, whom the Law condemns.
Mine Eyes are full of Tears, my Heart of Grief.
Ah *Humphry*, this diſhonour in thine Age,
Will bring thy Head with ſorrow to the Ground.
I beſeech your Majeſty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would ſolace, and mine Age would eaſe.

K. Henry. Stay *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ſter*;
E'er thou go, give up thy Staff,
Henry will to himſelf Protector be,
And God ſhall be my Hope, my Stay, my Guide,
And Lanthorn to my Feet.
And go in peace, *Humphry*, no leſs belov'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. Mar. I ſee no reaſon, why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a Child:
God and King *Henry* govern *England*'s Realm:
Give up your Staff, Sir, and the King his Realm.

Glo. My Staff? Here, noble *Henry*, is my Staff:
As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
As e'er thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
Farewel good King; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable Peace attend thy Throne. [*Exit* Glo'ſter.

Q. Mar. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen.
And *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ſter*, ſcarce himſelf,
That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim; two Pulls at once;
His Lady baniſh'd, and a Limb lopt off,
This Staff of Honour raught, there let it ſtand,
Where beſt it fits to be, in *Henry*'s Hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty Pine, and hangs his ſprayes,
Thus *Eleanor*'s Pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Pleaſe it your Majeſty,
This is the day appointed for the Combate,

And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armourer and his Man, to enter the Liſts,
So pleaſe your Highneſs to behold the Fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord; for purpoſely therefore
Left I the Court, to ſee this Quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. A God's Name ſee the Liſts [illegible] all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the [illegible]ight.

York. I never ſaw a Fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the Appellant,
The Servant of this Armourer, my Lords.

Enter at one Door the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him ſo much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drum before him, and his Staff with a Sand-bag faſtned to it; and at the other Door his Man, with a Drum and a Sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, Neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not, Neighbour, you ſhall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, Neighbour, here's a Cup of Charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a Pot of good double Beer, Neighbour; drink, and fear not your Man.

Arm. Let it come i'faith, and I'll pledge you all, and a Fig for *Peter*.

1 *Pren.* Here *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy Maſter; fight for the credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my laſt Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, if I die, I give thee my Apron; and *Will*, thou ſhalt have my Hammer; and here, *Tom*, take all the Mony that I have. O Lord bleſs me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Maſter, he hath learn'd ſo much to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter, forſooth.

Sal. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump? Then ſee thou thump thy Maſter well.

Arm.

Arm. Maſters, I am come hither as it were upon my Man's Inſtigation, to prove him a Knave, and my ſelf an honeſt Man: And touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my Death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King nor the Queen, and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a downright Blow.

York. Diſpatch, this Knave's Tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

[*They fight, and* Peter *ſtrikes him down.*

Arm. Hold *Peter*, hold; I confeſs, I confeſs Treaſon.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow, thank God, and the good Wine in thy Maſter's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemy in this preſence? O *Peter*, thou haſt prevail'd in right.

K. Henry. Go, take hence that Traitor from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt.
And God in Juſtice hath reveal'd to us
The Truth and Innocence of this poor Fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come Fellow, follow us for thy Reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Humphry *and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.*

Glo. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a Cloud;
And after Summer, evermore ſucceeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping Cold;
So Cares and Joys abound, as Seaſons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my puniſh'd Dutcheſs:
Unneath may ſhe endure the flinty Streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling Feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Mind a-brook
The abject People gazing on thy Face,
With envious Looks ſtill laughing at thy Shame,
That erſt did follow thy proud Chariot-Wheels,
When thou didſt ride in Triumph thro' the Streets.
But ſoft, I think ſhe comes, and I'll prepare
My Tear-ſtain'd Eyes, to ſee her Miſeries.

Enter the Dutcheſs in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her Hand, with a Sheriff and Officers.

Serv. So pleaſe your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo

Glo. No, ſtir not for your lives, let her paſs by.
Elean. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open Shame?
Now thou doſt Penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their Heads, and throw their Eyes on thee.
Ah *Glo'ſter*, hide thee from their hateful Looks,
And in thy Cloſet pent up, rue my Shame,
And ban our Enemies, both mine and thine.
Glo. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this Grief.
Elean. Ah *Glo'ſter*, teach me to forget my ſelf:
For whilſt I think I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land,
Methinks I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in Shame, with Papers on my Back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my Tears, and hear my deep-fet Groans.
The ruthleſs Flint doth cut my tender Feet,
And when I ſtart the envious People laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Ah *Humphry*, can I bear this ſhameful Yoak?
Troweſt thou, that e'er I'll look upon the World,
Or count them happy that enjoy the Sun?
No: Dark ſhall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To think upon my Pomp, ſhall be my Hell.
Sometime I'll ſay I am Duke *Humphry*'s Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet ſo he Rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn Dutcheſs,
Was made a Wonder, and a pointing Stock
To every idle Raſcal Follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my Shame,
Nor ſtir at nothing, 'till the Axe of Death
Hang over thee, as ſure it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,
And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe Prieſt,
Have all lim'd Buſhes to betray thy Wings,
And fly thou how thou canſt, they'll tangle thee:
But fear thou not until thy Foot be ſnar'd,
Nor ever ſeek prevention of thy Foes.

Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry.
muſt offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times ſo many Foes,
And each of them had twenty times their Power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am Loyal, True, and Crimeleſs.
Wouldſt have me reſcue thee from this Reproach?
Why yet thy Scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
I pray thee ſort thy Heart to patience,
Theſe few Days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſty's Parliament
Holden at *Bury*, the firſt of this next Month.

Glo. And my conſent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there;
My *Nell*, I take my leave: And Maſter Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceed the King's Commiſſion.

Sher. And't pleaſe your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtays:
And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the *Iſle of Man*.

Glo. Muſt you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worſe, in that, I pray
You uſe her well; the World may laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if you do it her.
And ſo, Sir *John*, farewel.

Elean. What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewel.

Glo. Witneſs my Tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.

[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Elean. Art thou gone too? all Comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me; my Joy is Death;
Death, at whoſe Name I oft have been afear'd,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this World's Eternity.
Stanly, I prethee go, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no Favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why Madam, that is to the *Iſle of Man*,
There to be us'd according to your State.

Elean.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but Reproach:
And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. No; like a Dutcheſs, and Duke *Humphry*'s Lady,
According to that State you ſhall be us'd.
Elean. Sheriff farewel, and better, than I, fare,
Although thou haſt been Conduct of my Shame.
Sher. It is my Office, and, Madam, pardon me.
Elean. Ay, ay, farewel, thy Office is diſcharg'd.
Come *Stanly*, ſhall we go?
Stan. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And go we to attire you for our Journey.
Elean. My Shame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt Robes,
And ſhew it ſelf, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry, *Queen, Cardinal,* Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury *and* Warwick, *to the Parliament.*

K. Henry. I muſe my Lord of *Glo'ſter* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt Man,
Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerve
The ſtrangeneſs of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majeſty he bears himſelf,
How Inſolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory and unlike himſelf!
We know the time ſince he was Mild and Affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off Look,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for Submiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morn,
When every one will give the time of Day,
He knits his Brow, and ſhews an angry Eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed Knee,
Diſdaining Duty that to us belongs.
Small Curs are not regarded when they grin,
But Great Men tremble when the Lion roars,
And *Humphry* is no little Man in *England.*
Firſt note, that he is near you in Deſcent,
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no Policy,

Reſpecting

Reſpecting what a Rancorous Mind he bears,
And his advantage following your deceaſe,
That he ſhould come about your Royal Perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſs Council.
By Flattery hath he won the Commons Hearts:
And when he pleaſe to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are ſhallow rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the Garden,
And choak the Herbs for want of Husbandry.
The reverent Care I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Woman's fear:
Which fear, if better Reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
Reprove my Allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my Words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highneſs ſeen into this Duke:
And had I firſt been put to ſpeak my Mind,
I think I ſhould have told your Grace's Tale.
The Dutcheſs, by his Subornation,
Upon my Life began her deviliſh Practices:
Or if he were not privy to theſe Faults,
Yet by repeating of this high Deſcent,
As next the King, he was ſucceſſive Heir,
And ſuch high Vaunts of his Nobility,
Did inſtigate the Bedlam brain-ſick Dutcheſs,
By wicked means to frame our Sovereign's Fall.
Smooth runs the Water where the Brook is deep,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treaſon.
The Fox barks not when he would ſteal the Lamb.
No, no, my Sovereign, *Glo'ſter* is a Man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep Deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of Law,
Deviſe ſtrange Deaths, for ſmall Offences done?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Levy great ſums of Mony through the Realm,
For Soldiers pay in *France*, and never ſent it?
By means of which the Towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults unkown,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humphry.*
K. Henry. My Lords at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down Thorns that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy Praiſe; but ſhall I ſpeak my Conſcience,
Our Kinſman *Glo'ſter* is as innocent
From meaning Treaſon to our Royal Perſon,
As is the ſucking Lamb, or harmleſs Dove:
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on Evil, or to work my Downfal.
Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous, than this fond affi-
Seems he a Dove? His Feathers are but borrow'd, [ance?
For he is diſpoſed as the hateful Raven.
Is he a Lamb? His Skin was ſurely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous Wolf.
Who cannot ſteal a ſhape that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful Man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All Health unto my gracious Sovereign.
K. Henry. Welcome, Lord *Somerſet*; what News from *France*?
Som. That all our Intereſt in thoſe Territories,
Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt. [done.
K. Henry. Cold News Lord *Somerſet*; but God's Will be
York. Cold News for me; for I had hope of *France*,
As firmly as I hop'd for fertile *England*.
Thus are my Bloſſoms blaſted in the Bud,
And Caterpillars eat my Leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear e'er long,
Or ſell my Title for a glorious Grave. [*Aſide.*

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. All happineſs unto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.
Suf. Nay, *Glo'ſter*, know that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wert more Loyal than thou art;
I do arreſt thee of High Treaſon here.
Glo. Well *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arreſt:
A Heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt Spring is not ſo free from Mud,
As I am clear from Treaſon to my Sovereign.

Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you took Bribes of *France*,
And being Protector, ſtaid the Soldiers Pay,
By means whereof his Highneſs hath loſt *France*.
Glo. Is it but thought ſo?
What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the Soldiers of their Pay,
Nor never had one penny Bribe from *France*.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the Night,
Ay, Night by Night, in ſtudying good for *England*.
That Doit that e'er I wreſted from the King,
Or any Groat I hoarded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my Trial day.
No; many a Pound of my own proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy Commons,
Have I diſburſed to the Garriſons,
And never ask'd for Reſtitution.
Car. It ſerves you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.
Glo. I ſay no more than Truth, ſo help me God.
York. In your Protectorſhip you did deviſe
Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.
Glo. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an Offender's Tears,
And lowly Words were ranſom for their fault:
Unleſs it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foul felonious Thief, that fleec'd poor Paſſengers,
I never gave them condign Puniſhment.
Murther indeed, that bloody Sin, I tortur'd
Above the Felon, or what Treſpaſs elſe.
Suf. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſie, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier Crimes are laid unto your Charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge your ſelf.
I do arreſt you in his Highneſs Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of Trial.
K. Henry. My Lord of *Glo'ſter*, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
That you will clear your ſelf from all ſuſpicion,
My Conſcience tells me you are Innocent.

Glo.

Glo. Ah gracious Lord, theſe days are dangerous:
Virtue is choak'd with foul Ambition,
And Charity chac'd hence by Rancor's Hand;
Foul Subornation is predominant,
And Equity exil'd your Highneſs Land.
I know, their Complot is to have my Life:
And if my Death might make this Iſland happy,
And prove the period of their Tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſs.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedy.
Beauford's red ſparkling Eyes blab his Heart's malice,
And *Suffolk*'s cloudy Brow his ſtormy hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his Tongue
The envious load that lyes upon his Heart:
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the Moon,
Whoſe over-weening Arm I have pluck'd back,
By falſe accuſe doth level at my Life.
And you, my Sovereign Lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſs have laid Diſgraces on my Head,
And with your beſt endeavour have ſtirr'd up
My liefeſt Liege to be mine Enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your Heads together,
My ſelf had notice of your Conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltleſs Life.
I ſhall not want falſe Witneſs to condemn me,
Nor ſtore of Treaſons to augment my Guilt:
The ancient Proverb will be well effected,
A Staff is quickly found to beat a Dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable:
If thoſe that care to keep your Royal Perſon
From Treaſon's ſecret Knife, and Traitor's Rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the Offender granted ſcope of Speech,
'Twill make them cool in Zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our Sovereign Lady here
With ignominious Words, though Clarkly coucht?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
Falſe Allegations to o'erthrow his State.

Q. Mar. But I can give the Loſer leave to chide.

Glo.

Glo. Far truer ſpoke than meant; I loſe indeed,
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe;
And well ſuch Loſers may have leave to ſpeak.
Buck. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your Priſoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.
Glo. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his Crutch,
Before his Legs be firm to bear his Body;
Thus is the Shepherd beaten from thy ſide,
And Wolves are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah that my fear were falſe, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy Decay I fear. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. My Lords, what to your Wiſdom ſeemeth beſt,
Do or undo, as if our ſelf were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your Highneſs leave the Parliament?
K. Henry. Ay *Margaret*: My Heart is drown'd with Grief,
Whoſe Flood begins to flow within my Eyes;
My Body round engirt with Miſery;
For what's more miſerable than Diſcontent?
Ah Uncle, *Humphry*, in thy Face I ſee
The Map of Honour, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy Faith.
What lowring Star now envies thy eſtate?
That theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs Life,
That never didſt them wrong, nor no Man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houſe;
Even ſo remorſleſs have they born him hence:
And as the Dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmleſs young one went,
And can do nought but wail her Darling's loſs;
Even ſo my ſelf bewails good *Glo'ſter*'s caſe,
With ſad unhelpful Tears; and with dim'd Eyes,
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed Enemies.
His Fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each Groan,
Say, who's a Traitor? *Glo'ſter* he is none. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sun's hot Beams,
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affairs,
Too full of fooliſh pity; and *Glo'ſter*'s ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournful Crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting Paſſengers:
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowry Bank,
With ſhining checker'd Slough, doth ſting a Child,
That for the Beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wiſe than I,
And yet herein I judge my own Wit good,
This *Glo'ſter* ſhould be quickly rid the World,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he ſhould die, is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his Death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courſe of Law.
Suf. But in my Mind, that were no policy;
The King will labour ſtill to ſave his Life,
The Commons haply riſe to ſave his Life;
And yet we have but trivial Argument,
More than Miſtruſt, that ſhews him worthy Death.
York. So that by this, you would not have him die,
Suf. Ah *York*, no Man alive, ſo fain as I.
York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reaſon for his Death.
But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Say as you think, and ſpeak it from your Souls:
Wer't not all one, an empty Eagle were ſet
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kite,
As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's Protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor Chicken ſhould be ſure of Death.
Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madneſs then,
To make the Fox Surveyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty Murtherer,
His Guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a Fox,
By Nature prov'd an Enemy to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be ſtain'd with Crimſon Blood,
As *Humphry* prov'd by Reaſons to my Liege.
And do not ſtand on Quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by Gins, by Snares, by Subtilty,

Sleepin

Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.
Q. Mar. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.
Suf. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done;
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldom meant;
But that my Heart accordeth with my Tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerve my Sovereign from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieſt.
Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
E'er you can take due Orders for a Prieſt:
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the Deed,
And I'll provide his Executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafety of my Liege.
Suf. Here is my Hand, the Deed is worthy doing.
Q. Mar. And ſo ſay I.
York. And I; and now we three have ſpoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain
To ſignifie that Rebels there are up,
And put the *Engliſhmen* unto the Sword;
Send Succours, Lords, and ſtop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A Breach that craves a quick expedient ſtop!
What Counſel give you in this weighty Cauſe?
York. That *Somerſet* be ſent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet the lucky Ruler be imploy'd,
Witneſs the Fortune he hath had in *France*.
Som. If *York*, with all his far-fet Policy,
Had been the Regent there, inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtaid in *France* ſo long.
York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
I rather would have loſt my Life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of Diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, 'till all were loſt.
Shew me one Scar character'd on thy Skin:
Mens Fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win

Q. Mar. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging Fire,
If Wind and Fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good *York*; ſweet *Somerſet* be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *York*, hadſt thou been Regent there,
Might haply have prov'd far worſe than his.
York. What, worſe than naught? nay, then a ſhame take all.
Som. And in the number, thee that wiſheſt Shame.
Car. My Lord of *York*, try what your Fortune is.
Th' uncivil Kerns of *Ireland* are in Arms,
And temper Clay with Blood of *Engliſhmen*.
To *Ireland* will you lead a Band of Men,
Collected choicely, from each Country ſome,
And try your hap againſt the *Iriſhmen*?
York. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.
Suf. Why, our Authority is his Conſent,
And what we do eſtabliſh he confirms;
Then, Noble *York*, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: Provide me Soldiers, Lords.
Whiles I take Order for mine own Affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will ſee perform'd.
But now return we to the falſe Duke *Humphry*.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more:
And ſo break off, the Day is almoſt ſpent,
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I muſt talk of that Event.
York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen Days
At *Briſtol* I expect my Soldiers,
For there I'll Ship them all for *Ireland*.
Suf. I'll ſee it truly done, my Lord of *York*. [*Exeunt.*

Manet York.

York. Now *York*, or never, ſteel thy fearful Thoughts,
And change Miſdoubt to Reſolution:
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art
Reſign to Death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd Fear keep with the mean-born Man,
And find no harbour in a Royal Heart.
Faſter than Spring-time ſhowers, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinks on Dignity.
My Brain, more buſie than the labouring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,

To

To ſend me packing with an Hoſt of Men:
I fear me, you but warm the ſtarved Snake,
Who cheriſh'd in your Breaſts, will ſting your Hearts.
'Twas Men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly; yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharp Weapons in a mad Man's Hands.
Whilſt I in *Ireland* nouriſh a mighty Band,
I will ſtir up in *England* ſome black Storm,
Shall blow ten thouſand Souls to Heaven or Hell:
And this fell Tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Until the golden Circuit on my Head
Like to the glorious Sun's tranſparent Beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd Flaw.
And for a Miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a headſtrong *Kentiſh* Man,
John Cade of *Aſhford*,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Under the Title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I ſeen this ſtubborn *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelf againſt a Troop of Kerns,
And fought ſo long, 'till that his Thighs with Darts
Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd Porcupine:
And in the end being reſcued, I have ſeen
Him caper upright, like a wild Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty Kern,
Hath he converſed with the Enemy,
And undiſcovered come to me again,
And given me notice of their Villanies.
This Devil, here, ſhall be my Subſtitute;
For that *John Mortimer*, which is now dead,
In Face, in Gate, in Speech he doth reſemble.
By this I ſhall perceive the Commons Mind,
How they affect the Houſe and Claim of *York*.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him ſay, I mov'd him to thoſe Arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from *Ireland* come I with my ſtrength,
And reap the Harveſt which that Raſcal ſow'd:

For *Humphry* being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put a-part; the next for me. [*Exit.*

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humphry.

1. Run to my Lord of *Suffolk*; let him know
We have diſpatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh that it were to do: What have we done?
Didſt ever hear a Man ſo penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suf. Now, Sirs, have you diſpatcht this thing?

1. Ay, my good Lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my Houſe,
I will reward you for this venturous Deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the Bed? are all things well,
According as I gave Directions?

1. Yes, my good Lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry, *the Queen, Cardinal,* Suffolk, Somerſet, *with Attendants.*

K. Henry. Go call our Uncle to our preſence ſtraight;
Say we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.

Suf. I'll call him preſently, my Noble Lord. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Lords take your Places; and I pray you all
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our Uncle *Glo'ſter,*
Than from true evidence of good eſteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any Malice ſhould prevail,
That faultleſs may condemn a Nobleman:
Pray God he may acquit him of Suſpicion.

K. Henry. I thank thee *Nell,* theſe Words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our Unkle? what's the matter, *Suffolk?*

Suf. Dead in his Bed, my Lord, *Gla'ſter* is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry God forfend.

Car. God's ſecret Judgment: I did dream to Night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not ſpeak a word. [*K. ſwoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my Lord? Help Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his Body, wring him by the Noſe. *Q. Mar.*

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help: Oh *Henry*, ope thine Eyes,
Suf. He doth revive again, Madam be patient.
K. Henry. Oh Heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suf. Comfort my Sovereign, gracious *Henry* comfort.
K. Henry. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a Raven's Note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital Powers:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying Comfort from a hollow Breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poyſon with ſuch ſugar'd Words,
Lay not thy Hands on me; forbear, I ſay,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpent's ſting.
Thou baleful Meſſenger, out of my ſight:
Upon thy Eye-balls murderous Tyranny
Sits in grim Majeſty, to fright the World.
Look not upon me, for thine Eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away; come, Baſilisk,
And kill the innocent Gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of Death, I ſhall find Joy;
In life, but double death, now *Glo'ſter*'s dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the Duke was Enemy to him,
Yet he moſt Chriſtian-like laments his Death;
And for my ſelf, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid Tears, or heart-offending Groans,
Or blood-conſuming ſighs recal his Life;
I would be blind with weeping, ſick with Groans,
Look pale as Pimroſe, with blood-drinking ſighs,
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the World may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow Friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away,
So ſhall my Name with Slander's Tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be filled with Reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me unhappy,
To be a Queen, and crown'd with Infamy.
K. Henry. Ah woe is me for *Glo'ſter*, wretched Man.
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, doſt thou turn away and hide thy Face?

I am no loathſome Leper, look on me.
What, art thou like an Adder waxen deaf?
Be poyſonous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy Comfort ſhut in *Glo'ſter*'s Tomb?
Why then Dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy Joy.
Erect his Statue, and do worſhip to it,
And make my Image but an Ale-houſe ſign.
Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the Sea,
And twice by aukward Wind from *England*'s Bank
Drove back again unto my Native Clime?
What boaded this? but well fore-warning Wind
Did ſeem to ſay, Seek not a Scorpion's Neſt,
Nor ſet a footing on this unkind Shoar,
What did I then? but curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them from their Brazen Caves,
And bid them blow towards *England*'s bleſſed ſhoar,
Or turn our Stern upon a dreadful Rock:
Yet *Æolus* would not be a Murtherer,
But left that hateful Office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldſt have me drown'd on ſhoar
With Tears as ſalt as Sea, through thy unkindneſs.
The ſplitting Rocks cower'd in the ſinking Sands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides,
Becauſe thy flinty Heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy Palace periſh *Margaret*:
As far as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffs,
When from thy ſhoar the Tempeſt beat us back,
I ſtood upon the Hatches in the Storm,
And when the dusky Sky began to rob
My earneſt gaping ſight of the Land's view,
I took a coſtly Jewel from my Neck,
A Heart it was, bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land; the Sea receiv'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy Body might my Heart:
And even with this I loſt fair *England*'s view,
And bid mine Eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky Spectacles,
For loſing ken of *Albion*'s wiſhed Coaſt.
How often have I tempted *Suffolk*'s Tongue
(The Agent of thy foul Inconſtancy)

To ſit and watch me, as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
His Father's Acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*,
Am I not witcht like her? or thou not falſe like him?
Ah me, I can no more: Dye *Margaret*,
For *Henry* weeps, that thou didſt live ſo long.
Noiſe within. Enter Warwick, *and many Commons.*
War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
That good Duke *Humphry* traiterouſly is murther'd
By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford*'s means:
The Commons, like an angry hive of Bees
That want their Leader, ſcatter up and down,
And care not who they ſting in his revenge.
My ſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful Mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his Death.
K. Henry. That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true,
But how he died, God knows, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathleſs Corps,
And comment then upon his ſudden Death.
War. That I ſhall do, my Liege: Stay, *Salisbury*,
With the rude Multitude, 'till I return.
K. Henry. O thou that judgeſt all things, ſtay my Thoughts;
My Thoughts, that labour to perſuade my Soul,
Some violent Hands were laid on *Humphry*'s Life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me God,
For Judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly Lips,
With twenty thouſand Kiſſes, and to drain
Upon his Face an Ocean of ſalt Tears,
To tell my Love unto his dumb deaf Trunk,
And with my Fingers feel his Hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are theſe mean Obſequies.
[*Bed with* Glo'ſter's *Body put forth.*
And to ſurvey his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my Sorrow greater?
War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this Body.
K. Henry. That is to ſee how deep my Grave is made:
For with his Soul fled all my worldly ſolace;
For ſeeing him, I ſee my Life is Death,
War. As ſurely as my Soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our ſtate upon him,

T.

To free us from his Father's wrathful Curſe,
I do believe that violent Hands were laid
Upon the Life of this thrice-famed Duke.
Suf. A dreadful Oath, ſworn with a ſolemn Tongue:
What inſtance gives Lord *Warwick* for his Vow?
War. See how the Blood is ſettled in his Face.
Oft have I ſeen a timely parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſs,
Being all deſcended to the labouring Heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with Death,
Attracts the ſame for aidance 'gainſt the Enemy,
Which with the Heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To bluſh and beautify the Cheek again.
But ſee, his Face is black, and full of Blood,
His Eye-balls further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gaſtly, like a ſtrangled Man;
His Hair up rear'd, his Noſtrils ſtretch'd with ſtrugling,
His Hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by ſtrength ſubdued.
Look on the Sheets, his Hair, you ſee, is ſticking;
His well-proportion'd Beard, made rough and rugged,
Like to the Summer's Corn by Tempeſt lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdered here,
The leaſt of all theſe ſigns were probable.
Suf. Why *Warwick*, who ſhould do the Duke to death?
My ſelf and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no Murtherers.
War. But both of you have vow'd Duke *Humphry*'s death;
And you, forſooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feaſt him like a Friend,
And 'tis well ſeen he found an Enemy.
Q. Mar. Then you belike ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humphry*'s timeleſs death.
War. Who finds the Heifer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt by a Butcher with an Ax,
But will ſuſpect 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttock's Neſt,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kite ſoar with unbloodied Beak?
Even ſo ſuſpicious is this Tragedy.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's the Knife?
Is *Beauford* term'd a Kite? where are his Tallons?
Suf. I wear no Knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping Men,
But here's a 'vengeful Sword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous Heart,
That ſlanders me with Murther's Crimſon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud Lord of *Warwickſhire*,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry*'s death.
War. What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolk* dare him.
Q. Mar. He dare not calm his contumelious Spirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant Controller,
Tho' *Suffolk* dare him twenty thonſand times.
War. Madam be ſtill; with reverence may I ſay,
For every word you ſpeak in his behalf,
Is ſlander to your Royal Dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy Mother took into her blameful Bed
Some ſtern untutor'd Churl; and noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlip, whoſe Fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevil*'s Noble Race.
War. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand Shames,
And that my Sovereign's preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed Speech,
And ſay, it was thy Mother that thou meant'ſt;
That thou thy ſelf waſt born in Baſtardy:
And after all this fearful Homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy Soul to Hell,
Pernicious Blood ſucker of ſleeping Men.
Suf. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy Blood.
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence,
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do ſome ſervice to Duke *Humphry*'s Ghoſt. [*Exeunt.*
K. Henry. What ſtronger Breaſt-plate than a Heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, though lockt up in Steel,
Whoſe Conſcience with Injuſtice is corrupted. [*A noiſe within.*
Q. Mar

Q. Mar. What noiſe is this?
Enter Suffolk *and* Warwick, *with their Weapons drawn.*
K. Henry. Why how now, Lords?
Your wrathful Weapons drawn,
Here in our preſence! Dare you be ſo bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick* with the Men of *Bury*,
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.
Enter Salisbury.
Sal. Sirs, ſtand apart, the King ſhall know your Mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs Lord *Suffolk* ſtraight be put to death,
Or baniſhed fair *England*'s Territories,
They will by violence tear him from your Palace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humphry* dy'd;
They ſay, in him they fear your Highneſs death;
And mere inſtinct of Love and Loyalty,
Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt Royal Perſon,
That if your Highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
And charge that no Man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrange Edict,
Where there is a Serpent ſeen with forked Tongue,
That ſlyly glided towards your Majeſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak'd;
Leſt being ſuffer'd in that harmleſs ſlumber,
The mortal Worm might make the Sleep Eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe're you will or no,
From ſuch fell Serpents as falſe *Suffolk* is;
With whoſe invenomed and fatal ſting,
Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay, is ſhamefully bereft of Life. [*Salisbury.*
Commons within. An Anſwer from the King, my Lord of
Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpoliſht Hinds,
Could ſend ſuch Meſſage to their Sovereign:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,

T

To ſhew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambaſſador
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An anſwer from the King, or we will all break in.

K. Henry. Go *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care,
And had I not been cited ſo by them,
Yet ſure my Thoughts do hourly propheſie
Miſchance unto my State by *Suffolk*'s means.
And therefore by his Majeſty I ſwear,
Whoſe far-unworthy Deputy I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this Air,
But three Days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I ſay; if thou doſt plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increaſe unto my Wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;
But when I ſwear it is irrevocable:
If after three Days ſpace thou here be'ſt found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World ſhall not be Ranſome for thy Life.
Come *Warwick*, come good *Warwick*, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Miſchance and Sorrow go along with you,
Hearts Diſcontent, and ſour Affliction,
Be Play-fellows to keep you company:
There's two of you, the Devil made a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your ſteps.

Suf. Ceaſe, gentle Queen, theſe Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie coward Woman, and ſoft-hearted wretch,
Haſt thou not Spirit to curſe thine Enemy?

Suf. A Plague upon them; wherefore ſhoud I curſe them?
Would Curſes kill, as doth the Mandrakes groan,
I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed Teeth,

With

With full as many ſigns of deadly Hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathſome Cave.
My Tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words;
Mine Eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine Hair be fixt an end, as one diſtract:
Ay, every Joint ſhould ſeem to Curſe and Ban,
And even now my burthen'd Heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their Drink,
Gall, worſe than Gall, the daintieſt that they taſte,
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a Grove of Cypreſs Trees,
Their chiefeſt Proſpect, murd'ring Baſilisks,
Their ſofteſt Touch, as ſmart as Lizards ſtings,
Their Muſick, frightful as the Serpents hiſs,
And boading Screech-Owls, make the Conſort full.
And the foul Terrors in dark-ſeated Hell——

Q. Mar. Enough, ſweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'ſt thy ſelf;
And theſe dread Curſes, like the Sun 'gainſt Glaſs,
Or like an overcharged Gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thy ſelf.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a Winter's Night,
Though ſtanding naked on a Mountain top,
Where biting Cold would never let Graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful Tears;
Nor let the Rain of Heav'n wet this place,
To waſh away my woful Monuments.
Oh, could this kiſs be printed in thy Hand,
That thou might'ſt think upon theſe by the Seal,
Through whom a thouſand Sighs are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my Grief,
'Tis but ſurmiz'd whilſt thou art ſtanding by,
As one that Surfeits, thinking on a want:
I will repeal thee, or be well aſſur'd,
Adventure to be baniſhed my ſelf:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee
Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone——
Oh go not yet——Even thus, two Friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiſs, and take ten thouſand Leaves,

Loather

Loather a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewel, and farewel Life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wert thou hence,
A Wilderneſs is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heavenly Company,
For where thou art, there is the World it ſelf,
With every ſeveral Pleaſure in the World:
And where thou art not, Deſolation.
I can no more—— Live thou to joy thy Life;
My ſelf no Joy in ought, but that thou liv'ſt.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? what News, I prithee?
Vaux. To ſignifie unto his Majeſty,
That Cardinal *Beauford* is at the point of death:
For ſuddenly a grievous Sickneſs took him,
That makes him gaſp, and ſtare, and catch the Air,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing Men on Earth.
Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry*'s Ghoſt
Were by his ſide; ſometimes he calls the King,
And whiſpers to his Pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his over-charged Soul:
And I am ſent to tell his Majeſty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy Meſſage to the King. [*Exit.*
Ay me! what is this World? what News are theſe?
But wherefore grieve I at an hours poor loſs,
Omitting *Suffolk*'s Exile, my Soul's Treaſure?
Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
And with the Southern Clouds, contend in tears?
Theirs for the Earths increaſe; mine for my Sorrows.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'ſt is coming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my Soul into the Air,
As mild and gentle, as the Cradle-babe,

Dying

Oh let us ſtay, befal what may befal.

Q. Mar. vay; though parting be a fretful Corr
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To *France*, ſweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:
For whereſoe'er thou art in this World's Globe,
I'll have an *Iris* that ſhall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my Heart with thee.

Suf. A Jewel lock'd into the woful'ſt Caſket
That ever did contain a thing of worth,
Even as a ſplitted Bark, ſo ſunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt ſeve*

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, *and* Warwick, *to the Ca*
in Bed.

K. Henry. How fares my Lord? Speak *Beauford* t
Soveraign.

Car. If thou beeſt Death, I'll give thee *England*'s Tre
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a ſign it is of evil Life,
Where Death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!

War. Beauford, it is thy Soveraign ſpeaks to thee

Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged Soul:
Give me ſome drink, and bid th' Apothecary
Bring the ſtrong Poiſon that I bought of him.
K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the Heav'ns,
Look with a gentle Eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beat away the buſie medling Fiend,
That lays ſtrong Siege unto this Wretch's Soul,
And from his Boſom purge this black deſpair.
War. See how the Pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
K. Henry. Peace to his Soul, if God's good pleaſure be.
Lord Card'nal, if thou think'ſt on Heav'n's bliſs,
Hold up thy Hand, make ſignal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no Sign: Oh God forgive him.
War. So bad a Death argues a monſtrous Life.
K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are Sinners all.
Cloſe up his Eyes, and draw the Curtain cloſe,
And let us all to Meditation. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, *and other Pirates, with* Suffolk *and others Priſoners.*

Cap. The gaudy blabbing and remorſeful day,
Is crept into the Boſom of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolves arouſe the Jades
That drag the Tragick melancholy Night:
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging Wings
Cleap dead Mens Graves; and from their miſty Jaws,
Breath foul contagious darkneſs in the Air:
Therefore bring forth the Soldiers of our prize,
For whilſt our Pinnace anchors in the *Downs*,
Here ſhall they make their Ranſom on the Sand,
Or with their Blood ſtain this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maſter, this Priſoner freely give I thee.
And thou that art his Mate, make Boot of this:
The other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy ſhare.
1 *Gen.* What is my Ranſom, Maſter, let me know.
Maſt. A thouſand Crowns, or elſe lay down your Head.
Mate. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.
Whit. What, think you much to pay 2000 Crowns,
And bear the Name and Port of Gentlemen?

Cut both the Villains Throats, for die you ſhall:
Nor can thoſe lives which we have loſt in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with ſuch a petty Sum.
1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore ſpare my Life,
2 *Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whit. I loſt mine Eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, ſhalt thou die, [*To* Suffolk.
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might have my Will.
Cap. Be not ſo raſh, take Ranſom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be paid.
Whit. And ſo am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtart'ſt thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is Death:
A cunning Man did calculate my Birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I ſhould die:
Yet let not this make thee be Bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. Gualtier or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Ne'er yet did baſe diſhonour blur our Name,
But with our Sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I ſell revenge,
Broke be my Sword, my Arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the World.
Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole.*
Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk*, muffled up in Rags!
Suf. Ay, but theſe Rags are no part of the Duke.
Cap. But *Jove* was never ſlain as thou ſhalt be,
O ſcure and lowſie Swain——King *Henry*'s Blood!
Suf. The honourable Blood of *Lancaſter*
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded Groom:
Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy Hand, and held my Stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my Foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my Head.
How often haſt thou waited at my Cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd down at the Board,
When I heave feaſted with Queen *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Creſt-fal'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive Pride:

How

How in our voiding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This Hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous Tongue.
Whit. Speak Captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn Swain?
Cap. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Baſe Slave, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our Long-boat's ſide,
Strike off his Head.
Suf. Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.
Cap. *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? Lord?
Ay kennel----puddle----ſink, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the Silver Spring, where *England* drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning Mouth,
For ſwallowing up the Treaſure of the Realm.
Thy Lips that kiſs'd the Queen, ſhall ſweep the Ground:
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humphry*'s Death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſs Winds ſhalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſs at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the Hags of Hell,
For daring to affie a mighty Lord
Unto the Daughter of a worthleſs King,
Having nor Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And like ambitious *Sylla* over-gorg'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother's bleeding Heart.
By thee *Anjou* and *Main* were ſold to *France*.
The falſe revolting *Normans*, through thee,
Diſdain to call us Lord, and *Picardie*
Hath ſlain their Governors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged Soldiers wounded home:
The Princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,
Whoſe dreadful Swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are riſing up in Arms.
And now the Houſe of *York* thruſt from the Crown,
By ſhameful murther of a guiltleſs King,
And lofty proud incroaching Tyranny,
Burns with revenging Fire, whoſe hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd Sun, ſtriving to ſhine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.*

The Commons here in *Kent* are up in Arms,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggary
Is crept into the Palace of our King,
And all by thee; away, convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject drudges:
Small things make baſe Men proud. This Villain here,
Being Captain of a Pinnace, threatens more
Than *Bargullus*, the ſtrong *Illyrian* Pirate.
Drones ſuck not Eagles Blood, but rob Bee-hives.
It is impoſſible that I ſhould die
By ſuch a lowly Vaſſal as thy ſelf.
Thy words move Rage, and not Remorſe in me:
I go of Meſſage from the Queen to *France:*
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſs the Channel.
Cap. Water; *W.* come *Suffolk*, I muſt waft thee to thy death.
Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee I fear.
Whit. Thou ſhalt have cauſe to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? Now will you ſtoop?
1 *Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him; ſpeak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's Imperial Tongue is ſtern and rough;
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuit; no, rather let my Head
Stoop to the Block, than theſe Knees bow to any,
Save to the God of Heav'n, and to my King;
And ſooner dance upon a bloody Pole,
Than ſtand uncover'd to the vulgar Groom.
True Nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more;
Come Soldiers, ſhew what Cruelty ye can.
Suf. That this my Death may never be forgot.
Great Men oft die by vile *Bezonians*
A *Roman* Sworder, and *Bandetto* Slave
Murder'd ſweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Baſtard hand
Stab'd *Julius Cæſar*. Savage Iſlanders
Pompey the Great; and *Suffolk* dies by Pirats.
[*Exit* Walter Whitmore *with* Suffolk.
Cap.

Cap. And as for theſe, whoſe Ranſome we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Ex. Captain and the reſt.*
Manet the firſt Gent. Enter Whitmore *with the Body.*
Whit. There let his Head and liveleſs Body lye,
Until the Queen his Miſtreſs bury it. [*Exit* Whitmore.
1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody Spectacle!
His Body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

Enter Bevis, *and* John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a Sword, though made of a Lath; they have been up theſe two Days.

Hol. They have the more need to ſleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the Clothier means to dreſs the Commonwealth, and turn it, and ſet a new Nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thread-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never a merry World in *England*, ſince Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miſerable Age! Virtue is not regarded in Handy-crafts Men.

Hol. The Nobility think ſcorn to go in Leather Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's Council are no good Workmen.

Hol. True, and yet it is ſaid, *Labour in thy Vocation*; which is as much as to ſay, let the Magiſtrates be labouring Men; and therefore ſhould we be Magiſtrates.

Bevis. Thou haſt hit it; for there's no better ſign of a brave Mind, than a hard Hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them; there's *Beſt*'s Son, the Tanner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He ſhall have the Skins of our Enemies, to make Dog's Leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the Butcher.

Bevis. Then is Sin ſtruck down like an Ox, and Iniquities Throat cut like a Calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the Weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thread of Life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick *the Butcher*, Smith *the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite Numbers.*

Cade. We *John Cade*, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed Father--

Dick. Or rather of ſtealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our Enemies ſhall fall before us, inſpired with the Spirit of putting down Kings and Princes; Command Silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*——

Dick. He was an honeſt Man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My Mother a *Plantagenet*——

Dick. I knew her well, ſhe was a Midwife.

Cade. My Wife deſcended of the *Lacies*——

Dick. She was indeed a Pedler's Daughter, and ſold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd Pack; ſhe waſhes Bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable Houſe.

Dick. Ay by my Faith the Field is honourable, and there was he born, under a Hedge; for his Father had never a Houſe but a Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A muſt needs, for Beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No queſtion of that; for I have ſeen him whipt three Market Days together.

Cade. I fear neither Sword nor Fire.

Weav. He need not fear the Sword, for his Coat is of proof.

Dick. But methinks he ſhould ſtand in fear of Fire, being burnt i'th' hand for ſtealing of Sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is brave, and vows Reformation. There ſhall be in *England* ſeven half penny Loaves ſold for a penny; the three hoop'd Pot ſhall have ten Hoops, and I will make it Felony to drink ſmall Beer. All the Realm ſhall be in Common, and in *Cheap-ſide* ſhall

my

my Palfrey go to Graſs; and when I am King, as King I will be——

All. God ſave your Majeſty.

Cade. I thank you, good People. There ſhall be no Mony, all ſhall eat and drink upon my Score, and I will apparel them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worſhip me their Lord.

Dick. The firſt thing we do, lets kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the Skin of an innocent Lamb ſhould be made Parchment; that Parchment being ſcribled o'er, ſhould undo a Man. Some ſay the Bee ſtings, but I ſay, 'tis Bees Wax; for I did but Seal once to a thing, and I was never my own Man ſince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The Clerk of *Chattam*; he can Write and Read, and caſt Accompt.

Caſt. O monſtrous!

Weav. We took him ſetting Boys Copies.

Cade. Here's a Villain.

Weav. Ha's a Book in his Pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a Conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: The Man is a proper Man of mine Honour; unleſs I find him Guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither, Sirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy Name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They uſe to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doſt thou uſe to write thy Name? Or haſt thou a Mark to thy ſelf, like an honeſt plain-dealing Man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought up, that I can write my Name.

All. He hath confeſt, away with him; he is a Villain and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I ſay: Hang him with his Pen and Ink-horn about his Neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular Fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his Brother are hard by with the King's Forces.

Cade. Stand Villain, ſtand, or I'll fell thee down; he ſhall be encountred with a Man as good as himſelf. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my ſelf a Knight preſently; riſe up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, *and young* Stafford, *with Drum and Soldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and ſcum of *Kent*,
Mark'd for the Gallows; lay your Weapons down,
Home to your Cottages; forſake this Groom.
The King is merciful if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to Blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated Slaves I paſs not,
It is to you good People, that I ſpeak,
Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reign:
For I am rightful Heir unto the Crown.

Staf. Villain, thy Father was a Plaiſterer,
And thou thy ſelf a Shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earl of *March*, married the Duke of *Clarence*'s Daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth,

Y. Staf. That's falſe.

Cade. Ay, there's the Queſtion; but I ſay, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to Nurſe,
Was by a Beggar-woman ſtoln away,
And ignorant of his Birth and Parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His Son am I, deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Weav.

Weav. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Father's Houſe, and the Bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe Drudge's Words, that ſpeaks he knows not what?

All. Ay marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. *Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my ſelf. Go too, Sirrah, tell the King from me, That for his Father's ſake, *Henry* the Fifth (in whoſe time Boys went to Span-counter for *French* Crowns) I am content he ſhall Reign, but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord *Say*'s Head, for ſelling the Dukedom of *Main*.

Cade. And good reaſon; for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a Staff, but that my Puiſſance holds it up: Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch; and more than that, he can ſpeak *French*, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staf. O groſs and miſerable Ignorance.

Cade. Nay, anſwer if you can; the *Frenchmen* are our Enemies; go too then: I ask but this, Can he that ſpeaks with the Tongue of the Enemy be a good Councellor, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his Head.

Y. Staf. Well, ſeeing gentle Words will not prevail,
Aſſail them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Town,
Proclaim them Traitors that are up with *Cade*;
That thoſe which fly before the Battel ends,
May, even in their Wives and Childrens ſight,
Be hang'd up for Example at their Doors;
And you that be the King's Friends follow me. [*Exit.*

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me;
Now ſhew your ſelves Men, 'tis for Liberty.
We'll not leave one Lord, one Gentleman;
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted Shoone,
For they are thrifty honeſt Men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords *are ſlain.*

Enter Cade *and the reſt.*

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the Butcher of *Aſhford?*

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheep and Oxen, and thou behaved'ſt thy ſelf, as if thou hadſt been in thine own Slaughter-houſe: Therefore thus I will reward thee, the Lent ſhall be as long again as it is, and thou ſhalt have a Licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſs. This Monument of the Victory will I bear, and the Bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my Horſe's heels, 'till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's Sword born before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the Goals, and let out the Priſoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry *with a Supplication, and Queen* Margaret *with* Suffolk's *Head, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Say.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that Grief ſoftens the Mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate,
Think therefore on Revenge, and ceaſe to weep.
But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this?
Here may his Head lye throbbing on my Breaſt:
But where's the Body that I ſhould imbrace?

Buck. What Anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebels Supplication?

K. Henry. I'll ſend ſome Holy Biſhop to intreat;
For God forbid ſo many ſimple Souls
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelf,
Rather than bloody War ſhould cut them ſhort,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their General.
But ſtay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah barbarous Villains! hath this lovely Face
Rul'd like a wandring Planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,

That

That were unworthy to behold the ſame?
K. Henry. Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath ſworn to have thy Head,
Say. Ay, but I hope your Highneſs ſhall have his.
K. Henry. How now, Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolk*'s death?
I fear me, Love, if that I had been dead,
Thou would'ſt not half have mourn'd ſo much for me.
Q. Mar. No, my Love, I ſhould not mourn, but die [for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. Henry. How now? what News? Why com'ſt thou in [ſuch haſte?
Meſ. The Rebels are in *Southwark*; fly, my Lord:
Jade Cade proclaims himſelf Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence*'s Houſe,
And calls your Grace Uſurper openly,
And vows to crown himſelf in *Weſtminſter*.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hinds and Peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
Sir *Humphry Stafford*, and his Brother's death,
Hath given them Heart and Courage to proceed:
All Scholars, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call falſe Caterpillars, and intend their death.
K. Henry. O graceleſs Men! they know not what they do,
Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Until a Power be rais'd to pull them down.
Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
Theſe *Kentiſh* Rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.
K. Henry. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to *Killingwotrh*.
Say. So might your Grace's Perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their Eyes;
And therefore in this City will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſ.* *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The Citizens fly him, and forſake their Houſes:
The Raſcal People, thirſting after prey,
Join with the Traitor, and they jointly ſwear
To ſpoil the City, and your Royal Court.

Buck.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take Horſe.
K. Henry. Come, *Margaret*, God, our hope, will ſuccour us.
Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.
K. Henry. Farewel, my Lord, truſt not to *Kentiſh* Rebels.
Buck. Truſt no Body, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The truſt I have is in mine Innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales *upon the* Tower *walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Jack Cade* ſlain?
1 *Cit.* No, my Lord, nor like to be ſlain:
For they have won the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the *Tower*
To defend the City from the Rebels.
Scales. Such Aid as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled here with them my ſelf.
The Rebels have aſſay'd to win the *Tower*.
But get you into *Smithfield*, and gather Head,
And thither will I ſend you *Matthew Goff*.
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack Cade *and the reſt, and ſtrikes his Staff on* London *Stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City.
And here ſitting upon *London-Stone*:
I charge and command, that of the City's coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
The firſt year of our Reign.
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any
That calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. *Jack Cade*, *Jack Cade*.
Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*
Weav. If this Fellow be wiſe, he'll never call you *Jack Cade* more, I think he hath a very fair warning.
Dick. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in *Smithfield*.
Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet *London-bridge* on Fire,

And,

And, if you can, burn down the *Tower* too.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Matthew Goff *is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter* Jack Cade *with his Company.*

Cade. So, Sirs: Now go ſome and pull down the *Savoy*: Others to the Inns of Court, down with them all.

Dick. I have a Suit unto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a Lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the Laws of *England* may come out of your Mouth.

John. Maſs, 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the Mouth with a Spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John*, it will be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinks with toſted Cheeſe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away, burn all the Records of the Realm, my Mouth ſhall be the Parliament of *England*.

John. Then we are like to have biting Statutes, Unleſs his Teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, here's the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Towns in *France*, he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one Shilling to the Pound, the laſt Subſidy.

Enter George *with the Lord* Say.

Cade. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah thou *Say*, thou Serge, nay, thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our Juriſdiction Regal. What canſt thou anſwer to my Majeſty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monſieur *Baſimecu*, the Dauphin of *France*? Be it known unto thee by theſe Preſents, even the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beſom that muſt ſweep the Court clean of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the Youth of the Realm in erecting a Grammar-School; and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Books but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed Printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crown and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will be prov'd to

thy

thy Face, that thou haſt Men about thee, that uſually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and ſuch abominable Words, as no Chriſtian Ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed Juſtices of Peace, to call poor Men before them, about Matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreover, thou haſt put them in Priſon, and becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them, when, indeed, only for that cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy Horſe wear a Cloak, when honeſter Men than thou go in their Hoſe and Doublets?

Dick. And work in their Shirt too, as my ſelf for example, that am a Butcher.

Say. You Men of *Kent*.

Dick. What ſay you of *Kent*?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will:
Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this Iſle;
Sweet is the Country, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberal, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I ſold not *Main*, I loſt not *Normandy*,
Yet to recover them would loſe my Life:
Juſtice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and Tears have mov'd me, Gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your Hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the Realm and you,
Large Gifts have I beſtow'd on learned Clerks,
Becauſe my Book preferr'd me to the King:
And ſeeing Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we fly to Heaven;
Unleſs you be poſſeſt with deviliſh Spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one Blow in the Field?

Say.

Say. Great Men have reaching Hands; oft have I ſtruck
Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead.

George. O monſtrous Coward! What, to come behind
Folks?

Say. Theſe Cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' Ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poor Mens Cauſes,
Hath made me full of Sickneſs and Diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall have a hempen Caudle then, and the help of a Hatchet.

Dick. Why doſt thou quiver, Man?

Say. The Palſie, and not Fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who ſhould ſay, I'll be even with you. I'll ſee if his Head will ſtand ſteadier on a Pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein I have offended moſt?
Have I affected Wealth or Honour? Speak.
Are my Cheſts fill'd up with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparel ſumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my Death?
Theſe Hands are free from guiltleſs Blood-ſhedding,
This Breaſt from harbouring foul deceitful Thoughts.
O let me live.

Cade. I feel remorſe in my ſelf with his Words; but I'll bridle it; he ſhall dye, and it be but for pleading ſo well for his Life. Away with him, he has a Familiar under his Tongue, he ſpeaks not a God's Name. Go, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his Head preſently, and then break into his Son-in-Law's Houſe, Sir *James Cromer*, and ſtrike off his Head, and bring them both upon two Poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Country-men, if when you make your Pray'rs,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelves,
How would it fare with your departed Souls?
And therefore yet relent, and ſave my Life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: The proudeſt Peer of the Realm ſhall not wear a Head on his Shoulders, unleſs he pay me Tribute; there ſhall not a Maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay me her Maidenhead e'er they

have

have it; Men ſhall hold of me in. *Capite.* And we Charge and Command, that their Wives be as free as Heart can wiſh, or Tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to *Cheapſide*, and take up Commodities upon our Bills?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the Heads.

Cade. But is not this brave?
Let them kiſs one another; for they lov'd well
When they were alive: Now part them again,
Leſt they conſult about giving up
Of ſome more Towns in *France.* Soldiers,
Defer the ſpoil of the City until Night,
For with theſe born before us, inſtead of Maces,
We will ride through the Streets, and at every Corner
Have them kiſs. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up *Fiſh-ſtreet*, down St. *Magnes* Corner, kill and knock down, throw them into *Thames.*

Sound a Parley.

What noiſe is this I hear?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Retreat or Parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, *and old* Clifford.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will diſturb thee:
Know, *Cade*, we come Ambaſſadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou haſt miſs-led,
And here pronounce free Pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye, Country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to Mercy, whilſt 'tis offered you,
Or let a Rabble lead you to your Deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his Pardon,
Fling up his Cap, and ſay, *God ſave his Majeſty*;
Who hateth him, and honours not his Father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his Weapon at us, and paſs by.

All.

All. God ſave the King! God ſave the King!

Cade. What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye ſo brave? And you, baſe Peaſants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your Necks? Hath my Sword therefore broke through *London* Gates, that you ſhould leave me at the *White-Hart* in *Southwark*? I thought ye would never have given out theſe Arms 'till you had recovered your ancient Freedom; but you are all Recreants and Daſtards, and delight to live in Slavery to the Nobility. Let them break your Backs with burthens, take your Houſes over your Heads, raviſh your Wives and Daughters before your Faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo God's Curſe light upon you all.

All. We'll follow *Cade*.
We'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he Conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meaneſt of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the Spoil,
Unleſs by robbing of your Friends, and us.
Wer't not a ſhame, that whilſt you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquiſhed,
Should make a ſtart o'er Seas, and vanquiſh you?
Methinks already in this civil broil,
I ſee them Lording it in *London* Streets,
Crying *Villiago* unto all they meet.
Better ten thouſand baſe-born *Cades* miſcarry,
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a *Frenchman*'s Mercy.
To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have loſt;
Spare *England*, for it is your Native Coaſt:
Henry hath Money, you are ſtrong and manly;
God on our ſide, doubt not of Victory.

All. A *Clifford*! a *Clifford*!
We'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever Feather ſo lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The Name of *Henry* the Fifth hales them to an hundred Miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate.

I ſee them lay their Heads together to ſurprize me. My Sword make way for me, for here is no ſtaying; in deſpight of the Devils and Hell, have through the very midſt of you; and Heavens and Honour be witneſs, that no want of Reſolution in me, but only my Followers baſe and ignominious Treaſons make me betake me to my Heels.

[*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go ſome and follow him.
And he that brings his Head unto the King,
Shall have a thouſand Crowns for his Reward.

[*Exeunt ſome of them.*

Follow me, Soldiers; we'll deviſe a mean
To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and* Somerſet *on the Terras.*

K. Henry. Was ever King that joy'd an Earthly Throne,
And could command no more Content than I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King at nine Months old:
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad Tidings to your Majeſty.

K. Henry. Why *Buckingham*, is the Traitor *Cade* ſurpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his Powers do yield,
And humbly thus with Halters on their Necks,
Expect your Highneſs doom of Life or Death.

K. Henry. Then, Heaven, ſet ope thy everlaſting Gates,
To entertain my Vows of Thanks and Praiſe.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your Lives,
And ſhew'd how well you love your Prince and Country:
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a Mind,
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,
Aſſure your ſelves will never be unkind:
And ſo with Thanks and Pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſs you to your ſeveral Countries.

All. God ſave the King, God ſave the King.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe it your Grace to be advertiſed,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*,
And with a puiſſant and mighty Power
Of Gallow-glaſſes and ſtout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud Array;
And ſtill proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His Arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerſet*, whom he terms a Traitor.

K. Henry. Thus ſtands my State, 'twixt *Cade* and *York*, diſtreſt,
Like to a Ship, that having ſcap'd a Tempeſt,
Is ſtraightway calm'd and boarded with a Pyrate.
But now, is *Cade* driven back, his Men diſpers'd,
And now is *York* in Arms to ſecond him.
I pray thee *Buckingham*, go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reaſon of theſe Arms:
Tell him, I'll ſend Duke *Edmund* to the *Tower*,
And *Somerſet*, we will commit thee thither,
Until his Army be diſmiſt from him.

Som. My Lord,
I'll yield my ſelf to Priſon willingly,
Or unto Death, to do my Country good.

K. Henry. In any caſe be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard Language.

Buck. I will, my Lord, and doubt not ſo to deal,
As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, Wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,
For yet may *England* curſe my wretched Reign. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fy on Ambition; fy on my ſelf, that have a Sword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe five days have I hid me in theſe Woods, and durſt not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: But now am I ſo hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my Life for a thouſand Years, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a Brick Wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to ſee if I can eat Graſs, or pick a Sallet another while, which is not amiſs to cool a Man's Stomach this hot Weather; and I think this word Sallet was born to do me good, for many a time but for a Sallet, my Brain-pan had

been cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me inſtead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word Sallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet Walks as theſe,
This ſmall inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a Monarchy.
I ſeek not to wax great by others warning,
Or gather Wealth I care not with what Envy;
Sufficeth, that I have, maintains my State,
And ſends the Poor well pleaſed from my Gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the Soil come to ſeize me for a Stray, for entring his Fee-ſimple without leave. Ah Villain, thou wilt betray me, and get 1000 Crowns of the King, by carrying my Head to him, but I'll make thee eat Iron like an Oſtridge, and ſwallow my Sword like a great Pin, e'er thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude Companion, whatſoe'er thou be,
I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my Garden,
And like a Thief, to come to rob my Grounds,
Climbing my Walls in ſpight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſawcy Terms?

Cade. Brave thee? Ay, by the beſt Blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no Meat theſe five Days, yet come thou and thy five Men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door Nail, I pray God I may never eat Graſs more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, while *England* ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden*, an Eſquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd Man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing Eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out face me with thy Looks:
Set Limb to Limb, and thou art far the leſſer:
Thy Hand is but a Finger to my Fiſt,
Thy Leg a Stick compared with this Truncheon,
My Foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt,

And

And if mine Arm be heaved in the Air,
Thy Grave is digg'd already in the Earth:
As for more Words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers Words,
Let this my Sword report what Speech forbears.

Cade. By my Valour; the moſt compleat Champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clown in Chines of Beef, e'er thou ſleep in thy Sheath, I beſeech *Jove* on my Knees thou may'ſt be turned to Hobnails.

Here they Fight.

O I am ſlain! Famine and no other hath ſlain me, let ten thouſand Devils come againſt me, and give me but the ten Meals I have loſt, and I'd defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this Houſe, becauſe the unconquered Soul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have ſlain, that monſtrous Traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy Deed,
And hang thee o'er my Tomb when I am dead.
Ne'er ſhall this Blood be wiped from thy Point,
But thou ſhalt wear it as a Herald's Coat,
To emblaze the Honour which thy Maſter got.

Cade. Iden farewel, and be proud of thy Victory: Tell *Kent* from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt Man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards; for I that never feared any, am vanquiſhed by Famine, not by Valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'ſt me, Heaven be my Judge;
Die, damned Wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy Body in with my Sword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy Soul to Hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the Heels
Unto a Dunghill, which ſhall be thy Grave,
And there cut off thy moſt ungracious Head,
Which I will bear in Triumph to the King,
Leaving thy Trunk for Crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

Enter York, *and his Army of* Iriſh, *with Drum and Colours.*

York. From *Ireland* thus comes *York* to claim his Right,
And pluck the Crown from feeble *Henry*'s Head.

Ring Bells aloud, burn Bonfires clear and bright,
To entertain great *England*'s lawful King.
Ah *Sanctæ Majeſtas*! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to Rule,
This Hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot give due Action to my Words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter ſhall it have, have I a Soul,
On which I'll toſs the Flower-de-Luce of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to diſturb me?
The King hath ſent him ſure: I muſt diſſemble.
Buck. *York*, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.
York. *Humphry* of *Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?
Buck. A Meſſenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Arms in peace?
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
Againſt thy Oath, and true Allegiance ſworn,
Should raiſe ſo great a Power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy Force ſo near the Court?
York. Scarce can I ſpeak, my Choler is ſo great.
Oh, I could hew up Rocks, and fight with Flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abject Terms.
And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On Sheep or Oxen could I ſpend my Fury.
I am far better born than is the King:
More like a King, more Kingly in my Thoughts.
But I muſt make fair Weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weak, and I more ſtrong. [*Aſide.*
O *Buckingham*! I prethee pardon me,
That I have given no Anſwer all this while;
My Mind was troubled with deep Melancholy.
The cauſe why I have brought this Army hither,
Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buck. That is too much Preſumption on thy part;
But if thy Arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy Demand:

The

The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the *Tower*.

York. Upon thine Honour, is he Priſoner?

Buck. Upon mine Honour he is Priſoner.

York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſs my Powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe your ſelves;
Meet me to morrow in St. *George*'s Field,
You ſhall have Pay, and every thing you wiſh.
And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt Son, nay all my Sons,
As pledges of my Fealty and Love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, Goods, Horſe, Armour, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may die.

Buck. *York*, I commend this kind Submiſſion,
We twain will go into his Highneſs Tent.

Enter King Henry *and Attendants.*

K. Henry. *Buckingham*, doth *York* intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee Arm in Arm?

York. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your Highneſs.

K. Henry. Then what intend theſe Forces thou doſt bring?

York. To have the Traitor *Somerſet* from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebel *Cade*,
Whom ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden *with* Cade's *Head.*

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean Condition
May paſs into the preſence of a King;
Lo, I preſent your Grace a Traitor's Head,
The Head of *Cade*, whom I in Combat ſlew.

K. Henry. The Head of *Cade*? great God! how juſt art thou?
O let me view his Viſage being dead,
That living wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my Friend, art thou the Man that ſlew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majeſty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? And what is thy Degree?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my Name,
A poor Eſquire of *Kent*, that loves the King.

Buck. So pleaſe it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiſs
He were created Knight for his good Service.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down, riſe up a Knight:
We give thee for Reward a thouſand Marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May *Iden* live to merit ſuch a Bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege.

Enter Queen Margaret *and* Somerſet.

K. Henry. See *Buckingham*, *Somerſet* comes with the Queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Q. Mar. For thouſand *Yorks* he ſhall not hide his Head,
But boldly ſtand and front him to his Face.
York. How now? Is *Somerſet* at liberty?
Then, *York*, unlooſe thy long impriſoned Thoughts,
And let thy Tongue be equal with thy Heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of *Somerſet*?
Falſe King, why haſt thou broken Faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
King did I call thee? No, thou art no King:
Not fit to Govern, and rule Multitudes,
Which durſt not, no nor canſt not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crown:
Thy Hand is made to graſp a Palmer's Staff,
And not to grace an awful Princely Scepter.
That Gold muſt round engirt theſe Brows of mine,
Whoſe ſmile and frown, like to *Achilles* Spear
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a Hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the ſame to act controlling Laws:
Give place; by Heaven thou ſhalt Rule no more
O'er him, whom Heaven created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monſtrous Traitor! I arreſt thee, *York*,
Of Capital Treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crown;
Obey, audacious Traitor, kneel for Grace.
York. Would'ſt have me kneel? Firſt, let me ask of thee,
If they can brook, I bow a Knee to Man!
Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my Bail:
I know, e'er they will let me go to Ward,
They'll pawn their Swords for my Enfranchiſement.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,
To ſay, if that the Baſtard Boys of *York*
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
York. O Blood beſpotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, *England*'s bloody Scourge;
The Sons of *York*, thy Betters in their Birth,
Shall be their Father's Bail, and bane to thoſe
That for my Surety will refuſe the Boys.
Enter Edward *and* Richard.
See where they come, I'll warrant they'll make it good.
Enter Clifford.
Q. Mar. And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their Bail.
Clif. Health and all Happineſs to my Lord the King.
York. I thank thee, *Clifford*. Say, what News with thee?
Nay, do not fright me with an angry Look:
We are thy Sovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again;
For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.
Cliff. This is my King, *York*, I do not miſtake,
But thou miſtak'ſt me much to think I do;
To *Bedlam* with him, is the Man grown mad?
K. Henry. Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his King.
Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the *Tower*,
And crop away that factious Pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arreſted, but will not obey:
His Sons, he ſays, ſhall give their Words for him.
York. Will you not, Sons?
E. Plan. Ay, Noble Father, if our Words will ſerve.
R. Plan. And if Words will not, then our Weapons ſhall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of Traitors have we here?
York. Look in a Glaſs, and call thy Image ſo.
I am the King, and thou a falſe-heart Traitor;
Call hither to the Stake my two brave Bears,
That with the very ſhaking of their Chains
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking Curs:
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.
Enter the Earls of Warwick *and* Salisbury.
Clif. Are theſe thy Bears? We'll bait thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Bearard in their Chains,

If

If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting place.
R. Plan. Oft have I ſeen a hot o'er-weening Cur
Run back and bite, becauſe he was with-held,
Who being ſuffer'd with the Bear's fell Paw,
Hath clapt his Tail betwixt his Legs and cry'd:
And ſuch a piece of Service will you do,
If you ſuppoſe your ſelves to match Lord *Warwick*.
Clif. Hence, heap of Wrath, foul indigeſted Lump,
As crooked in thy Manners, as thy Shape.
York. Nay, we ſhall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed leſt by your heat you burn your ſelves.
K. Henry. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy Knee forgot to bow?
Old *Salisbury*, ſhame to thy ſilver Hair,
Thou mad miſs-leader of thy Brain-ſick Son,
What, wilt thou on thy Death-bed play the Ruffian?
And ſeek for Sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh where is Loyalty?
If it be baniſh'd from the froſty Head,
Where ſhall it find a harbour in the Earth?
Wilt thou go dig a Grave to find out War,
And ſhame thine honourable Age with Blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt Experience?
Or wherefore doſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame, in duty bend thy Knee to me,
That bows unto the Grave with milky Age.
Sal. My Lord, I have conſidered with my ſelf,
The Title of this moſt renowned Duke,
And in my Conſcience do repute his Grace,
The rightful Heir to *England*'s Royal Seat.
K. Henry. Haſt thou not ſworn Allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
K. Henry. Canſt thou diſpenſe with Heaven for ſuch an Oath?
Sal. It is great Sin to ſwear unto a Sin;
But greater Sin to keep a ſinful Oath:
Who can be bound by any ſolemn Vow
To do a murd'rous Deed, to rob a Man,
To force a ſpotleſs Virgin's Chaſtity,
To reave the Orphan of his Patrimony,
To wring the Widow from her cuſtom'd Right,

And

And have no other reaſon for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn Oath?
Q. Mar. A ſubtle Traitor needs no Sophiſter.
K. Henry. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himſelf.
York. Call *Buckingham*, and all the Friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for Death or Dignity.
Clif. The firſt, I warrant thee; if Dreams prove true.
War. You were beſt go to Bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the Tempeſt of the Field.
Old Clif. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater Storm,
Than any thou canſt Conjure up to day:
And that I'll write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy Houſe's Badge.
War. Now by my Father's Badge, old *Nevil*'s Creſt,
The rampant Bear chain'd to the ragged Staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountain top, the Cedar ſhews,
That keeps his Leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm,
Even ſo affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet, I'll rend thy Bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the Bearard, that protects the Bear.
Y. Clif. And ſo to Arms, victorious noble Father,
To quel the Rebels, and their Complices.
R. Plan. Fie, Charity for ſhame, ſpeak not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Jeſu Chriſt to night.
Y. Clif. Foul Stigmatick, that's more than thou canſt tell.
R. Plan. If not in Heav'n, you'll ſurely ſup in Hell.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Warwick.

War. *Clifford* of *Cumberland*, 'tis *Warwick* calls;
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the Bear,
Now when the angry Trumpet ſounds Alarum,
And dy'ng Mens cries do fill the empty Air,
Clifford, I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to Arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble Lord? what all a-foot?

York.

York. The deadly handed *Clifford* ſlew my Steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion, Kites and Crows,
Even of the bonny Beaſt he lov'd ſo well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold *Warwick*; ſeek thee out ſome other Chaſe,
For I my ſelf muſt hunt this Deer to death.
War. Then nobly *York*, 'tis for a Crown thou fight'ſt:
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to day,
It grieves my Soul to leave thee unaſſail'd. [*Exit* War.
Clif. What ſeeſt thou in me, *York*?
Why doſt thou pauſe?
York. With thy brave bearing ſhould I be in love,
But that thou art ſo faſt mine Enemy.
Clif. Nor ſhould thy Proweſs want praiſe and eſteem,
But that 'tis ſhewn ignobly, and in Treaſon.
York. So let it help me now againſt thy Sword,
As I in Juſtice, and true Right expreſs it.
Clif. My Soul and Body on the Action both.
York. A dreadful lay, addreſs thee inſtantly.
Clif. La fin Corronne les oeuvres. [*Dies.*
York. Thus War hath given thee Peace, for thou art ſtill;
Peace with his Soul, Heav'n, if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and Confuſion, all is on the rout,
Fear frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds
Where it ſhould guard. O War! thou Son of Hell,
Whom angry Heav'ns do make their Miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſoms of our Part,
Hot Coals of Vengeance. Let no Soldiers flie.
He that is truly dedicate to War
Hath no Self-love; nor he that loves himſelf,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
The name of Valour. O let the vile World end,
And the premiſed Flames of the laſt day,
Knit Earth and Heav'n together.
Now let the general Trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities, and petty ſounds

To

To ceaſe. Waſt thou ordained, O dear Father,
To loſe thy Youth in Peace, and to atchieve
The Silver Livery of adviſed Age,
And in thy Reverence, and thy Chair-days, thus
To die in Ruffian Battel? Even at this ſight,
My Heart is turn'd to Stone; and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be Stony. *York*, not our old Men ſpares:
No more will I their Babes, Tears Virginal,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire;
And Beauty, that the Tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming Wrath, be Oil and Flax.
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity,
Meet I an Infant of the Houſe of *York*,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it,
As wild *Medea*, young *Abſirtus* did.
In cruelty, will I ſeek out my Fame.
Come thou new ruin of old *Clifford*'s Houſe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchiſes* bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly Sholders;
But then, *Æneas* bare a living load;
Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, *and* Somerſet *to fight.*

R. Plan. So, lye thou there: [Somerſet *is kill'd.*
For underneath an Ale-houſe paltry ſign,
The Caſtle in St. *Albans*, *Somerſet*
Hath made the Wizard famous in his Death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathful ſtill:
Prieſts pray for Enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excurſions. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and others.*

Q. Mar. Away my Lord, you are ſlow, for ſhame away.

K. Henry. Can we out-run the Heav'n's? Good *Margaret* ſtay.

Q. Ma. What are you made of? You'll not fight nor fly:
Now is it Manhood, Wiſdom, and Defence,
To give the Enemy way, and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*

If